PENTECOST TO ADVENT

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MEDITATIONS

FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

FROM THE

Christian Considerations

OF

Father JOHN CRASSET, S.J.

Translated and Edited

BY THE

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MEDITATIONS.

Whit Sunday.

EPISTLE. *Acts* ii. 1-4.

On the coming down of the Holy Ghost.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth.—*John* v. 64.

They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.—*Acts* ii. 4.

Being exalted, therefore, by the right hand of God, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath poured forth this which you see and hear.—*Acts* ii. 33.

Do penance and be baptised every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.—*Acts* ii. 38.

And we are witnesses of these things, and the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to all those that obey Him.—*Acts* v. 32.

We are not members of Jesus Christ,
Unless we live by His Spirit.
The Spirit of Jesus,
Is a Spirit of life, that animates us.
A Spirit of grace, that sanctifies us.
A Spirit of wisdom, that instructs us.
A Spirit of love, that unites us.
A Spirit of peace, that soothes us.
A Spirit of liberty, that disengages us.
A Spirit of joy, that comforts us.
A Spirit of humility, that humbles us.
A Spirit of obedience, that subjects us.

Do you live by this Spirit?
Do you act by this Spirit?
Three spirits are opposed to it:
The spirit of the world, the flesh, the devil.
The spirit of the world is vanity.
The spirit of the flesh is sensuality.
The spirit of the devil is malice,
Anger, and vengeance.
The Spirit of God inspires humility:
Mortification, love of our neighbour,
Sweetness and patience.
See which spirit governs you.
God, or Satan:
Jesus, or the world and the flesh.
It is the Spirit that, &c.

Whit Monday.

On the effects of the descent of the Holy Ghost.

The charity of God is poured out into our hearts, by the Holy Ghost who is given to us.—*Rom.* v. 5.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.—*Gal.* v. 25.

And no man can say, the Lord Jesus, but by the Holy Ghost.—1 *Cor.* xii. 3.

All these things one and the same Spirit worketh, dividing to everyone according as He will.—1 *Cor.* xii. 11.

In this we know that He abideth in us, from the Spirit which He hath given us.—1 *John* iii. 24.

The Spirit of Jesus,
Makes men like unto God.

It makes sinners become just.
It makes the weak become strong.
The sad become glad.
The cold become fervent.
The passionate become meek.
The ignorant become wise.
The timid become courageous.

The Spirit of Jesus,
Does not descend on the proud.
It does not repose in turbulent hearts.
It has a horror of impure souls.
It withdraws itself from vain spirits.
It is not in agreement with the flesh.
It makes deadly war with it.
It could not come down on the Apostles,
Whilst they saw Jesus sensibly.

The Spirit of Jesus,
Lives in us by grace.
It dwells in us by charity.
It reigns in us by love.
It reposes in us by peace.
We afflict it by venial sin.
We stifle it by mortal sin.
We lose it by love of the world.
We drive it away by love of the flesh.

Whit Tuesday.

How the Holy Spirit is opposed to the spirit of Satan.

If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.—*Rom.* viii. 9.

Whosoever are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—*Rom.* viii. 14.

The sensual man perceiveth not the things that are of the Spirit of God.—1 *Cor.* ii. 14.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.—2 *Cor.* iii. 17.

The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh: for these are contrary one to another.—*Gal.* v. 17.

The Spirit of Jesus is sweet, modest,
Peaceful, charitable, humble, obedient.
The spirit of the devil is a spirit of anger:
Impatient, turbulent, corrupt,
Immodest, insolent, unmerciful.
The Holy Ghost fills the whole house,
The soul, and all its faculties.
The spirit of the devil may fill the heart:
Agitating it: possessing it:
Corrupting it: tormenting it:
Throwing it into fits of passion,
To counteract the Spirit of God.

The Spirit of Jesus,
Is the heart of the Father and the Son.
God gives His heart in giving His Spirit.
Will you only give Him half your heart?
How different is your spirit to God's!

O my God!
How gentle is Your Spirit!
How severe is mine!
How holy is Your Spirit!
How profane is mine!
How humble is Yours, how proud is mine!

O Holy Spirit!
Father of the poor.
Comfort of the afflicted.
Come to us and comfort us.
Enlighten us by Your light.
Direct us by Your grace.
Sanctify us by Your love.
Support us by Your strength.
Penetrate us by Your unction.
Adopt us by Your charity.
Pacify us by Your presence.
Save us by Your mercy.

If any man have not, &c.

Wednesday in Whit Week.

On the love of God.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind.—*Matt.* xxii. 37.

Now the end of the commandment is charity from a pure heart, and a good conscience, and an unfeigned faith.—1 *Tim.* i. 5.

Charity covereth a multitude of sins.—1 *Pet.* iv. 8.

Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much.—*Luke* vii. 47.

God is charity: and he that abideth in charity, abideth in God, and God in him.—1 *John* iv. 16.

This is the charity of God, that we keep His commandments.—1 *John* v. 3.

If you love Me, keep my commandments.—*John* xiv. 15.

The Holy Spirit is given to us,
That we may love God.
To unite us to Him in charity.
What is charity?
A treasure of grace, that sanctifies us.
A treasure of holiness, that perfects us.
A treasure of peace, that makes us happy.

It effaces all sin.
It calms all passions.
It produces all virtues.
It sweetens all pains.
It makes us like to God.
It transforms us, in a way, into God.

It makes God all to us.
It makes us all to God.

What are the qualities of charity?
It seeks not itself,
It loves purely for love.
Love is its pleasure and reward.
It is humble, patient, kind.
It envieth not: is not puffed up.
Is not bitter: is not proud.
Believes all, hopes all,
Suffers all, pardons all.
See if you have these qualities.

What is the obligation of charity?
The strongest and most indispensable.
We must love God with all our mind:
With all our heart: strength: soul.
With our mind, thinking of Him only.
With our heart, desiring Him only.
With our strength, working for Him only.
With our soul, living for Him only.

O Lord my God!
Why do You command me to love You?
Loving You is the greatest happiness.
Not loving You is the greatest misery.
What else can we do but love
A God infinitely good:
A God who loves us: from all eternity:
Gratuitously: constantly: tenderly.
A God infinitely holy.

A God infinite in all perfections.
Who can bestow infinite gifts:
Who will make us holy as He is:
Kings as He is: happy as He is:
In a manner, Gods like Him.

Why do I not love so good a God?
Why does not my heart burn with charity?
I am on fire for creatures: ice to You.
I am proud, impatient, passionate.
I believe nothing, hope nothing,
Suffer nothing, pardon nothing.
How can I be saved if I have not charity?

O my God!
How I have displeased You,
In preferring miserable creatures to You.
I have loved You too late,
I have offended You too often,
O Goodness, ever-loving, ever-despised.
Henceforth I will never cease
From praising, blessing, and loving You.
I beseech You to take life from me,
If ever I cease to love You.

Thou shalt love the Lord, &c.

Thursday in Whit Week.

On fervour and tepidity.

I would thou wert cold or hot.—*Apoc.* iii. 15.

In spirit fervent.—*Rom.* xii. 11.

Be mindful from whence thou art fallen, and do penance, and do thy first works.—*Apoc.* ii. 5.

Because thou art lukewarm, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth.—*Apoc.* iii. 16.

The Holy Ghost filled the Apostles,
And made them fervent and courageous.
A soul filled with the Holy Spirit,
Finds no difficulty in the service of God.
It runs, it flies, it sings, it works,
Nothing is impossible to it.
Believing nothing beyond its strength,
Its pleasure is to do much for God,
To suffer much for God.
The Holy Spirit cannot be idle in a soul.
It makes it active, or He withdraws.
Life consists in activity.
A soul without action or motion,
Is dead, and not quickened by the Holy Spirit.

How miserable is a tepid soul!
It has lost all relish of God.
It is deprived of all comforts.
It wanders away from His Providence.
It sins without fear.
It does ill without remorse.
It dares not enter into itself.
It is sick, and is not conscious of sickness.

It is wicked, and thinks itself good.
It is a slave, and thinks itself free.
It abuses all remedies.
It is insensible to all grace.
It discredits devotion.
It scandalizes its neighbour.
It is a burden to communities.
It saddens God's heart,
It is just on the point of being cast out.
It is in danger of never entering in again.

Am I not in that state?
Am I hot, or am I cold?
Am I all God's? or only His by halves?
If so: I have a tepid soul.

O divine Saviour!
How long have I afflicted You!
How long have I saddened Your heart!
Ah! vomit me not up yet.
Deprive me not of Your love.
Drive me if You will, out of Your heaven:
But drive me not out of Your heart.
Take away Your goods from my soul,
But withdraw not Your love from it.
Alas! I dread Your hatred,
More than I do the pains of hell.

How lax I am in God's service!
I am careless over my duties.
Distracted at prayer:
What a burden it is! how long it seems!
I do no penance: dread mortification.

I only seek pleasure and amusement.
I talk much: am rarely silent.
I am tender with myself,
And delicate in all my requirements.
I do not commit great sins,
But commit little ones without scruple.
I am tepid and I knew it not.
I was fervent: I am not so now.

My soul!
Remember the state thou art fallen from.
Resume thy first fervour.
Unless thou dost it quickly,
Thy candlestick will be removed,
And another put in its place.
Jesus will drive thee out of His heart,
And thou shalt never more gain entry therein.
I would thou wert hot or cold, &c.

Friday in Whit Week.

On relaxing in the service of God.

I admonish thee that thou stir up the grace of God, which is in thee by the imposition of my hands.—2 *Tim.* i. 6.

This I have against thee, that thou hast left thy first charity.—*Apoc.* ii. 4.

Call to mind the former days, wherein, being illuminated, you sustained a great conflict of afflictions.—*Heb.* x. 32.

Let us not sleep as others do, but let us watch.—*Thess.* v. 6.

Continue thou in the things which thou hast learnt.—2 *Tim.* iii. 14.

There is no necessity for relaxing
In the service of God.

It is our only business in this world.
Whatever binds us to serve Him one day,
Binds us to serve Him every day.
Are you less dependent on God to-day,
Than you were yesterday?
Have you ceased to be His creature?
Are you dispensed from honouring Him?
From praying, loving, rendering homage?
Has Jesus only bought you for a time?
Is He no longer your Saviour?
Why then relax your efforts?

The older you grow,
The greater the obligation to serve God,
For you have received greater benefits.
If you owe Him the life He gave you,
You owe Him more for preserving it so long.
Reckon up the graces He has given you.
The dangers He has averted.
The evils He has delivered you from.
The goods He has heaped upon you.
And you will own yourself,
An insolvent debtor.
Why then relax in His service,
As if you owed nothing?

The more you advance in age,
The nearer you approach to death,
And should work with greater fervour.
Be ready with your account.
How you will regret at death,
The little work that you have done!

You will ask for time, when time is gone.
You will want to work, when work is over.

Work then while there is time.
Serve God while there is life.
For maybe you will die soon.
O my soul, bless thy Saviour :
Never cease to serve Him,
Since He never ceases to do thee good.
He loves thee from all eternity,
Love Him all thy life.
He supports thee every moment,
Leave not a moment without gratitude.
Jesus is the same yesterday and to-day.
Be you also the same in all time.
God changes not : neither should you.
I admonish thee that, &c.

Saturday in Whit Week.

On the causes of relaxing in the service of God.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice : for they shall be filled.—*Matt.* v. 6.

No man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.—*Luke* ix. 62.

When a man hath done, then shall he begin.—*Ecclus.* xviii. 6.

Now have I begun : this is the change of the right hand of the Most High.—*Ps.* lxxvi. 11.

Our nature is weak,
And has a leaning to evil.

The weight of a clock tends downwards,
And always wants winding.
The roots of a tree strike downwards,
Whatever is done to restrain them.

The habits of sin that we contract,
Increase this tendency to evil.
Their weight bears us down,
We can hardly look up to heaven.
Do you not feel this burden ?
My God !
My sins roll over me as a flood.
Like the woman in the gospel,
For eighteen years has Satan held me.
Break those chains asunder,
That I may offer a sacrifice of praise.

The devil tempts us always.
He places barriers in our way.
He puts clouds over our mind.
Weariness in our heart.
Revolt in our passions.
Weakness and languor in our faculties.
God allows it, to prove our fidelity :
To repair our past faults :
To increase our merits :
To oblige us to have recourse to Him.
O Lord !
You have proved me and know me well.
You have witnessed my misery.
Have pity on me.

We trust in ourselves in false security,
Since we commit no great sins.
We believe we have worked enough.
We put by our arms of penance,
As if we had no more need of them.
Is this the cause of your relaxing?
How do you know you are in God's grace?
How do you know you will persevere?
Many make their nest in the stars,
And fall by pride into the abyss.
Not to advance, is to recede.
Not to get better, is to grow worse.
You are dead, if you think you are not ill.
You are lost, unless you fear to be lost.

Another cause is lightness of mind.
A constant dissipation of heart.
A dread of being inconvenienced.
We thus unconsciously give up
Good resolutions, and exercises of piety.
Give up mortification:
And abandon prayer.
Are you in this state?
Once you were more fervent.
This life, you say, is full of annoyance.
Has Jesus then deceived us?
His yoke is sweet: His burden light.
Unhappy the man who has left God,
And thinks he can rest in creatures.
Lord! I have never found it.
From this time I will never abandon You.

Blessed are they that, &c.

Trinity Sunday.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* xxxiii. 18-20.

On the mystery of the Most Holy Trinity.

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—*Matt.* xxviii. 19.

There are three that give testimony in heaven: the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.—1 *John* v. 7.

Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts: all the earth is full of His glory.—*Isa.* vi. 3.

For all that is in the world, is the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life.—1 *John* ii. 16.

Man believes in as many Gods,
As he loves creatures.
He adores a trinity on earth,
And contemns the Trinity of heaven.
He values the world's grandeur only.
He seeks after earthly riches only.
He desires pleasures of sense only.
He despises the wisdom of God.
He laughs at the power of the Father.
He outrages the love of the Holy Ghost.

Is it to believe that God is wise,
And not to dread His wrath?
Is it to believe that God is holy,
Yet offend Him by many crimes?
Is it to believe that God is pure,
Yet to cleave to pleasures of sense?
Is it to believe that God is good,

Yet not to love Him ?
Is it to believe that God is Almighty,
Yet not to adore Him ?
Is it to believe that God is beneficent,
Yet not to thank Him ?

The Holy Trinity reigns over our souls,
By His power : His wisdom : His goodness.
The Father by His power, creating it.
The Son by His wisdom, instructing it.
The Holy Ghost by His goodness, sanctifying it.
The Father reigns over the being of the soul.
The Son over the mind.
The Holy Ghost over the heart.
We subsist by the power of God.
We are governed by the wisdom of God.
We live by the goodness of God.

O God, my Lord !
Sacred and adorable Trinity !
I adore You : I acknowledge You as God.
One Essence in three Persons.
I believe what I understand not :
I bow in blind obedience to Your word.
Since You are my Sovereign,
All within me renders You homage.
My mind, my strength, my will.
My mind by believing what it sees not.
My strength by hoping for what I cannot do.
My will by loving what pleases not.
My mind believing in darkness.
My strength hoping in weakness.
My will loving in adversity.

O most Holy Trinity!
I bless Thee, I adore Thee.
I will love Thee in time and eternity.
Glory to the Father, who created me.
Glory to the Son, who redeemed me.
Glory to the Holy Ghost, who sanctified me.
Glory to the Father, for His power.
Glory to the Son, for His wisdom.
Glory to the Holy Ghost, for His love.
Glory to the Father, who sustains me.
Glory to the Son, who enlightens me.
Glory to the Holy Ghost, who consecrates me.
May the Holy Trinity be blessed,
By angels, and men:
In time, and eternity.—Amen.
Go ye, therefore, &c.

Monday after Trinity Sunday.

On the divine perfections.

I am who am.—*Exod.* iii. 14.

I am Alpha, and Omega, the beginning, and the end, saith the Lord God, who is, and who was, and who is to come, the Almighty.—*Apoc.* i. 8.

Who is like to Thee, among the strong, O Lord? who is like to Thee, glorious in holiness, terrible and praiseworthy, doing wonders?—*Exod.* xxv. 11.

Of Him, and by Him, and in Him are all things: to Him be glory for ever. Amen.—*Rom.* xi. 36.

What is God!
I know not.

I should be God if I could declare that.
You would be God,
If you could comprehend Him.

What is God?
It is He who is. It is He from whom all is.
It is He for whom all is.
In whom all is.
Without whom nothing can be.
He is the beginning, the end, the centre,
And the foundation of all beings.

What is God?
He is an omnipotent will.
He is bountiful goodness.
A sovereign happiness.
An eternal light.
An infallible reason.
An invincible power.
An invincible justice.
He is all that I see.
He is nothing of what I see.

What is God?
He is the beauty by which all is beautiful.
He is the goodness by which all is good.
It is He that gives me light in the sun.
Who warms me in fire.
Who refreshes me in water.
Who feeds me in bread.
Who rejoices me in flowers.
Who sustains me on the earth.

I am who am, &c,

Tuesday after Trinity Sunday.

On the same divine perfections.

He is my God, and I will glorify Him; the God of my father, and I will exalt Him.—*Exod.* xv. 2.

With fear and trembling give ye glory to Him: and extol the eternal King of worlds in your works.—*Tob.* xiii. 6.

There is one most high Creator Almighty, and a powerful King, and greatly to be feared, who sitteth upon His throne, and is the God of dominion.—*Ecclus.* i. 8.

Who alone art gracious, who alone art just, and almighty, and eternal.—2 *Mach.* i. 25.

Alleluia: for the Lord our God the omnipotent hath reigned.—*Apoc.* xix. 6.

What is God?
My eyes, have you not seen Him?
No: because He has no colour.
My ears, have you not heard Him?
No: because He has no sound.
My tongue, have you not tasted Him?
No: because He has no savour.
My hands, have you not touched Him?
No: because He has no body.

What is God?
He is the essence of colour.
The noise of sound.
The principle of savour.
The groundwork of all substances.
A light above all light, that eye sees not.
A voice above all voice, that ear hears not.

An odour above all odours,
That the smelling perceives not.
A sweetness above all sweetness,
That the taste detects not.
A substance above all substance,
That the hand touches not.
He is an incomprehensible Being,
Who comprehends all things.
Invisible, who sees all things.
Indivisible, who unites all things.
Eternal, who produces all things.
Immovable, who moves all things.
Unchangeable, who changes all things.

What is God?
He is a Spirit who dwells in Himself.
Who is happy by Himself.
Who is sufficient to Himself.
Who finds all in Himself.
Who is great without quantity.
Good without quality.
Infinite without number.
Immense without extension.
Eternal without duration.
Beautiful without figure.

What is God?
He is a Spirit, who is everywhere,
Yet is not divided.
Who is in all things, yet is not inclosed.
Out of all, yet is not excluded.

Above all, and is not elevated.
Below all, and is not depressed.
He is my God, &c.

Wednesday after Trinity Sunday.

On the same divine perfections.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord who is strong and mighty.—*Ps.* xxiii. 8.

The Lord your God, He is the God of gods, and the Lord of lords, a great God and mighty, and terrible, who accepteth no person, nor taketh bribes.—*Deut.* x. 17.

I am the Lord thy God, that teach the profitable things, that govern thee in the way that thou walkest.—*Isa.* xlviii. 17.

The Lord our God is just in all His works.—*Dan.* ix. 14.

O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God!—*Rom.* xi. 33.

What is God?

He is a Spirit, whose nature is goodness.
Whose greatness is nothing but majesty.
Whose life is nothing but fecundity.
Whose intellect is nothing but wisdom.
Whose will is nothing but sanctity.
Whose thought is nothing but light.
Whose strength is nothing but power.
Whose inclination is nothing but love.
Whose actions are miracles.
Whose motions are rest.
Whose duration is nothing but eternity.

What is God?
He is a Spirit, always present,
And always hidden.
Always acting, and always at rest.
Always heaping up, without gaining.
Always giving, and never drained.
Always loving, without disquiet.
Always seeking, without going forth,
From the centre of His beatitude.

O Great God! O Great Spirit!
How terrible You are to our minds!
But how amiable to our wills!

O Saint of saints!
All my bones, insensible as they are,
Are sensible of Your presence.
They cry out night and day,
Lord, who is like Thee?

O my soul?
What dost thou seek after on earth?
Goodness? It is in God without malice.
Beauty? It is in God without blemish.
Perfection? It is in God without defect.
Science? It is in God without error.
Strength? It is in God without weakness.
Peace? It is in God without disturbance.
Abundance? It is in God without poverty.
Felicity? It is in God without misery.

O my God!
I love You with all my heart,

Since You are my joy and my happiness.
I will seek after nothing away from You,
Since I find all that I seek after in You.
What a satisfaction it is to think,
That I can love You more than I know You.
That I cannot hold You in my mind,
But that I can contain You in my heart.
Why is not my heart all Yours,
Since You are all to it.

O ravishing Beauty! O infinite Goodness:
When shall it be, that I shall love You?
When shall it be, that I shall see You?
Since I must die in order to see You,
It is just, to obtain this good,
That I should die an infinity of times.
Who is this King of glory, &c.

Corpus Christi.

On the institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke, and gave to His disciples, and said: Take ye, and eat: This is My body.—*Matt.* xxvi. 26.

This is My blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins.—*Matt.* xxvi. 28.

He had given them the bread from heaven: man ate the bread of angels.—*Ps.* lxxvii. 23.

He filled them with the bread of heaven.—*Ps.* civ. 40.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven.—*John* vi. 41.

O my God!
How wonderful is Your wisdom!

How profound are Your judgments!
How impenetrable are Your designs!
Why do You dwell on earth?
Why allow Your immortal body,
To remain in a place of corruption?
Ought not the noblest of bodies,
To be in the highest of heavens?

Jesus Christ lives on the earth,
For the glory of the Father:
For the good of His Church.
If there is a God, and a religion,
There must be a sacrifice and a victim.
If religion is to last to the end of time,
The sacrifice must continue to the end.
Other sacrifices are abrogated;
Jesus alone is the victim,
And therefore dwells with us to the end.

Man owes unceasing homage to God,
In testimony of his dependence.
To give thanks for benefits.
To ask for all necessaries.
To satisfy for sin.
Jesus did all this once on the cross,
But it was necessary,
To apply His merits to all men:
To have a memorial of it.
To have a perpetual sacrifice:
By which men could daily honour God.
And therefore Jesus dwells with us.

A lover desires three things.
To live with his friend :
To be in union with him : to die for him.
Jesus lives on earth with us,
And we with Him.
He is, in a way, transformed into us,
And we into Him.
He dies daily sacramentally for us,
And renews the sacrifice of the cross.
What love ! what charity !
What glory for God ! what comfort for us !
To satisfy His love Jesus dwells with us.

Why will we not dwell with Him ?
Why will we not live with Him ?
Why will we not eat with Him ?
Why will we not be transformed into Him ?
Why will we not die daily for Him ?
Because we love Him not.
We dislike His society.
We would rather be transformed
Into beasts, than into Jesus Christ.

Are we not creatures of God ?
Ought we not to give Him daily homage ?
Thank Him for His benefits ?
Appease His justice ?
Offer Him this most pleasing victim ?
Why are we so seldom at the sacrifice ?
And with such coldness and apathy ?
Because we do not believe in God.
Because we know Him not.

Nor our dependence on Him.
Nor our extreme want of His help.
Nor our duty of satisfying His justice.
Alas! Jesus dies daily for us,
And we will not live for Him.

Jesus took bread, &c.

Friday in the Octave of Corpus Christi.

Jesus has instituted the Blessed Sacrament for the consolation of our soul.

He hath made a remembrance of His wonderful works, He hath given food to them that fear Him.—*Ps.* cx. 4.

He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself.—1 *Cor.* i. 29.

Thou gavest them bread from heaven prepared without labour: having in it all that is delicious, and the sweetness of every taste.—*Wisd.* xvi. 20.

My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.—*John* vi. 56.

What consolation to see Him with the eyes!
To touch Him with the hands.
To lodge Him in the breast.
To converse with Him.
To lay bare our miseries to Him.
To ask Him for what we want.
When He lived upon the earth,
All could not see Him, or speak to Him.

But all can now have this comfort.
How little you love Him,
Since you visit Him so seldom.
How little you care to see Him :
To speak to Him : to receive Him.

Jesus dwells with us to be our food :
The soul needs it as well as the body.
Food imparts its virtues to the body.
So does the body of Jesus to the soul.
Only He who takes food, feels its effects.
So only he who receives Jesus often,
Feels the effect of the sacred nourishment.
What union ! What nuptials !
Happy are they,
Who are called to the nuptials of the Lamb.

He is not only food, and united to us
Intimately and inseparably,
But He unites all Christians
In a bond of love.
As they eat the same bread,
In the same Church, at the same table,
They ought to be one body and one spirit.
Brotherly love is a preparation,
As well as a fruit of the Sacrament.
To be united with Jesus by grace,
You must be one with your neighbour by love.

He hath made, &c.

Saturday in the Octave of Corpus Christi.

Jesus instituted the Blessed Sacrament to sanctify our bodies.

From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among Gentiles: and in every place there is a sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation.—*Malac.* i. 11.

The men of my tabernacle have said: Who will give us of his flesh that we may be filled.—*Job* xxxi. 31.

My flesh is meat indeed: and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me, and I in him.—*John* vi. 57.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread which I will give, is My flesh for the life of the world.—*John* vi. 51.

The body has been dishonoured,
Sullied, and wounded, by Adam's sin.
Wounded mortally by concupiscences.
Jesus consecrates our bodies,
By touching them with His own.
Sanctifies them by its virginal qualities.
Appeases the motions of concupiscence,
Subdues the violence of passions,
By union with His adorable flesh.
Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man
You shall not have life in you,
Life of grace, life of glory,
Eternal life of soul and body.

By sin death came into the world,
Making what was immortal, mortal.

But Jesus gives eternal life.
To the body by its right to resurrection,
Through union with His body :
To the soul by the pledge of salvation,
Given to those who eat the bread of life.

O sacred banquet, where Christ is received.
The memory of His passion is renewed.
The soul is filled with grace,
And a pledge of future glory is given.
O heavenly bread of angels,
That feeds our soul, sanctifies our body.
That heals the wounds of both.
That secures life eternal for both.
O nuptials of the Lamb !
Where Jesus espouses our souls,
Lives in us, and we in Him.

What do you desire, Christian soul ?
Glory ? You are transformed into Jesus.
Life ? Those who eat have eternal life.
Riches ? Jesus has all treasures.
Pleasure ? In Him joy has its source.
Why then must you be pressed,
To assist at these divine nuptials ?
Why come with distrust and torpor ?
Why profit so little by it ?
You eat sweetness and purity,
And you are passionate and sensual.
O astounding thing !
You eat a God, and live like a demon !

Sunday in the Octave of Corpus Christi.

GOSPEL. *Luke* xiv. 16-24.

On the great supper.

When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the feeble, the lame, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, because they have not wherewith to make thee recompense.—*Luke* xiv. 13.

When one of them that sat at table with Him, had heard these things, He said to him: Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.—*Luke* xiv. 15.

The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? And the bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord?—1 *Cor.* x. 16.

We being many, are one bread, one body, all who partake of one bread.—1 *Cor.* x. 17.

You cannot drink the chalice of the Lord, and the chalice of devils. You cannot be partakers of the table of the Lord, and of the table of devils.—1 *Cor.* x. 20.

The Eucharist is a great feast,
Prepared by God, at great expense,
With the magnificence of infinite riches.
Wise as He is, He cannot give us more.
Rich as He is, He cannot give us more:
Powerful as He is, He cannot give us more:
What shall I return to the Lord,
For all that He has given me?

The food prepared is great.
The body, blood, soul, and divinity,
Of Jesus Christ;

With His merits, His graces, His labours.
Our flesh is nourished by His flesh.

This feast is great in its effects.
It heals our maladies.
Fortifies us against temptation.
Enriches us with all virtues.
Fill us with graces.
Ravishes us with sweet delights.
Unites us to Jesus.
Gives eternal life to body and soul.

This feast is great in its extent.
It covers the whole earth,
From the rising to the setting of the sun.
Everyone can eat the bread of angels.

This feast is great in its duration :
It will last while men are on the earth.
Jesus gives Himself till He comes to judge.
Happy is he who receives at death !
Unhappy is he who receives it not in life !

This feast is great from the number invited.
All : the great and lowly, rich and poor,
Men and women, just and sinners.
The rich excuse themselves,
Only the poor sit at our Lord's table.

My soul, why do you fear ?
You are poor, weak, blind, miserable.
Take therefore courage to come,
For these guests are compelled to enter.

Make known to Him your wretchedness ;
He will cure, strengthen, console you.

O sweetest Jesus !
Pardon me if I dare to sit at Your table.
Your servants have compelled me to come.
I am blind, lame, a helpless beggar.
They tell me to come in.
They threaten me with death if I obey not.
I enter Your palace then without fear.
I sit at Your table with confidence.
I will receive You with love.
I will lodge You in my breast.
I will henceforth serve You,
With fervour and fidelity.

When thou makest a feast, &c.

Monday in the Octave of Corpus Christi.

Loving invitation of our Lord to Holy Communion.

With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer.—*Luke* xxii. 15.

He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me, and I in him.—*John* vi. 57.

A certain man made a great supper, and invited many, and they began all at once to make excuses.—*Luke* xiv. 16.

I say to you, that none of those men, that were called, shall taste of my supper : bring in hither the poor, and the feeble, and the blind, and the lame : and compel them to come in.—*Luke* xiv. 21-24.

O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
Tell My well beloved,

That I expect her day and night ;
And that I languish with love.

I quitted heaven to come upon the earth.
To gain her love I took the form of bread,
To make Myself loved,
And eaten without horror.
I made Myself food, that I might unite
Myself firmly to this ungrateful soul.
I would fain feed her : enrich her
With the treasures of My grace.
Why does she slight Me ?
Why does she fly from Me ?
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
Tell My well beloved,
That I expect her day and night,
And that I languish with love.

I am bread, and not poison :
I would make her live, not die.
It was to be loved, that I took this form.
It was to be eaten,
That I made Myself bread,
And not to be admired.
It is to santify her body,
That I give her My flesh.
It is to enliven her soul,
That I give her My Spirit.
It is to unite her to My divinity,
That I give her My humanity.
As wise as I am,
I know not what more to give her.

As rich as I am, I have no more for her.
Why then does she fly from Me?
Why does she fear Me?
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
Tell My well beloved,
That I expect her night and day,
And that I languish with love.

I have been at infinite charges,
To prepare this banquet.
I have spared nothing to please her.
I give her My body to be eaten.
I give My blood for her to drink.
I heap up My graces on her.
I enrich her with My merits.
I fill her with My virtues.
I invite all the world to My feast:
The sick, in order to cure them.
The weak, in order to strengthen them.
The blind, in order to give them sight.
The sad, in order to comfort them.
Sinners, in order to sanctify them.
What reason has she to fear?
I do not ask the end of the sacrament,
As a necessary disposition.
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
Tell My well beloved,
That I expect her night and day,
And that I languish with love.

Tell her that she will die of hunger,
Unless she eats this bread.

That she will have no grace,
Unless she eats at My table.
That she will have no strength :
No life : no health : no comfort.
That she will be strongly tempted,
That she will sink under temptation,
Unless she eats at My table.
That if she excuses herself,
She shall not taste of My meats :
Neither in her lifetime, nor at her death :
Neither in heaven, nor on earth.
That I will give her place,
To the blind and to the lame.
That she contemns Me,
Instead of honouring Me.
That she afflicts Me,
Instead of comforting Me.
That she offends Me,
Instead of contenting Me.

O bread of angels !
Who camest down from heaven.
Shall I dare take Thee into my heart ?
Can I receive Thee, knowing who I am ?
Can I refuse Thee, knowing who Thou art ?
Can I approach, knowing Thy sanctity ?
Can I keep away, without necessity ?

O divine Lover !
Who dost invite us to Your wedding.
Who dost invite us so lovingly,
Give a nuptial robe to this prodigal.

I do not deserve this honour.
I am unworthy of this favour.
But the feeling of my humility,
Will supply the want of my sanctity.
You will have it so. You desire it.
You order it. You command it.
You threaten me with Your anger,
If I fail to be present.
It is better to side with love than fear.
Obedience is more secure than diffidence.

I will therefore approach with respect.
I will receive You with confidence.
I will embrace You with love.
I will thank You with tenderness.
I will eat You with pleasure.
I will speak to You with freedom.
I will serve You with fidelity.
I will bless You in time, and in eternity.—Amen.

With desire I have, &c.

Tuesday in the Octave of Corpus Christi.

On the reasons of those who excuse themselves.

And they begun all at once to make excuse. I say to you that none of those men that were called shall taste my supper.—*Luke* xiv. 18, 24.

Come ye to the wedding. But they neglected, and went their ways, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise.—*Matt.* xxii. 5.

Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have brought up children and exalted them, and they have despised Me.—*Isa.* i. 2.

If you be willing, and will hearken to Me, you shall eat the good things of the land. But if you will not, and will provoke Me to wrath: the sword shall devour you; because the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.—*Isa.* i. 19.

"I fear to make a bad communion."
Fear is good, but love is better.
Go not to a feast trembling, but smiling.
Jesus takes the form of bread,
Not to be feared, but loved and eaten.
If you fear to approach,
You should fear to stay away,
For which He threatens lasting exclusion.

"Is it not being too familiar with God?"
You despise men the more you know them.
To know God well, is to love Him well.
What blasphemy to think,
That you are more wicked by coming to God:
More holy by keeping far from Him.

No act of religion,
Can be wanting in respect to the Sacrament.
Faith, hope, love, humility, adoration,
Have there their fullest scope.
Would the Church command what is bad?
Yet the Council of Trent, St. Thomas, and others,
Recommend daily communion.

"I have no devotion in communicating."
Devotion, and feeling devotion, differ.
Great devotion is often not felt.
Sensible devotion is not necessary:
Or how many would approach at Easter?
If you have it not, humble yourself.
True devotion consists in humility,
Confidence, and love,
A desire to honour our Lord,
And to be united to Him.
Sensible devotion is an effect,
Produced by the Sacrament,
Increasing charity, and desire for it.
The more you eat, the stronger the desire.

"I sin so often, and am unworthy."
Will you wait till you sin no more?
You are weak, languishing, and sick:
The Sacrament will heal you,
And fortify you with nourishment.
Can you correct your faults without grace?
The Sacrament is the source of grace.
Our Lord ate with sinners.
He came for the sick, not the healthy.

The Sacrament is food for the healthy,
Medicine for the sick.
The more imperfections you have,
The greater reason for communion.

If anything should stop communion,
It is from the nature of the Sacrament,
Or the nature of man, or of a sinner.
The Sacrament was instituted for all,
Under the form of bread, to be eaten.
It is for man, or only angels would eat it.
For sinners, since all men sin.
If then you have confessed your sins,
With a resolution not to commit them,
Nothing should keep you from the holy table.

And they begun all, &c.

Wednesday in the Octave of Corpus Christi.

Other excuses considered.

And the Lord of hosts shall make unto all people in this mountain, a feast of fat things, a feast of wine, of fat things full of marrow, of wine purified from the lees.—*Isa.* xxv. 6.

Eat, O friends, and drink, and be inebriated, my dearly beloved.—*Cant.* v. 1.

Our soul now loatheth this very light food: wherefore the Lord sent among the people fiery serpents.—*Num.* xxi. 5.

The poor shall eat and shall be filled.—*Ps.* xxi. 27.

"Holiness is necessary to communicate."
If you wait to be as holy as Jesus,

Our Lady was never worthy.
If you wait to be free from faults,
The Apostles were not worthy.
The first Christians could not eat daily.
Holiness is not a necessary condition,
But freedom from known mortal sin.
It is a counsel and a recommendation,
To be purified from even venial sin.
When will you be free from imperfection?
The sacrament will help you to it.

Think not that God asks as preparation,
What is the effect, the fruit, the end.
A man must not be healthy,
In order to take medicine.
Great holiness and purity of soul,
Are the end and effect of the sacrament.
The divine food controls concupiscence:
Moderates our passions:
Preserves us from mortal sin.

"I fear to commit a sacrilege."
You do not commit it by fearing.
You only commit what you wish to commit.
"I fear to communicate through custom."
A good custom is excellent.
Do you miss mass, or stop praying,
For fear of doing it through custom?
"I get no profit from communion."
Then you often commit mortal sin.
If not, then you do profit,
For you are preserved from mortal sin.

O the wiles of Satan!
He made Adam eat the fruit of death,
In the hope of life.
He deters men from the fruit of life,
By the fear of death.
You protest that you are unworthy.
This is the best of dispositions.
Tell the truth: it is not unworthiness,
But some vice you will not leave.
Some sin you will not confess.

Jesus threatens those who make excuses.
The door shall be shut on you.
The angry King will send His armies.
To put you to death, to burn your town.
He often punishes contempt of Him,
By loss of goods, health, and even death.

O Jesus, my Saviour!
Why should I dread and distrust You?
Have You ever illtreated a sinner,
Who comes to You?
You have eaten and talked with them.
You came into the world to seek them.
I am a sinner, but I am not troubled,
Since it gives me a seat at Your table.
I had rather feel my unworthiness,
Than my self-love and vanity.
What pride to think myself worthy!
Let others make long preparation,
I rely on humility and obedience.
My heart tells me to stay away.

You say, he that eateth not, hath not life.
I wish for life : I will then communicate.
And the Lord of hosts, &c.

Octave Day of Corpus Christi.

On the love Jesus shews us in the Sacrament of the Altar.

When the children of Israel saw it, they said to one another : Manhu? which signifieth, What is this! for they knew not what it was. And Moses said to them : This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat.—*Exod.* xvi. 15.

This is the bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna, and died. He that eateth this bread shall live for ever.—*John* vi. 59.

Who will give us of his flesh that we may be filled?—*Job* xxxi. 31.

My flesh is meat indeed.—*John* vi. 56.

Having loved His own, who were in the world, He loved them to the end.—*John* xiii. 1.

This Sacrament proceeds from love.
This Sacrament contents love.
This Sacrament produces love.

The Son of God instituted it from love.
He ascended to heaven from justice.
He remained on earth from love.
Did men deserve this favour?
They were unworthy of it.
Does any advantage accrue to Him?

He suffers there in great contempt.
Love hath triumphed over God.
Love made Him come on earth.
Love made Him stay there.
Love keeps Him a prisoner there.

Love tends to unity :
It is the end of all its desires.
It finds in holy communion,
All its satisfaction.
There Jesus unites Himself to us :
There we unite ourselves to Him.
He transforms Himself into us :
We transform ourselves into Him.
He becomes one same thing with us :
We become one same thing with Him.
He that takes food, and the food itself,
Are but one person.
There is a distinction in all else,
But there is none in the food.
This is that which satisfies love.
This makes it the Sacrament of love.

Knowledge begets love.
Presence nourishes love.
Affection enkindles love,
Benefits attract love.
The soul here sees her well beloved.
She enjoys His presence.
She discovers His affection.
She is filled with His graces and favours.
The heart may resist hatred,

But it cannot resist love.
She there finds her beloved :
She there finds her delights :
She there finds her love.

Whence comes it that I am all ice ?
That I have so little love ?
What is my heart made of ?
How can it defend itself ?
Love encompasses it on all sides,
Yet it knows not what love is.

Love shews itself to my eyes.
Love is heard by my ears.
Love is tasted by my mouth.
Love makes itself be felt in my heart.
Love calls me : draws me : warms me
Fights me : flatters me : obliges me :
Does all things to win me.
Yet I know not what it is to love.

Whence comes this insensibility ?
It is because I love creatures.
It is because I am not detached.
It is because my heart is divided.
It is because I am not mortified.
My soul !
Will thou always be ungrateful ?
Will thy heart never be won ?
Shall not a God, who is always with thee,
A God, who gives Himself all to thee,
A God, who annihilates Himself for thee,
A God, who stands not in need of thee,

Who is happy without thee,
Who has so much love for thee,
Who bestows so many benefits on thee,
Win thy heart?
Cannot He deserve thy affection?

Oh! I can no longer resist this love!
No longer elude its pursuit.
I will no longer keep back from fear.
I will approach from love.
Oh! I will mortify myself,
For I cannot live without loving.
I will communicate frequently,
For I cannot live without eating.

When the children of Israel, &c.

Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi.

On the effects of the Blessed Sacrament.

Thou didst feed Thy people with the food of angels, and gavest them bread from heaven prepared without labour; having in it all that is delicious, and the sweetness of every taste.—*Wisd.* xvi. 20.

What is the good thing of him, and what is his beautiful thing, but the corn of the elect, and the wine springing forth virgins?—*Zach.* ix. 17.

He arose, and ate, and drank, and walked in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights, unto the mountain of God, Horeb.—3 *Kings* xix. 8.

Thou hast prepared a table before me, against them that afflict me.—*Ps.* xxii. 5.

His bread shall be fat, and he shall yield dainties to kings.—*Gen.* xlix. 20.

Our soul now loatheth this very light food.—*Num.* xvi. 5.

The poor shall eat and shall be filled.—*Ps.* xxi. 27.

The adorable body of Jesus,
Is the source of all the graces and effects.
With it is His precious blood,
And the merits of His Passion,
His most holy soul with its virtues.
In other sacraments grace is conferred,
Through a creature as the sensible sign.
In this He gives us Himself.
He Himself confers the grace.
We take Him, like Simeon, into our arms,
He descends into our heart.
We change hearts with Him,
He takes away ours, and gives us His.

Besides increasing sanctifying grace,
Faith receives increase of light.
The nearer the sun the more light.
The two disciples at Emmaus,
Recognized Jesus in the breaking of bread.

Hope gains strength and courage.
Jesus has made such solemn promises,
Of life and union to those who receive
He gives Himself to us,
And will not refuse lesser gifts.

The chief effect is love.
Fire burns all that touches it.
The heart of Jesus is all love.
He enkindles ours, and sets it on fire.
What ice can resist this divine fire?
If you are cold and tepid,
It is because you are not prepared,
Or your heart burns with other love.

It fortifies us against temptation.
The devil was vanquished by the cross.
He cannot endure this memorial.
Jesus by a word calms the storm.
No tempest can resist His presence.
"Why is your heart troubled? It is I."

It heals the wounds of concupiscence.
His flesh gives us its virginal qualities.
His blood purifies our blood.
It is the wine that springeth forth virgins.

It nourishes the soul, as food the body.
It strengthens it : satiates it.
Gives a distaste for pleasures of sense,
And a hunger for celestial food.

We are united with Jesus,
In the most intimate union.
We are transformed into Him.
As bread into him who eats it,
As two pieces of wax melted together,
So Jesus changes us into Himself.

It unites us with our neighbour,
In one body, soul, heart, and mind,
As bread is made of many grains of corn,
And wine of many grapes.
Those who hate, eat judgment.
Love of our neighbour,
Always follows a good communion.

O my soul!
What do you desire if not this food?
Which gives thee life.
Fills thee with graces.
Fortifies thee against temptation.
Gives a pledge of salvation.
Heals thy maladies.
Enlightens thy mind.
Rejoices thy heart.
Calms thy passions.
Creates distaste for the world.
Transforms thee into God.

Unites thee in love with thy neighbour.
Eat often at the holy table,
And bring with thee the nuptial robe.

Thou didst feed Thy people, &c

Saturday after the Octave of Corpus Christi.

On the obligations that we have to our Lady on account of the Blessed Sacrament.

They have thought to cast away my price.—*Ps.* lxi. 5.

Come, eat my bread, and drink the wine which I have mingled for you.—*Prov.* ix. 5.

Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits.—*Ecclus.* xxiv. 26.

You have forgotten God, who brought you up, and you have grieved Jerusalem that nursed you.—*Baruch.* iv. 8.

God so loved the world, as to give His only begotten Son.—*John* iii. 16.

Visit us with Thy salvation.—*Ps.* cv. 4.

Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?—*Luke* i. 43.

Mary gave Jesus her flesh.
He drew His blood from her veins.
She joined in the Sacrifice of the cross.
She joins in the Sacrifice of the altar,
In the memorial of His passion.

Mary gave Jesus to the world,
She gives Him in the holy communion.

She places Him in our arms, like Simeon's,
And redeems Him not back again.

When Jesus took His body from Mary,
It was to offer a Sacrifice to His Father,
And provide nourishment for men.
From Mary we obtained this victim.
From Mary we obtained this heavenly food.

What sorrow for the heart of Mary,
When this Sacrament is despised.
It renders useless for us,
The sufferings of the Son and the Mother.
It is to despise the price of salvation.
It deeply afflicts Jesus Christ,
Who desires to eat this pasch with us.
It refuses Him a lodging as at Bethlehem.
It drives Him from the kingdom of our heart,
And prevents His taking possession of it.

What grief for the holy Virgin !
To see Him illtreated by His subjects.
His labours without effect.
His body without honour.
His banquet without guests.
His court without attendants.
His benefits without recognition.
What consolation on the other hand !
To see His merits applied to men.
The great work of redemption fulfilled.
To see Him gathering the fruits of His labours.
Extending His empire.
Increasing His mystic body.

Christian Soul!
If you love Mary, often receive Jesus.
O Holy Virgin,
I thank you for giving me so often
The body and blood of your Son.
Mother of God!
Visit me often with your Son.
You did not despise a stable:
Turn not away from my wicked heart.
See your Son there,
And teach me how to love Him.

They have thought, &c.

Additional Meditations for the Octave of Corpus Christi.

On the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

In the form of a Dialogue.

THE DISCIPLE.

I will speak unto my Lord,
Although I am but ashes and dust.
O my God! how wonderful is Your wisdom!
How profound are Your mysteries!
Why is it that You remain on earth,
Since Your body is glorious?
Ought not the noblest of all bodies
To be in the highest heaven?
Your throne is in the firmament.

The earth is but Your footstool.
Why do You not dwell in Your palace?
Why are You upon our dunghill?

THE MASTER.

I would remain here on earth,
To satisfy My love.
I converse with men,
To satisfy their desires.
I am with My disciples,
To satisfy them by My presence.
I am amongst My sheep,
To defend them against wolves.
I leave Myself to My Church,
To serve for a victim.
I immolate Myself on the altars,
To do homage to My Father.
You would have no religion,
If you had no sacrifice.
My body is in heaven, its natural place.
My body is on earth, its sacramental place.
I left not heaven, when I came on earth,
Nor the earth, when I ascended to heaven.

THE DISCIPLE.

I will again speak to You, O Lord,
Although I am but ashes and dust.
Why is it that remaining on earth,
You did not make Yourself visible?
Why did You hide Yourself,
Since You desire to be loved?

You would have won all hearts,
If You had been seen by our eyes.

THE MASTER.

I am a hidden God.
You must die in order to see Me.
I hid My divinity, in the form of a man.
I hide My humanity, in the form of bread.
Your life is a state of faith,
My body ought therein to be veiled.
Your life is a state of merit,
Your mind ought therein to be humbled.
Adam did not credit My word,
But he credited that of the serpent.
A blind faith ought to repair his curiosity.
Faith consecrates your understanding.
It humbles your pride.
It raises your knowledge.
It makes you subject to God.
You must believe, that you may see.
Faith goes before glory.
And how can you have faith,
If what you see be not hidden?

THE DISCIPLE.

I will again speak, O Lord,
Although I am but ashes and dust.
Doubtless Your humanity,
To be an object of faith,
Should be hidden, as well as Your divinity:
But why under the form of bread?

Is this state suitable to You?
What honour is not due to You?
Who can honour You in this figure?

THE MASTER

My wisdom would not be infinite,
Unless it were incomprehensible.
It would not be wonderful,
Unless it were inconceivable.
Wisdom avoids the open light.
It hides itself in darkness.
Goodness flies from obscurity,
And would shew itself in the light.
Wisdom hides itself,
Because it would be loved.
Goodness discovers itself,
Because it would be loved.

A God under the form of a man,
Is a more astounding change,
Than a man under the form of bread.
Than a body under the form of food.
Did not they eat the Lamb? the Manna?
The loaves of proposition?
If the figures were eaten,
The truth ought also to be eaten.
You stood in need of a Sacrament,
For the nourishment of your souls.
As your life is divine,
You stood in need of a divine food.

As you have a soul and body,
There was need of My soul and body.
Unless you eat My flesh, you have not life.
All men were to eat it:
There was hence necessary a food,
That all men might make use of.
Men have different tastes:
But all men like bread.
I took this amiable figure,
That I might be eaten without horror:
To enter the bottom of your heart.
To communicate My Spirit to you.
To purify your body.
To assuage its concupiscence.
To heal its maladies.
To give it My purity.
Bread is a food,
That shews the effects of the Sacrament
I would unite you all together.
I would transform you into Myself.
As I live for My Father,
So I would have you live for Me.

THE DISCIPLE.

O divine Master!
How admirable is Your wisdom!
You are truly a hidden God.
What bread! What a feast!
How thankful I am to You,
That You would remain with us!
That You would take this figure,

To communicate Yourself to us.
I believe: I will not see.
What shall I do to acknowledge You?

Since You remain with me,
I will remain with You.
Since You humble Yourself for me,
I will humble myself for You.
Since You destroy Yourself for me,
I will destroy myself for You.
Since You will live in me,
I will live in You.

On the virtues that Jesus teaches us in the Sacrament of the Altar.

POVERTY.

Jesus in the Sacrament is a Master,
Who gives lessons on all virtues.
He was poor all His life.
He is denuded of all on the altar.
He is clothed in the figure of bread,
A lowly and despised covering.
He lives, without choice, in town or hamlet,
In humble chapels, or mean vessels.
See His court in heaven,
And look at His companions on earth.
We are well lodged, well fed.
Well clothed, well served.
We would want for nothing,

As if Jesus had said :
Blessed are the rich, and not the poor.

HUMILITY.

To be humble, is to become nothing.
To consider yourself nothing.
To suffer humiliations cheerfully.
To obey everyone.
To think you are the last : the most wicked.
To hide graces received from God.
To take the last place.
To fly from the praise of men,
And be content with the praise of God.

Jesus annihilates Himself on the altar.
He gives up the being He had.
He hides divinity and humanity,
Under the lowly appearance of bread.
He is there more humbled,
Than at the crib, the cross, or the tomb.
He is despised by idolators, heretics,
And by wicked Catholics.
He there receives the greatest insults.
He visits the sick in wretched hovels.
He enters the heart of a Judas.
My God and my Saviour!
You are truly a hidden God.
You are a humble God : I am a proud man.
You fly from honour : I seek it.
You seek abasement : I fly from it.

PATIENCE.

Although His body is impassible,
It has not lost the love of suffering.
In this Sacrament He gives us,
An eternal monument of patience.
His body is impassible,
But His divine Person
Suffers the injuries that are done Him.
Who can number them?
Atheists, heretics, infidels,
Bad Catholics, heap them upon Him.
What crimes are committed before Him!
What profanations: impieties:
Bad communions: sacrileges!
O Jesus!
What lessons of patience You teach me.
Yet I profit little by them.
I am angry and impatient,
I bear nothing from God or man:
Superior, equal, or inferior.
I bear not even with myself.
What impatience! What injustice!

OBEDIENCE.

Jesus was conceived by the obedience
Paid by Mary to the words of the Angel.
He was born by obedience to Cæsar's edict.
He lived in obedience to His parents.
He died in obedience to His Father.
Although He reigns now in heaven,
He still wishes to obey men,

He obeys priests, good or bad.
He obeys always, day or night.
He obeys promptly.
As soon as the priest says the words,
He comes into his hands.
He obeys in all places,
Wherever in the world Mass is said :
On land, on sea : in town or village.
In great churches : in little chapels.
He obeys in all that is demanded :
To be kept, to be eaten.
To be given to any person whatever.
He obeys without resistance,
Without complaint, or shewing annoyance.
Christian soul !
Is it thus you obey ?
All your superiors without exception ?
With your heart and mind ?
In all times : in all things ?
With all possible submission ?

MORTIFICATION.

Jesus lived in constant mortification.
Although now happy in heaven,
He still continues in this Sacrament,
To teach us lessons of mortification.
He mortifies His judgment,
Deferring to the discretion of a priest,
To use Him for good or bad ends,
As if He were blind : without judgment.
He mortifies His will,

Bearing with a thousand things,
Unworthy of His dignity,
His greatness, holiness, Majesty.
He enters the heart of a wicked man.
He mortifies His senses,
For He is in the Host as if dead.
He lives only a spiritual life,
Exercising no functions of corporal life.
He mortifies His tongue,
Not saying a word: ever in silence.
He mortifies His body,
Uniting it to inanimate species,
Taking the place of a dead substance.
He lives and dwells,
Bound and chained in a prison of love.

O my soul!

You live in pleasures and delights,
What union have you with the body of Jesus,
Mortified and crucified?
This is the memorial of His passion,
And you have a horror of suffering.
His life is wholly spiritual,
Yours is wholly sensual.

LOVE OF GOD.

Jesus teaches us how to love God.
To do His will: keep His commandments.
To suffer much for Him.
To sacrifice ourselves for Him.
Does He not this on our altars?
He daily immolates Himself,

For the glory of His Father.
He is a continual victim,
Sacrificing His Sacramental life,
In all times and places.
Man owes homage to the Supreme Being.
Thanksgiving for benefits.
Impetration for fresh favours.
Atonement for countless sins.
Jesus, the chief of human nature,
Takes this charge on Himself,
And daily renders this homage to God.
Wretch that I am!
God is charged with my debts,
Gives His life to save me from death,
Sacrifices Himself daily for me,
And I despise Him, offend Him,
Irritate Him more; will bear nothing.
I make His death and suffering useless.
What ingratitude! What hardness of heart!

LOVE OF OUR NEIGHBOUR.

The Incarnation established a union,
And charity among all men.
Jesus gave us the precept,
The special character of His religion.
The Sacrament preserves this union,
That by eating the same bread,
We may have only one body, one soul.
The world loves life:
To obtain a life of grace and glory,
It is needful to eat His flesh,

As He tells in the gospel.
He orders all to come to His table.
But He forbids with the direst penalties
Those who are at enmity,
To approach without reconciliation.
To share in the Mystery and have life,
He obliges us to be in peace,
And inviolable union with our neighbour.

O Jesus!
The love of God, and of men!
You sacrifice Yourself for us on the altar,
Giving us wonderful lessons of love.
O loving Shepherd!
You love Your sheep so tenderly,
That You strip Yourself to clothe them,
Instead of clothing Yourself with their wool.
That You give them Your flesh to eat,
Instead of feeding on the flesh of Your sheep.
O Love of loves! Charity of charities!
How can I repay the love
You shew me in this Sacrament?
What thanks can I return You?

If you love me, Jesus says,
Love your neighbour.
Pay him what you owe Me,
And I will forgive you all.
You owe Me life, and all your goods.
What ought you not to suffer for Me,
Since I have suffered so much for you?
And you have offended Me so much.

Love your brethren, and I know you love Me.
I take to Myself all you do to them.
If you pardon them I will pardon you.
I will assist you in all your needs,
If you will assist them in theirs.
The bread that you give them,
I will return a hundred-fold.
The injuries they do to you,
Are nothing to those you do to Me.
If you do not love them, pardon them,
You shall not eat at My table,
Or shall eat judgment and condemnation.

Third Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Luke* xv. 1-10.

On the Gospel.

Come ye to Him and be enlightened: and your forces shall not be confounded.—*Ps.* xxxiii. 6.

The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—*Luke* xix. 10.

If it be so that he find it, Amen I say to you, he rejoiceth more for that than for the ninety-nine that went not astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father, who is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.—*Matt.* xviii. 13.

I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost: seek Thy servant, because I have not forgotten Thy commandments.—*Ps.* cxviii. 176.

Come to Me, all you that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.—*Matt.* xi. 28.

Sinners come to Jesus.
He speaks to them, eats with them:

Associates with them.
The Pharisees hinder them :
But far from driving them away,
Jesus receives them tenderly :
Bestows on them marks of friendship.
The Saint of saints mixes with sinners.
God seeks friendship with His enemies.
Is it thus you meet yours ?

The sinners kept near to Jesus.
The Pharisees begin to murmur,
But Jesus undertakes their defence.
He came for sinners, not for the just.
One sinner doing penance,
Gives more joy in heaven,
Than ninety-nine just who need it not.

Sweet and consoling words !
Will you not come to Jesus in communion ?
Will you refuse to eat with Him ?
You are a sinner : He seeks you.
He will eat with you willingly,
If you are willing to turn to Him.
Heed not the murmurs of the Pharisees,
If Jesus invites and defends you.

Jesus is the good Shepherd,
Who left His ninety-nine sheep
To seek the lost one.
He does not beat it,
But carries it tenderly.
It is weary : it might stray again.

You have strayed from the fold.
He has long sought you.
He has gone into thickets and brambles.
See Him wounded by the thorns.
He has lovingly carried you home.
He has washed you with His blood.
Fed you with His flesh.
Yet you have again run away.
How many times? What ingratitude!

Jesus had ten silver coins.
He leaves the nine choirs of angels,
To seek for the lost one, man.
He seeks him with labour and pains,
He buys him with His precious blood.
He tells the angels that He has found him.
He summons them to rejoice,
Not with the man who is found,
But with Him who has found him.
What goodness! what mercy!
Will you never love so good a God?
Will you fly from Him when He seeks you?

If angels rejoice at a sinner's tears,
They weep at the fall of the just.
My soul!
What have you done in this world?
You have given Jesus endless trouble.
You have grieved His angels.
You have not only left your Shepherd,
But have decoyed other sheep.
When will you give joy in heaven?

Return to the fold.
Repair the damage you have done to it.
Do penance promptly and sincerely,
And there will be consolation for Jesus,
And joy among the angels.

Come ye to Him, &c.

Third Monday after Pentecost.

On the love we ought to have for Jesus.

Thou art beautiful above the sons of men.—*Ps.* xliv. 3.

Christ is all, and in all.—*Col.* iii. 11.

Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me?—*John* xxi. 16.

He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them; he it is that loveth Me.—*John* xiv. 21.

If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema.—1 *Cor.* xvi. 22.

Jesus is the most beautiful of all men.
Jesus is the greatest of all kings.
Jesus is the most loving of all fathers.
Jesus is the most faithful of all friends.
Jesus is the gentlest of all masters.
Jesus is the most perfect of all spouses.

For me He left heaven and became man.
For me He became poor and miserable.
For me He toiled for thirty years.
For me He suffered injury and contempt,
Persecutions and torments.

For me He shed His blood,
And would shed it again if needful.
He ever has His eyes on me.
He orders His angels to watch over me,
To guide, guard, and comfort me.

Jesus is my Father, and my King.
He is my Brother, and my Spouse.
My Master, and my Shepherd.
My Chief, and my Physician.
My Salvation, and my Redemption.
My Hope, and my Comfort.

Jesus loves me with all His heart.
He is ever at the door of my heart.
He entreats me to give Him my heart.
He has given His life to have my heart.
I am a wretch if I refuse Him my heart.
Woe unto him, who divides his heart.
Who loves Him not with all his heart.

Love of all loves!
Heart of all hearts!
Let me love You as You love me.
Let me love You as You deserve.
Nothing above Jesus.
Nothing comparable to Jesus.
Nothing with Jesus.
Nothing after Jesus.

Thou art beautiful, &c.

Third Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the love that God has for sinners.

Come to Me, all you that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.—*Matt.* xi. 28.

The publicans and sinners drew near to Jesus, to hear Him, and the Pharisees and Scribes murmured.—*Luke* xv. 1.

This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.—*Luke* xv. 2.

The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—*Luke* xix. 10.

God commendeth His charity towards us: because when as yet we were sinners, according to the time, Christ died for us.—*Rom.* v. 8.

God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son.—*John* iii. 16.

God sent not His Son into the world, to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by Him.—*John* iii. 17.

A workman loves his work.
God loves His creatures.
He has no need of them.
But they have need of Him,
And therefore He loves them.
Yearning to give from His abundance:
To let them share His own happiness.

God loves man as the crown of His works,
His own image, a part of Himself.
If He loves Himself, He loves His image.
His own Son came in the likeness of man.
If the maker so loves His work,

Should not the work love the Maker?
From whom he has being and any perfection?

God loves man, but loves sinners more.
Not as sinners, but as miserable.
The mercy of God is infinite,
And misery is the object of mercy.
God then cannot help having pity
On sinners, the most wretched of men.
When He became man,
As He was clothed with our miseries,
So also He was clothed with mercy.
He loves sinners for He died for them.
Through them only He became man.

Why then, poor sinners,
Do you distrust the mercy of God?
Why fly from God who seeks you?
Waits for you, opens His arms,
Loves you so tenderly?
Despair is worse than presumption.
Presumption combats the justice of God.
Despair combats His mercy.
It is more natural for God,
To pardon than to punish.

Despair not, timorous sinner,
Humble yourself and ask pardon,
With sorrow and confidence.
God loves sinners infinitely.
He came chiefly to save sinners.

O God, my Father!
I have not known You till now.
I was frightened at Your justice.
I knew not the greatness of Your mercy.
However enormous my crimes,
They are not greater than Your goodness.
I will never distrust Your love.
When I see the abyss of my misery,
I will invoke the abyss of Your mercy
Since fulness flows into emptiness,
And abundance seeks for indigence.

Come to Me, &c.

Third Wednesday after Pentecost.

On the love we ought to have for God.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind.—*Luke* x. 27.

By this hath appeared the charity of God in us; because God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.—1 *John* iv. 9.

Let us, therefore, love God, because God first hath loved us.—1 *John* iv. 19.

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength: the Lord is my firmament, my refuge, my deliverer: my God is my helper, and in Him will I put my trust.—*Ps.* xvii. 1.

How great is God,
Since He created such great things!

How beautiful is God,
Since He created such beautiful things!
How good is God,
Since He created such good things!
What favours has not God done to me?
From what dangers has He not preserved me!
From what evils has He not delivered me!
What great goods He promises me!

Who deserves my heart better than He?
Who offers me a greater price for it?
To whom shall I give it, if not to Him,
Who has given me His?
To whom shall I sell it, if not to Him,
Who has bought it with His blood?
Is a wicked heart worth the blood of a God?
Worth the life of a God?
Worth the heart of a God?
Worth the kingdom of God?

I deserve not to live,
If I live for anyone but You.
I ought not to have a heart,
If I love anything else but You.
Oh, I have loved You too late,
Beauty always new, always ancient!
Oh, I have too soon offended You,
Bounty ever amiable, ever adorable!
I acknowledge my darkness,
I abhor my ingratitude.
I will ever love You, O God of goodness.
I will never offend You, O God of Majesty.

Third Thursday after Pentecost.

On the love that God has for man.

I have loved thee with an everlasting love.—*Jerem.* xxxi. 3.
The Father Himself loveth you.—*John* xvi. 27.
Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth.—1 *Tim.* ii. 4.
He loved them to the end.—*John* xiii. 1.

God loves man since He is all goodness.
To do good is His pleasure.
Man is His work, His image, His child.
He bought him with blood of His Son.
He is the temple of the divine Spirit.
By his submission He receives homage.
By his tongue He is praised.
By his heart He is loved.
For him He made the universe.
He is the end of His work,
And, one day, the heir of His glory.
Let us love God, because He loves us.
Let us love God, as He hath loved us.

The love of God is ancient.
He hath loved us from all eternity.
We were always in His thought.
His love is as ancient as His being.
He no sooner was, than He loved us.
And as He always was, so He always loved us,
And will still love us, during all eternity.
Find a man who loves you so long,
So constantly, as He does.

Man's love is weak, and soon ceases.
God's love is strong, and eternal.

The love of God is pure and generous.
He loves us without being in need of us.
Without expecting anything from us.
Without any merit on our side.
Without any obligation on His.
He loves us that He may be loved,
To make us happy through His love.

I have loved thee, &c.

Third Friday after Pentecost.

On the qualities of the love of God.

Is it my will that a sinner should die, saith the Lord God, and not that he should be converted from his ways and live?—*Ezech.* xviii. 23.

Who satisfieth thy desire with good things.—*Ps.* cii. 5.

God through His exceeding charity with which He loved us, hath quickened us together in Christ.—*Ephes.* ii. 4.

Who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.—*Apoc.* i. 5.

Man is close and hard to move.
His love is proud and imperious.
A little offence and it becomes hatred.
The love of God is tender:
It is a love of sweetness.
It is the sweetness of love.

It is the love of a Father,
And mother, and nurse.

God not only loves, but is love itself.
Love makes equality, union.
So God became man.
He took our nature, and gave us His.

The love of God is strong.
It triumphs over all difficulties.
It does good to the ungrateful:
To rebels: to His enemies.
Nothing was too difficult for His love.
To take our flesh: to be born in a stable:
To suffer insults, torments, death:
Anything, everything, to gain our love.
How sickly and tepid is your love!
How little it takes to quench it!
You murmur and are impatient.
What have you done for God?
What difficulties have you overcome?
What blood have you shed? Victories gained?

The love of God is infinite.
He loves us as He loves Himself.
He has bestowed infinite benefits on us.
He has suffered infinite evils for us.
He has given His blood, of infinite price.
He communicates to us His grace,
Which is an infinite treasure.
He has prepared His glory for us,
Which is an infinite good.

Is it my will? &c.

Third Saturday after Pentecost.

On the same love of God.

God is charity: and he that abideth in charity, abideth in God, and God in him.—1 *John* iv. 16.

Because the Lord hath loved you and hath kept His oath, which He swore to your fathers.—*Deut.* vii. 8.

I have loved you, saith the Lord: and you have said: Wherein hast Thou loved us?—*Malach.* i. 2.

That the world may know that Thou hast loved them, as Thou hast also loved Me.—*John* xvii. 23.

The love of God is universal.
It embraces all men.
There is nobody that He does not love.
That He does not visit.
To whom He has not appointed an angel.
Whom He does not help.
Whom He has not redeemed.
Whom He is not willing to save.

O incomparable Lover!
Where shall I find a friend,
So faithful, so old as You are?

O my Soul!
Canst thou not love Him,
Who has loved thee so much?
Canst thou refuse thy heart to Him,
Who has given thee His?
Compare one with the other.
The greatness of the one and the other.

O my God! my Love!
Was there ever ingratitude like mine!
You love me from the beginning,
I offend You ever since I had being.
You love from all eternity,
And I will not love You now.

Oh, henceforth I will love You,
As You have loved me.
I will love You constantly: purely:
Strongly: eternally: universally:
In all places: in all times: in all states:
In the fulfilling of all Your will.

God is charity, &c.

Spiritual Canticle.

I have lost all:
I have nothing more to lose.
I have found all:
I have nothing more to seek.
I am contented: I deserve nothing else.
I am God's. I fear nothing now.

I have left all for God.
I have found all in God.
My desires have there met,
As rivers in the sea.
Without noise: without distinction.
Without motion: without violence.

Without those narrow banks,
That locked them in, on the earth.

As soon as I lost the sight of Him,
I entered into an ocean :
I plunged myself into the abysses.
I lost myself happily.
I confounded my being with that of God's.
I was in time, and I thought I was in eternity.
I was a creature,
And I found myself united to the divinity.

O mysterious and fortunate night!
Where God unites Himself to our spirit,
In the silence of its desires and thoughts.
How sweet is that hour, but how short.
Let all flesh be silent,
In the presence of our Lord.

Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Luke* v. 1-11.

On the Gospel.

Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life.—*John* vi. 27.

Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God, and His justice: and all these things shall be added unto you.—*Matt.* vi. 33.

Who hath wrought and done these things, calling the generations from the beginning? I, the Lord: I am the first and the last.—*Isa.* xli. 4.

Behold, I will send many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them: and after this I will send them many hunters, and they shall hunt them from every mountain, and from every hill, and out of the holes of the rocks.—*Jerem.* xvi. 16.

The people crowd round Jesus:
Some to hear His word:
Some to touch Him and be healed.
Jesus was pleased at their eagerness,
And enters a ship to speak to them.
Are you eager to hear a sermon?
Do you press to touch Him at communion?

Jesus spoke from Peter's bark.
It is the chair of truth.
He asks the crowd not to press:
He orders not, He gently asks.
A God asks men: a King his subjects.
What humility! what sweetness!
Treat your servants gently.

Speak to them kindly.
Deal with everyone respectfully.
St. Peter did not begrudge his boat.
Object that he must fish : gain his living.
That he was too busy to hear sermons.
That he wanted pay for time or boat hire.
No, he gave what was asked.
Had he refused from hope of gain,
Annoyance, or bad humour,
He might never have been an apostle.
On what trifles our salvation depends !

We never lose by giving to God.
Our worldly affairs prosper,
If we prefer spirituals to temporals.
St. Peter did a service to our Lord :
He preferred His word to his own work :
He neglected temporals for his soul :
He lost nothing by it :
He took an immense draught of fish,
And He was made an apostle.
Why does not your business prosper ?
Because you prefer temporal things,
And neglect the chief business of life.
Seek first the kingdom of God,
And all these things shall be added.

Labour not for the meat, &c.

Fourth Monday after Pentecost.

On the same gospel.

I have laboured in vain: I have spent my strength without cause and in vain.—*Isa.* xlix. 4.

You have sowed much and brought in little: you have eaten but have not had enough: you have drunk, but have not been filled with drink: you have clothed yourselves, but have not been warmed: and he that hath earned wages, put them into a bag with holes.—*Agg.* i. 6.

Behold with your eyes how I have laboured a little, and have found much rest to myself.—*Ecclus.* li. 35.

Cast the net on the right side of the ship; and you shall find. They cast therefore: and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.—*John* xxi. 6.

Master we have laboured all the night,
And have taken nothing.
So say the wicked at death.
They had not a right intention,
When they worked in the darkness of sin:
Jesus did not cast their net:
He did not bless their work.

The good work little, and gain much.
They work for God; by His grace;
Under the direction of the Holy Spirit.
This is why you take so few fish.
You work in the dark: by impulse:
From mean motives: ambition: avarice.
You seek not God: put no trust in Him.
You ask not His grace or blessing.
What labour lost! what idle work!

Admire the obedience of St. Peter.
He did not urge that it was useless.
That they had taken nothing during the night,
And night was better than day for fishing:
That they were tired:
That they must await the return of the fish.
No, he gave up his judgment and obeyed:
Cast the net and it was filled.
Thus God rewards obedience.

St. Peter was humble at his success.
Depart from me, O Lord, a sinful creature.
Those who trust to their own cleverness,
Become proud and presumptuous.
Those who work by obedience,
Give all the glory to God.

What a noble work is fishing for souls!
Have you gained any to God?
Alas! your nets are for flesh and blood.
You catch souls for the devil.
When will you make reparation?
Tooth for tooth, eye for eye, soul for soul.
Tremble and change your life.
Edify your neighbour: fish for souls:
Gain as many as you have lost.

I have laboured in vain, &c.

Fourth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On purity of intention in our actions.

All men seek the things that are their own.—*Phil.* ii. 21.

Do I seek to please men?—*Gal.* i. 10.

If I did yet please men, I should not be Christ's servant.—*Gal.* i. 10.

Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever else you do: do all things for the glory of God.—1 *Cor.* x. 31.

You belong wholly to God:
You are wholly for God:
You have all from God:
You ought then to do nothing but for God.
Such is your action, as is your end.
If your end be good, your action is good.
If your end be ill, your action is ill.
If you have the same end as God,
Your action will be as holy as God's is.

God works only for Himself,
And you work only for yourself.
God seeks only His own glory,
And you seek only yours.
God would have you saved,
And you will damn yourself.
If you will do nothing for Him,
What must you expect from Him?
If you do ill to yourself,
Who will you be good to?

God looks not at the hand, but the heart.
He considers not the gift, but the giver.
So much you do, as you intend to do.
So much you give, as you intend to give.
So much you gain, as you intend to gain.
The intention may be good without the action,
But never the action without the intention.
You please God, if you intend to please Him.
You love God, if you intend to love Him.
Is not that a great comfort to you?

For whom do you work?
To what idol do you sacrifice,
Your thoughts, desires, and actions?
Is it the world? the flesh? ambition?
What profit have you got?
Alas! at death your hands will be empty.

I will never henceforth work for the world;
I will henceforth serve God.
Since You are pleased, O my God,
When we intend to please You:
Since we love in intending to love You:
You are the best of all Masters.
I will never more think of anything,
But how to please and love You.

All men seek, &c.

Fourth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On obedience.

Doth the Lord desire holocausts and victims; and not rather that the voice of the Lord should be obeyed? Obedience is better than sacrifice.—1 *Kings* xv. 22.

It is like the sin of witchcraft to rebel, and like the crime of idolatry to refuse to obey.—1 *Kings* xv. 23.

An obedient man shall speak of victories.—*Prov.* xxi. 28.

He that resisteth power, resisteth the ordinance of God.—*Rom* xiii. 2.

Obey your prelates and be subject to them: for they watch, as being to render an account of your souls, that they may do this with joy, and not with grief.—*Heb.* xiii. 17.

How happy is an obedient man!
He always does what God wants.
He is in some manner impeccable.
He possesses all virtues,
He is victorious over all vices.

How miserable is a rebellious subject!
How wicked and vicious is he!
He labours much and gains nothing.
He is strongly tempted,
And he yields to the temptation.
He fights against the will of God,
And God fights against his.
He goes out of the order of His goodness,
And He enters into that of His justice.
He will not bend,
And God breaks his obstinacy.

He will not obey,
And God opposes his inclination.
He loses the command he had over his body,
As soon as he will not submit his spirit.
He is not obeyed by his inferiors,
Because he will not obey his superiors.

O Christian and religious soul!
Own and adore Jesus in all His images.
In those of wood and earth,
As well as in those of gold and silver.
Receive with respect God's orders.
By the organ of Amos, as by that of Isaiah.
By the mouth of a peasant, as by that of a courtier.
Obey all your superiors.
Obey them in all that is not sin.
Obey them with all your heart and mind.
Obey them voluntarily: obey them blindly.
Imitate Jesus, obedient unto death.
Lose your life rather, as He did,
Than lose your obedience.
Doth the Lord desire, &c.

Fourth Thursday after Pentecost.

On detachment from creatures.

Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.—*Eccles.* i. 2.

I saw in all things vanity, and vexation of mind.—*Eccles.* ii. 11.

Turn, O my soul, into thy rest, for the Lord hath been bountiful to thee.—*Ps.* cxiv. 7.

Why do ye love vanity, and seek after lying.—*Ps.* iv. 3.

I never found true pleasure in creatures.
I never found in them any rest:

Any security : any trust : any fidelity.
Look back into your life.
See your troubles and annoyances,
Are they not caused by creatures,
Who have betrayed and abandoned you ?

They are vain and inconstant.
They are imperfect and needy.
They are made for me,
Not I made for them.
They are more vile than I am,
I am more noble than they are.
They may indeed amuse me,
But they cannot satiate me.
They may disturb my heart,
But they cannot calm it.

My God !
My heart is small in substance,
But it is infinite in its desires.
Though your happiness be ever so great,
My heart is capable of containing it.
However great paradise may be,
My heart can contain it.
I may flit, as a bee, from flower to flower,
From creature to creature,
Without finding what I seek,
Without finding rest.
But when I rest in You, O God,
I have peace, and full satisfaction.

Fourth Friday after Pentecost.

On the same detachment.

Much peace have they that love Thy law, and to them there is no stumbling block.—*Ps.* cxviii. 165.

The peace of God which surpasseth all understanding, keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus.—*Phil.* iv. 7.

If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him.—1 *John* ii. 15.

Serve not the world, nor those things which are in the world.—1 *John* ii. 14.

You have made my heart, O God, to love You.
You have framed me to Your image.
You have made my heart to seek You alone.
It is a river that flows to the sea.
It is a flame that rushes upwards.
A piece of steel, which, without knowing it,
Would fain unite itself to the magnet.
Oh, how unhappy I have been,
When I loved creatures!

O my God!
Since I am made for You,
I perceive very well that I never shall
Have any peace or rest but in You.
How wretched I have been with creatures!
How happy when I give myself to You!
Come and taste how sweet is the Lord.
You have been drinking from broken cisterns:
Troubled waters, muddy, and corrupt.

Seek the fountain of living waters.
That will quench your thirst,
And satisfy all your desires.

Much peace have they, &c.

Fourth Saturday after Pentecost.

On the happiness of those who leave all to follow Christ.

He took away His own people as sheep, and guided them in the wilderness as a flock.—*Ps.* lxxvii. 52.

They remembered not His hand, in the day that He redeemed them from the hand of him that afflicted them.—*Ps.* lxxxvii. 42.

How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord, my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.—*Ps.* lxxxiii. 1.

Better is one day in Thy courts above a thousand.—*Ps.* lxxxiii. 11.

I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my God, rather than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners.—*Ps.* lxxxiii. 11.

Everyone that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting —*Matt.* xix. 29.

Amen, I say to you, that there is no man who hath left house, &c., who shall not receive a hundred times as much now in this time with persecutions, and in the world to come life everlasting.—*Mark* x. 29.

Religion is a paradise,
God is always seen there.

His voice is always heard there.
We are always in His presence there.
We always enjoy His company there.
We always do His will there.
We always sing His praises there.

There we fall seldom :
Commit but light sins :
Rise soon : merit continually :
Die quietly, and are saved securely.

How heavy is the yoke of the world !
How troublesome are its crosses !
How bitter is its chalice !
How pricking are its thorns !
How pestilent are its examples !
How dangerous are its conversations !
How tyrannical are its laws !
How pernicious are its maxims !
How shameful are its pleasures !
How imaginary its goods !
Cursed onions of Egypt !
You draw tears from those that eat you.
You make those weep that love you.

He took away, &c.

Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* v. 20-24.

On the Gospel.

He spoke also this parable to some who trusted in themselves as just, and despised others.—*Luke* xviii. 9.

The Pharisee standing prayed thus with himself: O God, I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men.—*Luke* xviii. 10.

Men shall be lovers of themselves . . . and lovers of pleasure more than of God; having an appearance indeed of piety, but denying the power thereof.—2 *Tim.* iii. 2.

To do mercy and judgment, pleaseth the Lord more than victims.—*Prov.* xxi. 3.

Unless you exceed the Pharisees in justice,
You enter not the kingdom of heaven.
What a terrible threat!
From a gentle, just, and loving Master,
To His earnest innocent disciples.
It is made with a kind of oath.
He threatens, not temporal pains,
But eternal damnation,
To those less perfect than the Pharisees.

The Pharisees were always at prayer;
They strictly paid their dues:
They gave large alms:
They fasted three days a week:
They spared no pains to gain others,
And attract them to the knowledge of God.
You must be more perfect than this.

If the fruitful tree is not spared,
What will become of the dead one?
If they who do such good are damned,
How will those fare who do evil?

The justice of the Pharisees was wanting.
It was apparent and external.
They did good to be seen,
To be praised and admired by men.
Within they were rotten and corrupt.
They were cheats and hypocrites,
Covering great vices,
By a show of piety, charity, asceticism.

Is this your virtue, or justice?
Have your actions a pure intention?
Are you the same within and without?
Do you seek admiration?
Do you neglect your interior,
For things that catch the eye of others?
Despise the good who do not follow you?
Are you hard with sinners?
Unhappy are they who have Pharisees' vices,
But not their virtues.
If external justice alone is condemned,
What will become of those with neither?

He spoke also, &c.

Fifth Monday after Pentecost.

On the dispositions necessary to communicate.

Wash yourseves, be clean, take away the evil of your devices from My eyes; cease to do perversely.—*Isa.* i. 16.

If you be willing, and will hearken to Me, you shall eat the good things of the land.—*Isa.* i. 19.

But let a man prove himself: and so let him eat of that bread and drink of the chalice. —1 *Cor.* xi. 28.

You cannot drink the chalice of the Lord, and the chalice of devils. — 1 *Cor.* x. 20.

Before you offer your gift at the altar,
Go, be reconciled to your brother.
What a gift is the body of Jesus!
You offer this victim through the priest.
To acknowledge your dependence on God.
To thank Him for His benefits.
To appease His justice.
To obtain what you need.
God then gives you the victim,
For your soul's nourishment and life.
What an offering! what nourishment!

The preparation most necessary,
Is peace with your neighbour.
He who has hatred in his heart,
Has no part in the sacrament of love:
Shares not in the sacrifice of the Mass.
The blood of the Son of God,
Asks for vengeance, not mercy.
If your brother has aught against you,

Leave your gift at the altar.
Be reconciled to him first.
Without union there is no communion.
You are united to Jesus by grace,
You are united to your brother by charity.
Pray this day for all your enemies.
Offer Mass and Communion for them.

Wash yourselves, &c.

Fifth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On doing our actions for God.

I have inclined my heart to do Thy justifications for ever for the reward.—*Ps.* cxviii. 112.

What have I in heaven, and besides Thee what do I desire on earth?—*Ps.* lxxii. 25.

Let no man seek his own.—1 *Cor.* x. 24.

To Thee only.—*Ps.* l. 6.

Not as pleasing men but God, who proveth our hearts.—1 *Thess.* ii. 4.

We lose nothing by serving God.
We gain always more than we hope for;
We gain most, the less we hope for.
To work for God is to work for ourself.
We never do our own work better,
Than when we do God's work.
We may serve Him for profit,
But this is not so profitable.
We can never serve God without profit.

But we never profit more,
Than when we seek for no profit.

True love is contented with itself.
The thing it loves, is its reward.
That love is suspected,
Which seeks anything else with God.
That love is mercenary,
Which expects any other good but God.
That love is weak,
Which relishes anything else but God.
That love is perfect,
Which contents itself with God.

To labour for gain,
Is an interested service.
To labour to make perfect,
Is a love that is not quite purified.
To labour to please God,
Is love in its infancy.
To labour because it pleases God,
Is love in perfection.

My God!
I have not strength to soar so high.
My heart clings too much to the earth,
To raise itself above even heaven.
I will serve, before I love.
I will love Your reward,
That I may have no other but Your love.

How rich I shall be,
When I labour for You only!

How perfect I shall be,
When I desire to please none but You!
How happy I shall be,
When I love nothing but You.

I have inclined my heart, &c.

Fifth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On the signs of a pure intention.

Is thy heart right?—4 *Kings* x. 15.

Whom seek ye?—*John* xviii. 4.

Woman, why weepest thou?—*John* xx. 13.

Martha, Martha, thou art careful.—*Luke* x. 41.

To the King of ages, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honour and glory for ever and ever.—1 *Tim.* i. 17.

I always do the things that please Him.—*John* viii. 29.

If I labour without disturbance:
Without eagerness: without a witness:
As if there were only God and I:
If I am glad that others labour as well as I:
If I rejoice when they labour more than I:
If I am not angry when interrupted:
If I am contented when I succeed not:
If I love equally bad and good success:
If I love rest as well as business:
If I am pleased to do nothing,
As well as to do much,
When God will have it so,

If I love contempt as well as glory :
If I make no vain reflection,
After I have done a good action :
It is a sign, that I had a good intention.

O my God !
I have hitherto laboured much,
And I have gained but little.
I have given myself much trouble,
And have treasured up but little.
I have walked fast, but not advanced much.
I have laboured for earth,
But have done nothing for heaven.
I have laboured for my body,
But I have done nothing for my soul.
I have laboured for the time present,
But I have done nothing for eternity.
I have laboured for myself,
But I have done nothing for You.

O my Lord !
Since I am made only for You,
I will live only for You.
Since I exist only by You,
I will labour only for You.
The reward of my service henceforth,
Shall be to have served You.
The recompense of my love,
Shall be to have loved You.
Then shall I seek nothing but You alone.
I shall find all things with You.

Fifth Thursday after Pentecost.

On meekness and anger.

Be not quickly angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of a fool.—*Eccles.* vii. 10.

He will guide the mild in judgment: he will teach the meek His ways.—*Ps.* xxiv. 9.

An evil man always seeketh quarrels: but a cruel angel shall be sent against him.—*Prov.* xvii. 11.

But the meek shall inherit the land, and shall delight in abundance of peace.—*Ps.* xxxvi. 11.

Whosoever is angry with his brother shall be guilty of judgment.—*Matt.* v. 22.

Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land.—*Matt.* v. 4.

How happy is a meek man!
How unhappy is an angry man!
How wise is a meek man!
How foolish is an angry man!
How amiable is a meek man!
How hateful is an angry man!
How holy is a meek man!
How wicked is an angry man!

To be meek, is to be a man:
To be angry, is to be a beast.
To be meek, is to be a king:
To be angry, is to be a slave.
To be meek, is to be a Christian:
To be angry, is to be a Pagan.
To be meek, is a mark of predestination;
To be angry, is a mark of reprobation.

A meek man is like unto God.
He is a perfect imitation of Jesus.
He is the master of his passions.
He re-enters the state of innocence.
He enjoys a profound peace.
He is always unruffled in himself.
The Holy Ghost reposes in his heart.
Grace establishes her empire therein.
God treats him with mildness.
He forgives him his sins.
He tolerates his defects.
He perfects him with His graces.

An angry man is like the devil.
He is always furious like him.
He is a slave to his passions.
He is banished from the society of men.
He is never in quiet.
He disturbs the kingdom of grace.
He drives the Holy Ghost from his heart.
He gives an entrance to the devil.
He spares neither God nor man,
Nor will God likewise spare him.
He handles him with rigour.
He chastises him with wrath.
He punishes him without remission.

O Jesus, the meekest of all men!
Have pity on the fiercest of all devils.
O most meek Lord!
Who suffered Yourself to be stripped,
And put to death, without uttering a word,

Make me meek and patient in my pains.
O good Shepherd!
Who drives away the wolves from Your fold.
How do You endure me in Your house?
How do You endure me among Your sheep?
Either kill this bloodthirsty beast,
Or change him into one of Your sheep.

Be not quickly angry, &c.

Fifth Friday after Pentecost.

On remedies against anger.

To whom shall I have respect, but to him that is poor and little, and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at My words.—*Isa.* lxvi. 2.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land.—*Matt.* v. 4.

Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart.—*Matt.* xi. 29.

Why art thou angry, and why is thy countenance fallen?—*Gen.* iv. 6.

To be meek, we must be humble.
We ought to hate ourselves.
We must be taken off from self-love.
From the love of things created.
Those who are gentle to themselves,
Are ordinarily severe with others.
Those who are gentle to others,
Are ordinarily severe with themselves.

What do you get by being angry ?
You impair your health.
You take away the life of your soul.
You drive away the Holy Ghost from it.
You let in the devil there.
You do not advance your business.
You do not remedy your evil.
You disturb your family.
You make a hell of your house.
Does one evil cure another ?

Could you but see yourself in your anger !
You would see the likeness of a beast.
You howl like a wolf.
You foam like a boar.
You bite like a dog.
You are cruel like a tiger.
You are furious like a lion.
You gnash your teeth like a damned man.
You have the contortions of one possessed.
Is that the likeness of a man ?
Is that the likeness of a Christian ?
Is that the likeness of one destined for heaven ?

To whom shall I, &c.

Fifth Saturday after Pentecost.

Other remedies for anger.

A fool immediately showeth his anger, but he that dissembleth injuries is wise.—*Prov.* xii. 16.

Let not your heart be troubled.—*John* xiv. 1.

Let every man be swift to hear but slow to speak, and slow to anger.—*James* i. 19.

I was troubled, and I spoke not.—*Ps.* lxxvi. 5.

What reason have you to be in anger?
Does God bear with nothing from you?
Do not you make others suffer?
Have you not deserved hell?
Were you not to burn in the flames thereof?
Why do you then find it strange,
That your will is a little crossed?

What wrong is done you?
Do not your goods belong to God?
Cannot He take them back again?
Cannot He recall them,
When He pleases, by whom He pleases?
Who can take a hair from you, unless He wills?
What mercy will you obtain of God,
If you use none towards your neighbour?

O my God!
I confess that I am in the wrong to be angry,
Since greater harm is not done to me,
Than I have deserved.
They have reason to offend me,
Since I have so much offended You.

How just that my will should be opposed,
Since I have so often opposed Yours!
How I deserve to be despised,
Since I have so much dishonoured You!
Can I complain of my affliction,
After I have so much afflicted You?

O most meek Jesus, in Your mercy,
Let me imitate Your meekness.
I firmly purpose to keep silence,
When I feel myself moved.
Never to speak when I am in wrath.
A fool immediately, &c.

Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Mark* viii. 1-9.

On the Gospel.

I am not troubled following Thee for my pastor.—*Jerem.* xvii. 16.

The Lord ruleth me: and I shall want nothing: He hath set me in a place of pasture.—*Ps.* xxii. 1.

They that hope in the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall take wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.—*Isa.* xl. 31.

Trust in the Lord, and do good, and dwell in the land, and thou shalt be fed with its riches.—*Ps.* xxxvi. 3.

None of them that wait on Thee shall be confounded.—*Ps.* xxiv. 3.

The people followed Jesus,
Three days into the desert,

Without thought of what was to come,
Or of food, or lodging.
They abandoned themselves to Providence,
Ready to die sooner than leave Him.
They complain not of fatigue:
Nor murmur, like the Jews against Moses.
They are content at hearing and seeing Him,
As sheep they follow their Shepherd.
How few now follow Jesus in the desert,
Trust in Him, rest in Providence!

Jesus had compassion on them.
If I send them fasting to their homes,
They will faint by the way.
Oh! how gentle, tender, loving,
Is the heart of our Saviour.
He can see no one in trouble,
Without compassion for his misery.
He counts the days and moments
Of our sufferings:
And fails not to send timely help.
When all is dark, then should we hope:
Then does He work miracles.

This three days' journey was needful,
To show the ways of Providence.
The Jews had exhausted their corn,
That the Manna might come from heaven.
If you have not comfort from heaven,
It is because you seek that of earth.
If Jesus works no miracle for you,
It is because you have not trust in Him.

He who trusts and reposes in God,
Sustains and defends His Providence.
He shews that he believes in a God,
Good, wise, and powerful ;
Who watches over his needs.
How few defend His Providence!
How many believe there is none,
Since they fear to trust in its guidance.
They believe they are lost,
When human means fail.
They trust to goods, to talents,
To prudence, to industry,
But not to the goodness of God.
They rely on friends of power and credit,
But not on Jesus Christ.
As if He knew not their misery,
Or could not assist them,
Or was unwilling to help them.

I am not troubled, &c.

Sixth Monday after Pentecost.

On the multiplication of the loaves.

They forgot His works, and they waited not for His counsel.—*Ps.* cv. 13.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord : for He is our helper and protector.—*Ps.* xxxii. 20.

The poor shall eat and shall be filled.—*Ps.* xxi. 27.

I will allure her, and will lead her into the wilderness : and I will speak to her heart.—*Osee* ii. 14.

The apostles had seven leaves,
Which Jesus blessed and multiplied,

And gave to His disciples to distribute.
The disciples freely gave up their bread,
Without reserving any.
God distributes goods to the poor,
By the hand of the rich as His ministers.
He allows them to use what is needful :
What is over, is for the poor.
Had the apostles refused the loaves,
He could have turned the sand into bread,
And excluded them from the banquet.
    Give, ye rich, what God gives you,
    Do not misappropriate His funds.
    You will have to give a strict account.

The miracle refers to the Eucharist.
It took place in the desert.
To eat worthily the body of Jesus,
We must retire from worldly company.
We must be fasting.
We must withdraw from human comforts.
It is in solitude God lets us see Him.
There we taste how sweet the Manna is.
There the soul is satiated and rests.
The ambitious die of hunger.
The avaricious have an insatiable thirst.
The impure eat with the beasts.
    Blessed are the poor in spirit.
    They eat the bread of angels,
    And desire nothing more.

The fragments filled seven baskets.
Thus God rewards charity.

If you give generously to the poor,
You will have more left than you gave.
It is the seed, producing hundredfold.
The disciples afterwards in the ship,
Were troubled at having no bread.
Jesus reproved their blindness,
And their distrust of His care.
Is this your spirit? your fault?
Like Judas, you distrust Providence.
O Judas, you profit not by avarice.
You shall give up the pieces of silver.
You shall retain nothing of your goods,
But the cost of a rope to hang yourself.

Come, my well beloved,
Let us go into the desert.
It is there I will speak to your heart.
It is there you shall rest in My bosom.
It is there I will nourish you,
And satiate you with My goods.
I will give you only bread to eat.
My table has not dainty meats,
But the bread has My blessing,
And a flavour of inconceivable delight.

Let us go, my well beloved,
Into this solitude of the heart.
This desert is full of blossom,
Since Jesus, our Shepherd, is there.
I have been two days on the road,
One in penance, the other in good works.
I am waiting, Lord, for Your presence.

O sweetest Jesus!
When will You speak to my heart?
When will You give me the sweet Manna?
When shall we sing that loving canticle?
My beloved to me, and I to Him.
He is all to me, I am all to Him.
He is all for me, I am all for Him.

They forgot His works, &c.

Sixth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On hope and confidence in God.

Who is this that cometh from the desert, leaning upon her beloved?—*Cant.* viii. 5.

Those that hope in the Lord, shall renew their strength, they will take wings as eagles, they shall run, and not be weary.—*Isa.* xl. 31.

Many are the scourges of a sinner, but mercy shall encompass him that hopes in the Lord.—*Ps.* xxxi. 10.

The Lord said to Gideon, the people that are with thee are many, and Madian shall not be delivered into their hands, lest Israel should glory against Me, and say, I was delivered by my own strength.—*Judges* vii. 2.

Charge the rich of this world not to be high minded, nor to hope in uncertain riches, but hope in the living God, who giveth us abundantly all things to enjoy.—1 *Tim.* vi. 17.

Hope is a divine virtue,
Which leans upon its beloved.
It honours His goodness.

It renders homage to His greatness.
It acknowledges His Providence.
It makes us men into Gods.
It makes our impotence omnipotent.
It makes our poverty rich.

We ought never to hope more firmly,
Than when all things seem desperate.
We ought never to fear less,
Than when all things seem hopeless.
We ought never to give way less,
Than when we think all is lost.

God gives His own subsistence,
To him that strips himself of his own.
God gives His omnipotence,
To him that owns his weakness.
God gives all His treasures,
To him, who owns his poverty.

Abundance seeks out indigence.
The weak man leans upon the strong man.
The strong man takes delight in the weak one.
God sustains that human nature,
Which relies only on His divinity.

Be you without support,
And God will support you.
Have no human subsistence,
And you shall have a divine one.
Trust not to your own lights,
And you shall have the wisdom of God.
Trust not to your own strength,

And you shall have the power of God.
Trust not to your own virtues,
And you shall have the holiness of God.

Alas! my God, who am I?
And who art Thou?
Thou art my being,
And I am a mere nothing.
Thou art my strength,
And I am nothing but weakness.
Thou art my holiness,
And I am nothing but malice.
O my God, my hope! I leave myself to You.
I repose in You. I rely on You.
If I go astray, You shall cause my straying.
If I fall, You shall be the cause of my fall.
If I ruin myself, You shall ruin me:
For I put all my trust in You.
You can neither ruin, nor lead me astray:
I therefore will be afraid of nothing,
Provided that I leave myself to You.

To know God, and not to know our own misery,
Is that which begets presumption.
To know our own misery, and not to know God,
Is that which begets despair.
Jesus is not only God,
But He is a God-mediator.
Jesus is no more Jesus,
If you take His mercy from Him.
He is no more a Saviour,
If He has no tenderness for a sinner.

Sixth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On dryness and aridity.

I have made my bed in darkness.—*Job* xvii. 13.

The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but justice and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—*Rom.* xiv. 17.

They shall be scattered abroad to eat, and shall murmur if they be not filled.—*Ps.* lviii. 16.

It is expedient for you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you.—*John* xvi. 7.

God is a spirit, and those who adore Him, must adore Him in Spirit and in truth.—*John* iv. 24.

I believe what I see:
I hope for what I touch:
I love that which pleases me.
I believe amidst light:
I hope, when I have feeling:
I love, when I am in comfort.
This is the way of the senses.

I believe what I do not see:
I hope for what I cannot attain:
I love that which does not please me.
I believe when I am in darkness:
I hope, even in my dereliction:
I love, even in my desolation.
This is the way of the spirit.

There is a time for silence, a time for speech.
A time for laughing, a time for weeping.
A winter and a summer: rain and drought.

A time of peace, a time of war.
Winter is as necessary as summer.
Night as day : rain as fair weather.
The soul likes consolation :
But she only deserves it after trial.
In darkness faith shines forth.
In abandonment hope tests its strength.
In desolation love is proved.

O my God ! how sensual is my devotion.
I have not yet adored You in spirit.
O happy state !
Where the soul sees God without light.
When she hopes in God without support.
Loves God without sensible attraction.
This is to see God without species.
To be united to God without a medium.
To suffer divine impressions.
To have no longer a proper subsistence.
To lead a supernatural life.
This is the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

I have made my bed, &c.

Sixth Thursday after Pentecost.

On the care of our salvation.

One thing is necessary.—*Luke* x. 42.

What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—*Matt.* xvi. 26.

Attend to thyself.—1 *Tim.* iv. 16.

Have pity on thy soul, pleasing God.—*Ecclus.* xxx. 24.

My salvation is my business.
My salvation is my only business.
My salvation is a very great business.
Since it is my business,
I ought to work for it.
Since it is my only business,
I ought to work only for it.
Since it is a very great business,
I ought to work with all my strength and mind.

God from all eternity thinks of this business.
He employed an eternity to prepare for it.
The Son of God came into the world for it.
During His life He worked for it.
He died on the cross for it.
Our good angels labour for it.
The world was created only for it.

All my happiness depends on this business.
My eternity hangs upon it.
All the devils thwart this business.
Without care I cannot carry it on.

Death will soon put an end to it.
I am a fool then, if I do not mind this business.

Yet I neglect this business.
I am restless about all things.
I mind everything else but this business.
Oh! I will mind nothing else,
I will labour no more but for this business.
One thing is necessary, &c.

Sixth Friday after Pentecost.

On abandoning ourselves to God.

Whatever shall befal the just man, it shall not make him sad.—*Prov.* xii. 21.

You shall sleep in sorrows.—*Isa.* l. 11.

He that feareth the Lord shall tremble at nothing, and shall not be afraid: for He is his hope.—*Ecclus.* xxxiv. 16.

To Thee is the poor man left: Thou wilt be a helper to the orphan.—*Ps.* ix. 23.

For I know whom I have believed: and I am certain that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him, against that day.—2 *Tim.* i. 12.

Happy is the man that trusts in God.
Who leaves himself to His Providence.
Who is guided by His wisdom.
Who rests upon His goodness.

Nothing disturbs a soul left to God.
Nothing opposes itself to its desires.

All things happen as it would have them.
All is done as it desires,
Because it desires nothing,
But as God wills.

It sleeps amid storms.
It is calm in persecutions.
It labours without solicitude.
It does all things without disquiet.
God is its vessel, and its pilot :
Its chariot, and its driver.
Its Father, and Protector.
Its safeguard, and defence.

It reposes between His arms.
It lays its heart upon His.
It has no care but to please Him.
It thinks of nothing, but of contenting Him.
It recommends its spirit to Him.
And then it dies to all its fears,
And to all its desires.

But God watches, while it sleeps.
He works, when it reposes.
He guides it in journeys.
He carries it in feebleness.
He hears it in prayer.
He prevents all its desires.
He concerns Himself in its affairs.
He blesses all its designs.
He provides for all its necessities,
He cures all its ailments,

He sweetens all its bitterness.
He allays all its sorrows.

My child, says our Lord,
Think of Me, and I will think of thee.
Do My will, and I will do thine.
Attend to My affairs as thy own,
And I will attend to thine as My own.
Remain quiet, and desire nothing.
Give me thy heart,
And I will thee Mine.

Whatever shall befal, &c.

Sixth Saturday after Pentecost.

On the state of a soul abandoned to God.

Into Thy hands I commend my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, the God of truth.—*Ps.* xxx. vi.

In peace in the selfsame I will sleep, and I will rest.—*Ps.* iv. 9.

I am a beggar and poor: the Lord is careful for me.—*Ps.* xxxix. 18.

I am become as a vessel that is destroyed.—*Ps.* xxx. 13.

He hath said: I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee.—*Heb.* xiii. 5.

I know not whether I lose myself.
I know not whether I save myself,
Whether I do well, or ill,

Whether I go forward, or backward.
I know not what to say, or think.
In this confusion of my thoughts,
I say to You, without troubling myself,
My God, I leave myself to You.

My friends betray me.
My enemies persecute me.
I am wasted with sorrows.
I am reduced to need.
I am stripped of my goods.
I am blackened with calumny.
I find no one to comfort me.
I have no taste at my devotions.
My temptations increase.
My strength diminishes.
My lights are eclipsed.
I know not what will become of me.
I am heartless and helpless.
All my comfort in my troubles,
Is to lose myself, and say to You,
My God, I leave myself to You.

Am I in grace? or am I in sin?
Am I worthy of hatred, or of love?
Shall I be saved? Shall I be damned?
Shall I go to heaven? or go to hell?
All this is unknown to me.
But nothing of this disturbs me.
I put my confidence in God.
I rest upon His mercy.
I rely on the merits of His Son.

I recommend my spirit to Him.
I am in peace, when I have said to Him,
My God, I leave myself to You.

Let me live. Let me die.
Let me live long. Let me die soon.
Let me be well. Let me be sick.
Let me be comforted. Let me be afflicted.
Let me be in peace. Let me be at war.
All this is indifferent to me.
Your good pleasure is mine.
Your will makes my joy.
I have but one thing to desire,
Which is to please You, and love You,
You are my Love, and my All.
My God, I leave myself to You.

Into Thy hands, &c.

Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* vii. 15-21.

On false prophets.

Such false apostles are deceitful labourers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ: And no wonder: for Satan himself transformeth himself into an angel of light: therefore it is no great thing if his ministers be transformed as the ministers of justice.—2 *Cor.* xi. 13.

Men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud . . . . having an appearance indeed of piety, but denying the power thereof: now these avoid.—2 *Tim.* iii. 2.

Of this sort are they who creep into houses, and lead captive silly women loaden with sins, who are led away with divers desires: always learning and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth.—2 *Tim.* iii. 6.

Hearken not to the words of the prophets that prophesy to you and deceive you; they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord.—*Jerem.* xxiii. 16.

Beware of false prophets:
The chief are heretics and hypocrites.
They are sheep without,
But ravening wolves within.
No heretic has ever appeared,
Without a mask of reform and piety.
Error and vice dare not be open.
Error puts on a cloak of truth.
Vice puts on a cloak of piety.
Beware of fine appearances,
And false brilliancy of reform.
Satan can pose as an angel of light.

True prophets are sent :
The false come of themselves.
They preach and teach without authority.
St. Paul points them out.
They worm themselves into houses,
Attract women to their side,
Under pretext of piety,
To lead them into sinful desires.
They make them curious, proud,
Opiniative, rebellious to the Church.
Beware of these false doctors.
Be attached to the Church,
And the guidance of those who rule it.

The false prophets take every care,
To mask themselves, and counterfeit.
Their doctrines and ways betray them.
Their doctrines are new, hence false.
Their ways are good to look at,
But their virtue is only dissimulation.
They have no humility.
They are haughty, proud, opiniative.
They will never renounce their lights,
And submit to the judgment of authority.
This is the true character of heresy.

You have false prophets within you,
Your self-conceit and self-love.
They lead you away from God,
Under pretext of greater perfection.
You will know them by their works :
Trouble and disturbance of heart ;

Novelty and singularity :
Pride and reliance on self :
Disobedience and contempt of superiors.
Divine lights bring sweetness,
Union, humility, obedience.
The test to know that you seek God,
Is that you are indifferent,
Whether you do, or do not,
Whether you obtain, or do not obtain,
What you desire.

Such false apostles, &c.

Seventh Monday after Pentecost.

On good and bad fruits.

Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and I find none. Cut it down therefore ; Why doth it take up the ground ?—*Luke* xiii. 7.

Now the axe is laid to the root of the trees. Every tree therefore that yieldeth not good fruit, shall be cut down, and cast into the fire.—*Matt.* iii. 10.

The trees bear fruits that ripen not.—*Wisd.* x. 7.

Either make the tree good, and its fruit good ; or make the tree evil, and its fruit evil ; for by the fruit the tree is known.—*Matt.* xii. 33.

There is no good tree that bringeth forth evil fruit ; nor an evil tree that bringeth forth good fruit.—*Luke* vi. 43.

A good tree produces good fruit,
A bad tree produces bad fruit.

What a tree is the Blessed Eucharist!
We are barren trees with bad fruit:
When we are grafted on that tree,
When it is planted in our hearts,
The fruit is worthy of eternal life.
Receive often and your vices will wither.
If you receive without change of life,
Jesus is in your mouth, not in your heart.
He is not Master: you love Him not.
You fear His virtues, and want them not.

A fruitful tree has deep roots,
Planted in good earth, by a stream.
A fruitful soul has deep humility,
Is firm in its resolutions,
In order to resist wind and storms.
It flies from dangerous occasions.
It is often washed in the stream of penance.
It absorbs by constant prayer,
The dews of grace and the blessing of God.

The barren tree is cast into the fire.
It is not enough to produce fruit.
It must be good, sound, worthy of God.
Where is your fruit? what have you done?
For whom do you work? what kind of work?
For three years, says our Lord,
I looked for fruit on this fig-tree,
And I found it not.
Let it be cut down: what use is it?
Take this sentence to yourself.
If you have no fruit, what use are you?

Lord of my soul! have pity on me.
Long have I abused your grace.
I deserve to be cut off from Your Church:
To be cast into the fire of hell.
Have patience yet a little.
I will work earnestly at my salvation,
To repair lost time by penance.
I will work for Your glory,
And enrich myself with good works.
Bless this barren tree,
And it will produce flowers and fruit.

Behold these three years, &c.

Seventh Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the necessity of good works.

Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to render to everyone according to his works.—*Apoc.* xxii. 12.

Do you see that by works a man is justified, and not by faith alone?—*James* ii. 24.

As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead.—*James* ii. 26.

Cut it down, why doth it take up the ground?—*Luke* xiii. 7.

For the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh often upon it, and bringeth forth thorns and briars, is rejected, and very near to a curse.—*Heb.* vi. 7.

Therefore whilst we have time let us do good to all men.—*Gal.* vi. 10.

A Christian without works,
Is a tree without fruit,

A lamp without oil,
Land without a crop.
His faith is barren, sick, dying, dead.
He that doth nothing, believeth nothing.
He that believes and does nothing,
Shall be judged by his belief.

The more you know, the more guilty you are.
Much is required where much is received.
Not to do good, is to do ill.
Sterility is a kind of iniquity.
The fruitless fig-tree is cast into the fire.
The buried talent is taken away.

Faith either saves, or damns us.
It makes us better, or worse.
To believe what is good, and to do evil,
Is to be judged, before being judged.
To be condemned, before being accused.
He that does not, what he believes,
Soon ceases to believe what he does not.
Faith does not live long,
After the decease of charity.

The heart warps the mind.
Love corrupts the judgment.
Passion blinds knowledge.
We judge according as we love :
Easily think that what pleases, is good.
That what pleases not, is bad.
That what we like, is true.
That what we do not like, is not true.

To keep the faith, keep charity.
To have lively faith, have ardent charity.
To believe what you do not see,
Do what you do not like.
We judge of life by action.
A dead body ceases to act.
Your faith is dead without action.
Your charity is dead without movement.

Do therefore good works.
Do them in abundance.
Do them in grace.
Do them for a good end.
Do them without delay.
Do as much good as you have done evil.
Do all that you can,
And think that you do nothing.
Do good whilst you have time,
For very soon you will have no more time.

Behold, I come quickly, &c.

Seventh Wednesday after Pentecost.

On doing all our actions well.

Thou shalt follow justly after what is just.—*Deut.* xvi. 20.

In all thy works keep the pre-eminence.—*Ecclus.* xxxiii. 23.

Cursed be he that doth the work of the Lord deceitfully.—*Jer.* xlviii. 10.

He will render to every one according to his works.—*Matt.* xvi. 27.

He hath done all things well.—*Mark* vii. 37.

Our works are our fruits.
An act must be good ; worthy of God :
Not good only, but done well:
With the whole mind : with fervour.

God will be honoured by this action.
He expects that I should serve Him by it.
He has annexed His graces to it.
By it He will know whether I love Him.

His glory depends on this action.
His wisdom has disposed it.
His majesty increases its value.
His sanctity consecrates it.
His will commands it.
His Providence ordains it.
His greatness ennobles it.
His love requires it.

My peace is included in this action.
My merit proceeds from it.
My perfection is annexed to it.

God will be offended if I fail in it.
If I fail, I lose the graces that follow it.
Possibly my salvation depends on it.
I will therefore do nothing, but study
To do this action well.

Thou shalt follow, &c.

Seventh Thursday after Pentecost.

On motives for fear.

Fear not those that kill the body and cannot kill the soul: but rather fear Him that can destroy both soul and body in hell.—*Matt.* x. 28.

Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and shall serve Him only.—*Deut.* vi. 13.

If then I be a Father where is My honour? and if I be a Master where is My fear?—*Malach.* i. 6.

Blessed is the man, to whom it is given to have the fear of God.—*Ecclus.* xxv. 15.

He that feareth God, will do good.—*Ecclus.* xv. 1.

Work your salvation with fear and trembling.—*Phil.* ii. 12.

Cast your eyes on your past life.
Your sins, ingratitudes, infidelities.
See if you have not cause to fear.

Think of the Majesty of God,
That the greatest dare not offend:
Which was only pacified,
By the death of His only Son.

You have offended it so often ;
So deeply : without cause.

Think of His rigorous justice,
Punishing mortal sins with hell :
Venial sins with long purgatory.
Which placed your sins on His Son,
Who atoned for them so terribly,
And satisfied for them only on the cross.

Think of the hatred God bears
To the tepid, whom He vomits forth.
To the ungrateful, whom He cuts off.
To the proud, whom He crushes.
To the hardened, to whom He speaks not
To those who slight venial sins,
Whom He lets fall into mortal.

Think of the time that is passed,
Never to return again.
Of the graces you have abused,
Of which He will exact a strict account.
Of death that creeps on.
Of judgment that approaches.
Of eternity that you cannot escape,
Of which you will never see the end.

O death ! judgment ! eternity !
My bones tremble with fear,
When I think of you.
O my God !
The thunder of Your judgments,
Affrightens my soul.

My soul, let us do penance at once.
If you delay, you may never do it.
I have said it : it is done :
From this I will begin a new life.

Fear not those, &c.

Seventh Friday after Pentecost.

On the recollection necessary to do our actions well.

If our heart do not reprehend us, we have confidence towards God.—1 *John* iii. 21.

For I know my iniquity, and my sin is always before me.—*Ps.* l. 5.

I meditated in the night with my own heart : and I was exercised, and I swept my spirit.—*Ps.* lxxvi. 7.

I feared all my works, knowing that Thou didst not spare the offender.—*Job* ix. 28.

But if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged.—1 *Cor.* xi. 31.

Know what thou hast done.—*Jerem.* ii. 23.

I attended and hearkened : no man speaketh what is good, there is none that doeth penance for his sin, saying : What have I done ?—*Jerem.* viii. 6.

Before beginning an action,
Collect yourself : calm your heart :
Make your intention : do nothing by passion.
Avoid impulse, trouble, and hurry.
After it, rest a moment before the next.
Look where you are, and where you go.

See if your action has been good.
Thank God, or ask pardon if it is bad.
Offer Him the following action.
Renew your intention: ask His blessing:
Place yourself entirely in His hands.

This reflection produces much fruit.
It reveals faults and imperfections,
It makes weakness or malice known.
It gives a contempt of self.
It establishes humility.
It discovers the extent of our misery.
It prepares for examen and confession.
It evokes frequent acts of contrition.
It produces care and vigilance.
It brings fresh graces.
It sustains fervour.
It corrects evil immediately,
And prevents it from taking root.

This inward look at ourselves,
Keeps us in the presence of God,
The loss of which is the cause of sin.
It serves to bridle the will,
Ever ready to rush after its desires.
It controls the movements of the heart,
Which wants to do what is pleasing.
It eases the weight of corrupt nature,
Which has a tendency downward.
It steadies fickleness of mind.
It keeps us on the watch.
It distinguishes nature and grace.
It procures a superhuman prudence.

It discovers the attacks of our enemies,
The world, the flesh, and the devil,
And warns us of their approach.

This continual recollection,
Purges the soul of past sins.
Preserves it in the future.
It disposes to union by purity of life.
It checks dissipation of heart.
It keeps the conscience pure.
It renders us ready for sudden death.
It honours God : edifies our neighbour :
Frightens the devil : rejoices the angels.
It makes man happy on earth,
Keeping him ever in the presence of God.

Is it thus that you work?
See in what points you fail,
And correct your defects.
If our heart do not, &c.

Seventh Saturday after Pentecost.

On conformity with the will of God.

Life is in His will.—*Ps.* xxix. 6.
As it is His will in heaven, so be it done.—1 *Mach.* xiii.
Not as I will, but what Thou wilt.—*Mark* xiv. 36.
The will of the Lord be done.—*Acts* xxi. 14.
Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?—*Acts* ix. 6.

I am on this world only to do,
What God would have me do.

I deserve death if I do not,
What God would have me do.
I shall never be perfect unless I do,
What God would have me do.
I shall never be at rest unless I do,
What God would have me do.
Whether I will, or not, I must do,
What God would have me do.

I shall be wise as God is,
If my judgment is the same as His.
I shall be just as God is,
If my law is the same as His.
I shall be holy as God is,
If I have the same love as He has.
I shall be powerful as God is,
If I will the same things as He does.
I shall be happy as God is,
If I have the same pleasure as He has.
All things will obey me as they do God,
If I will the same as He does.

Alas! how miserable was I,
Whilst I waged war with God!
All things thwarted my will,
Whilst I thwarted the will of God.

O my God!
Give me not over to my passions.
Suffer me not to offend You any more.
Destroy my will, lest it destroy Yours.
Force me if I will not obey You.

Do Your will with me,
If I will not do Your will.
Life is in His will, &c.

Eighth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Luke* xvi. 1-9.

On our stewardship.

Declare unto me the fewness of my days: call me not away in the midst of my days.—*Ps.* ci. 24.

The night cometh, when no man can work.—*John* ix. 4.

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ: that everyone may receive the proper things of the body, according as he hath done, whether it be good or evil.—2 *Cor.* v. 10.

After a long time the lord of those servants came and reckoned with them.—*Matt.* xxv. 19.

Who shall render an account to Him, who is ready to judge the living and the dead.—1 *Pet.* iv. 5.

We are stewards of Jesus Christ.
From Him we receive all goods,
Of body and soul, nature and grace.
He gives them to be put to good use,
That is, to praise and glorify Him:
To love Him, and make Him loved:
To help our neighbour in his needs,
Corporal and spiritual:
And share our goods with him.

How have you used these goods hitherto?
You must render your account.
Much is required, where much is received.
How have you employed your intellect?
Your memory? your will?
Your senses? your goods of fortune?
Your credit and authority?
The countless graces you have received?
How have you profited by your lights?
Inspirations: reading: meditations?
Confession and communion?
You should be a saint: are you one?
Are you better at all?
Have you corrected a single fault?
Acquired a single virtue?
What account can you give?
O Lord!
Enter not into judgment with Your servant.
For no one can be justified,
If You examine him.

God calls us to account,
By internal warnings of conscience.
By a voice that is heard in our hearts.
By confessors and preachers.
By angels and men,
Who chide and accuse us.
And tell our Lord we waste His goods.
We have many witnesses against us.
Fear at death, that terrible voice:
Render Me an account of My goods.
That account will be universal;

It will be just, exact, without escape.
We must account for every idle word.
Declare unto me, &c.

Eighth Monday after Pentecost.

On the same subject.

They who would become rich, fall into temptation, and into the snare of the devil, and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires, which drown men in destruction and perdition.—1 *Tim.* vi. 9.

Alms shall be a great confidence before the most high God to all them that give it.—*Tob.* iv. 12.

Charge the rich of this world not to be highminded, nor to hope in uncertain riches, but in the living God (who giveth us abundantly all things to enjoy) : to do good, to be rich in good works.—1 *Tim.* vi. 17.

Everyone of us shall render an account of himself to God.—*Rom.* xiv. 12.

What shall I do? said the steward.
How few say : What have I done?
What will you do before the just judge?
Are your accounts ready?
Are your affairs in order?
You will have no time at death.
Your mind, memory, and strength,
Will then fail you.
You may be surprised by sudden death.
Do now all that is possible.

Make friends of the riches of iniquity.
Thus our Lord calls them,
Because they are the fruits of injustice :
Or because they cause so many sins.
Riches make those who possess them,
Proud, haughty, disdainful, impious :
Harsh, unjust, sensual, impure.
But when they are given to the poor,
They produce fruits of sanctity,
Procure friends who bring comfort at death,
And admission into eternal tabernacles.

All will fail you at death.
The world will turn its back on you.
Your best friends will abandon you :
Or will do nothing to assist you.
Nor will they answer for your account,
For each one will answer for himself :
And be judged by his own works.
O terrible words to an unjust steward :
Go out of your body, faithless soul,
Account for My goods you have wasted.

No one will then console or stand for us,
Only our good works :
Our fidelity to duties :
Our corporal and spiritual charities :
The mercy we have shown :
The ills we have borne with patience.
Let us do good and suffer ills,
As long as we have time,
For soon time shall be no more.

Eighth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On slander or detraction.

The man that in private detracted his neighbour, him did I persecute.—*Ps.* c. 5.

Detract not one another, brethren; he that detracteth his brother, or he that judgeth his brother, detracteth the law and judgeth the law.—*James* iv. 11.

Whosoever speaketh ill of anything, bindeth himself for the time to come.—*Prov.* xiii. 13.

Neither thieves nor railers, shall possess the kingdom of God.—1 *Cor.* vi. 10.

By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.—*Matt.* xii. 37.

A word is soon said, but not so soon mended.
It passes lightly but wounds cruelly.
It pierces the heart of God,
Who forbids detraction.
It pierces the heart of your neighbour,
Who suffers the detraction.
It pierces the heart of your friend,
Who gives ear to the detraction.
It pierces the heart of him,
Who is the author of the detraction.

It is a deadly viper, that poisons hearts.
A sharp sword, that divides the members of Jesus.
A cruel lance, that transfixes His heart.
A robbery of the greatest of goods.
A murder of the noblest of lives.
A wound of the soul.

An evil without remedy.
There is no pardon to be hoped for,
Unless restitution be made.
The sin is not forgiven,
Unless what is stolen is restored.
Honour is not to be repaired,
When once it is stolen away.
The wound of slander is incurable;
The scar thereof remains for ever.

O my God!
How many robberies have I committed?
How many murders?
My tongue is a pen that writes lightly,
And which has prepared the decree,
Which will be pronounced at my judgment.
I shall be justified by my tongue.
Alas! who then shall be saved?
Who can say, I have never detracted?
I have made reparation,
For the harm my detractions have done?

Fly from detractors.
Satan is in their mouth when they speak.
In your ear when you hearken to them.
Bear with detraction, giving no occasion for it.
Repair those you have spoken, as best you can.
That truth which is not charitable,
Proceeds from a charity that is not true.

The man that in private, &c.

Eighth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On the account that we have to render at the last day.

We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.—*Rom.* xiv. 10.

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that everyone may receive the proper things of the body, according as he hath done, whether it be good or evil.—2 *Cor.* v. 10.

All things that are done God will bring into judgment.—*Eccles.* xii. 14.

In the end of a man is the disclosing of his works.—*Ecclus.* xi. 29.

There is an eye that sees all.
An ear that hears all.
A hand that writes all.
I do not see, yet am seen.
I hear not, yet am heard.
I know not, yet am known.
The eye that discovers all, is veiled.
The ear that hears all, is hidden.
The hand that writes all, is invisible.

Nothing is lost, nothing escapes.
All things pass from time to eternity.
What is past, will come back again.
What you thought lost, will be found again.
A crime that is buried, will rise up again.
That which passes the time away.
Will not pass away with time.

All shall be examined without exception.
Judged without favour.
Condemned without remission.
Punished without compassion.

Woe to me when God shall judge me,
And lay bare all the crimes of my life.
Woe to me when He shall unravel,
The twists and the turns of my heart.
Woe to me when He shall reveal to all,
The abominable history of my life.
Woe to me when He shall say :
Behold the man and his works.
Behold the good I have done to him.
Behold the evil he has done to Me.
We shall all stand, &c.

Eighth Thursday after Pentecost.

On the goods for which we shall have to account.

If the just man shall scarcely be saved, where shall the wicked and the sinner appear ?—1 *Peter* iv. 18.

Behold the Lord cometh with thousands of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to reprove the impious of all the works of their impiety.—*Jude* 15.

Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall render an account of in the day of judgment.—*Matt.* xii. 36.

According as His mercy is, so His correction judgeth a man according to his works.—*Ecclus.* xvi. 13.

We must account for everything.
All will be laid bare.

The good that you have done :
The good that you have left undone :
The ill that you have done :
The ill that you have shared :
The ill that you have suggested :
The ill that you have caused,
By counsel, by consent, by flattery :
Every sinful thought : every idle word.

Alas my God !
Where shall I hide, when I am cited ?
What shall I answer, when You question ?
What will become of me, when I am judged ?
What shall I do, when I am condemned ?
Come unto Me, O ye blessed of My Father !
O loving words !
Begone from Me, ye accursed !
O terrible words !
In this life we ourselves write the sentence,
Which will then be pronounced.

How awful will that day be !
How terrible that judgment appears !
My God, what will be my lot ?
Shall I be saved ? Shall I be damned ?
All is uncertain.
If you are a sheep, you will be saved.
If a goat, you will be damned.
Your sentence is written on your tongue.
You will be justified by your words.
Accuse yourself during life,
And you will be excused after death.

Condemn yourself now,
And God will not condemn you then.
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.
Have mercy, and God will have mercy on you.

If the just man shall, &c.

Eighth Friday after Pentecost.

On the riches of God.

I have said to the Lord, Thou art my God, for Thou hast no need of my goods.—*Ps.* xv. 2.

I will show thee all good.—*Exod.* xxxiii. 19.

Who satisfieth thy desire with good things.—*Ps.* cii. 5.

For what have I in heaven? and besides Thee what do I desire upon earth? Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion for ever.—*Ps.* lxxii. 26.

God is sufficient for Himself.
He does not stand in need of us.
He is sufficient to His creatures.
They stand in need only of Him.

God is all to all men.
He is light to the blind.
He is health to the sick.
He is comfort to the afflicted.
He is strength to the weak.
He is sanctity to sinners.
Life to the dead: peace to the living.

O sweet words, my God and my all!
How sweet are they to a soul,
Unto whom God is all:
To whom all that is not God, is nothing.

O God and my all!
I am weary thinking, reading, reasoning.
I find all in these words,
My God, and my all!
All that I read, all that I hear,
Takes up my mind,
But it does not fill my heart.
I find everywhere vacuity and indigence.
There is only You, in whom I find
The sum of all my desires.
O my God, and my all!
These words are honey to my mouth;
A fount of living water to my heart,
Which quenches its thirst.
Which contents all its desires.

What can I wish for after You?
Who can content me, if You cannot?
O my God, and my all!
You shall henceforth be my all:
All creatures shall be nothing to me.

I have said to the Lord, &c.

Eighth Saturday after Pentecost.

On alms.

Redeem thou thy sins with alms, and thy iniquities with works of mercy to the poor.—*Dan.* iv. 24.

He that shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him?—1 *John* iii. 17.

I command thee to open thy hand to thy needy and poor brother.—*Deut.* xv. 11.

Give, and it shall be given to you.—*Luke* vi. 38.

Blessed is the man that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor, the Lord will deliver him in the evil day.—*Ps.* xl. 1.

Come ye blessed of My Father . . . . I was hungry and you gave Me to eat.—*Matt.* xxv. 34.

The rich man depends on the poor man,
And the poor man on the rich man.
The rich man needs the poor man,
More than the poor man needs the rich man.
The poor man gets corporal life from the rich.
The rich man gets spiritual life from the poor.
The poor man depends on the rich man,
For this present time.
The rich man depends on the poor man,
For eternity.
Without the rich man,
The poor man would die corporally.
Without the poor man,
The rich man would die spiritually.
The rich man is the poor man's judge on earth,
The poor man is the rich man's judge in heaven.

Favours and punishments,
Are in the poor man's hands.
When he requires mercy,
God grants it to the rich man.
When he requires justice,
God executes it on the rich man.
The rich man's salvation is lost,
That has not the favour of the poor.
No one can defend him before God,
Whom the hunger of the poor shall accuse.
He will have an ill-day of it,
Who has not their favour at the last day.

Do good to the poor man,
For he is a man as you are,
And you are in misery, as he is.
He has need of you,
And you have need of him.
It is Jesus that will receive your alms.
It is He that is in want.
He that is in the person of the poor man.
He is concealed under his form.
He is hidden in him, as in a Sacrament.
He has substituted him in His place.
He has surrendered to him His rights.
He will give you an account for your alms.
He will thank you for them,
At the end of the world.
Will you send Jesus to lodge in a stable?
Will you refuse clothes to cover Him?
Will you not give Him a bit of bread to eat?

Never be afraid of poverty,
As long as you relieve the poor.
You will never want anything,
If you never suffer the poor to want.
You sow gold, when you give silver.
The poor man's hands are a field,
Yielding a hundred-fold to him that gives.
Jesus makes Himself your debtor.
He is the poor man's security.
He binds Himself by contract.
He promises you good things now.
He promises you the goods of eternity.
Will you not trust God?
Is your money ill-placed?
Has He not wherewith to pay you?

O Jesus! how tenderly You love the poor!
Since You chose their condition.
Since You were poor on earth,
And You will be so yet in heaven.
You are indeed rich there above,
But You are also poor here below,
Since You are so in the person of the poor,
And You beg an alms with them.
Happy is that rich man,
Who gives an alms to Jesus.
Accursed is that rich man,
Who refuses an alms to Jesus.
He will beg alms of Him at death,
And it will not be granted him:
He will beg grace at the day of judgment,
And it will be refused him.

Redeem thou thy sins, &c.

Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Luke* xix. 41-47.

On Christ weeping over Jerusalem.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people.—*Luke* i. 68.

I have spread forth my hands all the day to an unbelieving people, who walk in a way that is not good, after their own thoughts.—*Isa.* lxv. 2.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent to thee! how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not. Behold, your house shall be left to you desolate.—*Matt.* xxiii. 37.

Jesus came to the city in triumph.
He is not carried away by success,
But thinks of the evils to come.
Forget not the evil days in the good time.
Ever remember death and judgment:
The vanity of the world:
The fickleness of creatures.

There are tears of compunction;
Tears of compassion: tears of devotion.
We weep over the misery of our neighbour.
We weep with tenderness and love of God.
If you think of paradise, of hell fire,
Of all that you have done,
Of all that is hanging over you,
Your tears will be priceless.

Vengeance is sweet to an enemy.
The Jews were mortal enemies to Jesus.
He had their punishment before Him.
But far from rejoicing,
He is afflicted, and melts into tears.
How amiable is the heart of Jesus!
How gentle, tender, and loving!
How full of mercy!
Rejoice not at your enemy's fall.
Above all, desire it not.
He is more worthy of compassion.
He has more evils than you can wish him,
And your wish will recoil on you.
Had you but known the time of your visitation!

The city is like to a rebellious soul,
Who resists God, rejects His grace,
Stifles His lights, despises His commands.
Heeds not His promises, mocks His threats.
Who thinks not of weeping for past sins.
Of rising out of present sins.
Of avoiding future sins.
Of the mercy of God, who opens His arms.
Of the justice of God, ready to punish.
Of life, that is flying by.
Of death, that is approaching.
Of judgment, that is inevitable.

O that you knew what was to happen!
How often have you made Jesus weep!
Will you never console Him?
Jesus weeps, and you only laugh.

Blessed be the Lord, &c.

Ninth Monday after Pentecost.

On the same subject.

Behold, I cast out devils, and do cures to-day, and to-morrow, and the third day I am consummated.—*Luke* xiii. 32.

I will visit their iniquities with a rod, and their sins with stripes.—*Ps.* lxxxviii. 33.

Jerusalem hath grievously sinned: therefore is she become unstable: all that honoured her have despised her, because they have seen her shame.—*Lam.* i. 8.

The Romans laid the city in ruins.
The devils besiege a rebellious soul.
They seek not gold, but for your soul.
They pursue it during life.
They besiege it at death.
They surround it on all sides.
They close all avenues of grace.
They take it and sack it.
They pillage its treasures.
They leave not a stone on a stone.
We defend a city at all costs,
Yet no one defends his soul,
But hands it over to the devil.
If you could but see a soul in Satan's power!

The cause of the ruin of Jerusalem,
Was neglect of the time of visitation.
There is a time of grace, a time of punishment.
A time of mercy, a time of justice.
A time of consolation, a time of affliction.
When we abuse grace and mercy,

Make a bad use of consolations,
Then come pains, and extreme affliction.
God visits the soul and brings peace.
The devil visits the soul and brings war.
Know then the time of God's visits :
Profit by His coming at holy communion :
And you will repulse the devil's assaults.

Jesus drove from the temple,
The buyers and sellers who profaned it.
How great an evil was this profanation,
Since it roused the ire of the Lamb of God,
And made Him use the whip,
Overturn the tables, scatter the money.
Nothing brings greater ruin to families,
Than profanation of churches.
Your soul is the temple of God.
A material church typifies the spiritual.
What goes on in your heart ?
What shameful and abominable business ?
Your house of God is a den of thieves,
Where prayer is abandoned :
Where tepidity and neglect reign.

Is your heart God's house, or the devil's ?
Is it a holy place, or a profane place ?
I see only animal passions,
Shameful occupations,
Sacks of gold and silver,
Idols of vanity and impurity.
Break these idols, overturn their altars.
Drive out the animals.

Give the silver to the poor,
Or God will give it to your enemies.
Let it be no longer a den of thieves,
But a house of prayer.

Behold, I cast out devils, &c.

Ninth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the chastisement of sinners.

Many are the scourges of the sinner.—*Ps.* xxxi. 10.

Go in, and see the wicked abominations which they commit here.—*Ezech.* viii. 9.

Therefore I also will deal with them in My wrath: My eyes thall not spare them, neither will I show mercy: and when they shall cry to My ears with a loud voice, I will not hear them.—*Ezech.* viii. 18.

My God, the heathens have come into Thy inheritance, they have defiled Thy holy temple . . . . Pour out Thy wrath on the nations that have not known Thee.—*Ps.* lxxviii. 1-6.

Our heart is the temple of God.
Consecrated by baptism:
Purified by the Sacrament of penance:
Sanctified by the Eucharist:
By the dwelling of the Holy Spirit,
Who there receives our homage,
Our adoration, our praises,
Our gifts, our petitions, our sacrifices.
Our churches are holy,

So ought also to be our hearts.
It is a sacrilege to profane a church.
What is it to pollute, and profane our hearts?

The temple of Jerusalem was profaned,
By the proud, in the sellers of birds:
By the avaricious, in the money changers:
By the impure, in the animals.
The heart of man is profaned,
By ambitious desires:
By uncontrolled cupidity:
By brutal passions.
See what lights the fire of God's anger,
That fills Him with zeal and fury,
That makes Him take the scourge in His hand.

Examine yourself: search your heart.
See what there is offensive to God.
What idols and false divinities.
What shameless traffic.

Many scourges are ready for the sinner.
Jesus made a whip from the cords He found.
When God chastises us,
We place the whip in His hand,
Furnished by our sins that He punishes.

God punishes the profaners of His temple,
By covering them with infamy,
By scattering their gold and silver,
By overturning their tables and fortune.
These are types of the punishments,
He gives to profaners of His spiritual temple.

Examine your conscience.
You complain of being disgraced,
That comes from amassing goods.
You are full of annoyance and trouble,
That comes from the idol of ambition.
You sacrifice your desires to avarice.
You have consecrated your body to pleasure.
You are attached to creatures.
Behold the cause of your evil.

Drive away the oxen and the sheep.
Break the idols in pieces.
Why is My house a den of thieves?
Why do you adore creatures there?
I will reign over you by will, or by force.
I will make you feel My justice,
If you will not accept My goodness.
Many are the scourges, &c.

Ninth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On the death of sinners.

The death of the wicked is very evil.—*Ps.* xxxiii. 22.

Evils shall catch the unjust man unto destruction.—*Ps.* cxxxix. 12.

Why shall I fear in the evil day? the iniquity of my heel shall encompass me.—*Ps.* xlviii. 6.

The rich man died and was buried in hell.—*Luke* xvi. 22.

Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish.—*Luke* xiii. 3.

Death is a great evil: sin is a greater.
But death joined with sin,

Is the most frightful of all evils.
It is an unmitigated evil.
It is an eternal evil.
It is an evil without remedy.
It is the most dreadful threat,
That a provoked God can make.

How evil is the death of sinners!
How they are seized with horror!
Seeing themselves ere they are aware,
At the last moment of time,
Which they have spent so ill.
Seeing themselves just ready to go,
Into the prisons of eternity,
From whence they cannot save themselves.

To begin to see what they never saw.
To conceive what they never before conceived.
To begin to ponder on,
What they never before considered.
To begin to feel what they never experienced.
To begin to suffer an evil as long as eternity.
To quit a place of pleasure,
In order to enter a place of torment.
To descend from a paradise,
Into a bottomless hell.
To pass from plenty into extreme want.
To fall from a throne of glory,
Into an abyss of confusion.

What a dreadful change is this!
What a terrible misfortune!
How surprising a novelty!
What an amazing downfall!

That which causes a desire in the good,
Will cause a fear in the wicked.
A virtuous man desires nothing more,
Than to present himself before God.
What an amazement will it not be,
To see himself before an angry God!
Before a Father, whom he has outraged.
Before a King, whom he has slighted.
Before a Friend, whom he has betrayed.
Before a Captain, whom he has deserted.
Before a Judge, whom he has offended.
Before a Saviour, whom he has crucified.
There is no sight in the world,
That a wicked man would shun more,
And from which he can hide himself less.

Then he shall see all his sins,
That will rise up to accuse him.
He shall see the devils ready to devour him.
Over his head, a judge ready to condemn him.
Under his feet, a chasm into which he is falling.
Before him, his goods that are passing away.
By his side, the objects that made him sin.
Within him, his body that is about to leave him.

O Jesus on the cross!
How then will the sight of You,
Comfort the good! affright the bad!
How will they dare to look upon Him,
Whom they have crucified?
All Your wounds will bleed afresh,
At the sight of these murderers.

What kind of death will be mine?
Such as your life has been.
Shall I die like the virtuous?
Yes; if you live like the virtuous.
Oh! I will live in grace,
That I may die in peace.
I will live holily,
That I may die in tranquillity.
I will live in penance,
That I may die in security.

The death of the wicked, &c.

Ninth Thursday after Pentecost.

On the death of the just.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.—*Apoc.* xiv. 13.

With him that feareth the Lord, it shall be well in his latter end: and in the day of his death he shall be blessed.—*Ecclus.* i. 13.

Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints.—*Ps.* cxv. 15.

When these things begin to come to pass, look up and lift up your heads, because your redemption is at hand.—*Luke* xxi. 28.

Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth in peace: the mountains and hills shall sing praise before you.—*Isa.* lv. 12.

What a pleasure it is to die,
When we have no pleasure in living!
You quit that without pain,
Which you possess without affection.

Death is sweet to him,
Who has no comfort at all here.
The soul leaves without repining,
A house that does not please it.
A separation is pleasing to those,
That do not love each other.
That which you love during life,
Will be your torment at death.
That which afflicts you in this life,
Will be your comfort at death.

What can cause any grief,
To a spirit detached from all things?
Love is strong as death.
It forestalls what death is to do.
It separates the soul from the body,
And leaves death nothing to do.
What need is there to pluck up by force,
A heart that clings close to nothing?
The treasure of merits,
Is wealth that cannot be taken away.
It is a precious inheritance,
That death cannot steal.
O what comfort will come then,
At the remembrance of a good action.

Nothing in our life is pleasant,
Save a good gate to go out of it.
Of all the goods that man can desire,
The greatest is to die well.
It is the end of his combats,
And the crown of his merits.

God preserves in that evil day
The soul, which has been faithful to Him.
He lets it sleep in His bosom.
He strengthens it with His grace.
He allays its pains.
He dissipates its terrors.
He orders His blessed spirits,
To comfort and defend it.
To maintain it in peace,
And to conduct it to heaven.

How precious in the sight of God,
Is the death of the just!
How honourable is this sacrifice to Him!
How pleasing to Him is this victim!

My God!
May I hope for a good death,
Having led so wicked a life?
It is true, I have lost my innocence;
But I may repair it by penance.
I will live like the virtuous,
That I may die like the virtuous.
I will lead the life of the just,
That I may obtain the death of the just.

Blessed are the dead, &c.

Ninth Friday after Pentecost.

On the abuse of grace.

Woe to thee that despisest: shall not thyself also be despised?—*Isa.* xxxiii. 1.

I called, and you refused: I stretched out My hand; and there was none that regarded. You have despised My counsel and neglected My reprehensions. I also will laugh in your destruction: and will mock when that shall come to you which you fear.—*Prov.* i. 24.

I go My way, and you shall seek Me, and you shall die in your sin.—*John* viii. 21.

Neglect not the grace which is in thee.—1 *Tim.* iv. 14.

Jerusalem was desolated,
Because it heeded not its visitation.
God visits us by inspirations:
By benefits: by chastisements:
By preachers: by confessors.
When you stifle the voice of God,
You outrage His Spirit:
You imitate Herod in killing St. John,
Who was the voice of our Lord.
You imitate Saul in killing the priests,
Who were the mouthpiece of God.
You imitate the Jews who profited not,
By the visitation of Jesus Christ.

When you resist God's inspiration,
You sin without ignorance:
By obstinacy: by malice:
You bury His talent: abuse His gifts:

You trample Jesus Christ under foot:
You profane His blood:
You afflict and irritate His Spirit.

When you resist God's inspiration,
You hold truth in captivity:
You stop the flow of graces.
You may be treated as Jerusalem.
You draw down the vengeance of God.
You may fear to die in your sin.

Woe to thee that despisest, &c.

Ninth Saturday after Pentecost.

On the troubles of those who abuse grace.

Extinguish not the Spirit.—1 *Thess.* v. 19.

To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts.—*Ps.* xciv. 8.

I say to you, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation bringing forth the fruit thereof.—*Matt.* xxi. 43.

Take ye away, therefore, the talent from him, and give it to him that hath ten talents.—*Matt.* xxv. 28.

God is silent, after He has spoken.
He hides, after shewing Himself.
He retires, after He has called.
He goes away, after knocking long.
He despises, after being despised.
He punishes, after long pardoning.

He asks much, from those who get much.
He punishes those who have abused grace.

Are you rebellious, hard, impenitent?
How often has He spoken to you?
Called you: waited for you: sought you?
Knocked at the door of your heart?
Conjured you to open it to Him?
To quit this sin: correct that vice:
To be reconciled to your enemy:
To curb your tongue: frequent the sacraments:
To be more faithful to your duties.
And you have kept truth in your mind,
And not let it descend into your heart,
Or pass into your hands for action.

Rebellious soul,
The justice of God will display itself.
He will take away the talent you use not.
He will give to another your graces,
Ungrateful and hardened heart.
God will no more speak to you.
His word will not touch you.
The Holy Spirit will not breathe on you.
Your conscience will torment you.
Remedies will no longer profit you.
Jesus will visit you no more.
Your good angel will not correct you.
God will no longer punish you.
He will leave you to your furious passions.
You abuse His grace: you shall have none.

O my God !
I feel that I am not yet abandoned,
Since I still hear Your voice threatening.
I will no longer let You wait,
As I have done for so many years.
I will no longer resist Your grace,
I will resolutely obey You.

O Jerusalem !
Hadst thou but known thy day of grace,
The things that were for thy peace.
It may be the last time He will visit thee.
The last time that He will speak.
Profit by this opportunity,
Which may never come back.
Receive Jesus into thy heart :
Give Him what He asks of thee.
Accept His peace : abuse not His grace :
If you would escape His vengeance.

Extinguish not the Spirit, &c.

Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Luke* xviii. 9-14.

On the Pharisee and the Publican.

Because thou sayest: I am rich and made wealthy, and I have need of nothing: and thou knowest not, that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.—*Apoc.* iii. 17.

He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord: for not he that commendeth himself, is approved, but he whom God commendeth.—2 *Cor.* x. 17.

If any man think himself to be something, whereas he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.—*Gal.* vi. 3.

The just is first accuser of himself.—*Prov.* xviii. 17.

Where pride is, there also shall be reproach: but where humility is, there also is wisdom.—*Prov.* xi. 2.

Humiliation followeth the proud; and glory shall uphold the humble of spirit.—*Prov.* xxix. 23.

The Pharisee pourtrays the proud man:
The Publican, the humble man.
The Pharisee begins prayer by self-praise.
He thinks himself a most perfect man.
He looks only at his virtues.
He hides his faults, publishes his works.
He trumpets forth all the good he had.
He despises all, with the Publican.
He only thinks of external acts.
He does not deign to ask for anything,
But thanks God that he is not as the rest.

Unhappy are we if we have the vices,
But not the virtues of the Pharisee!
Do you fast twice a week?
Give God a tithe of all you possess?
Give abundant alms to the poor?
When you do this, you will not be saved,
Unless you are more just than the Pharisees:
Because they did all through vanity.
What will happen if you have his pride,
And have not his good works?

The Publican stayed near the door:
Too unworthy to approach the sanctuary,
Or even the saintly Pharisee:
For he did not despise him.
He raised not his eyes to heaven,
From shame for his sins:
Struck his breast in penitence.
Owned himself a sinner,
The only sinner among men.
His prayer was short,
For his confidence was great,
And his sorrow deep.

How did God judge these two men?
The Pharisee seemed to be His friend.
And the Publican, His enemy.
Jesus declared the Publican justified,
But not the Pharisee.
For one was humble, the other proud.
Humility destroys all vices.
Pride destroys all virtues.

Are you humble?
You have good reason to be.
For you are nothing before God.
You are a sinner: a great sinner:
You are an ungrateful sinner.
You have abused grace all your life.
Have merited the hell of the ungrateful.
Dust and ashes, what good have you done?
What evil have you not done?
The proud shall fall here or hereafter.
The humble shall rise here or hereafter.

Because thou sayest, &c.

Tenth Monday after Pentecost.

On presumption.

Man knoweth not whether he be worthy of love or hatred.—*Eccles.* ix. 1.

The heart is perverse above all things and unsearchable: who shall know it?—*Jer.* xvii. 9.

I am not conscious to myself of anything, but in this I am not justified.—1 *Cor.* iv. 4.

Thou standest by faith, be not highminded, but fear.—*Rom.* xi. 20.

Be ye humbled therefore under the mighty hand of God.—1 *Peter* v. 6.

What art thou that thou presumest?
What wert thou heretofore?
What art thou at present?

What wilt thou be one day?
Thou knowest that thou hast sinned,
Thou knowest not if thy sin be forgiven.
Thou knowest that thou hast offended God,
Thou knowest not if He is appeased.
Thou knowest that thou hast lost grace,
Thou knowest not if thou hast recovered it.

Thou sayest, thou hast been to confession;
But was thy confession good?
Was it entire?
Was it accompanied with sorrow?
Was this sorrow supernatural?
Was it sincere?
Was it for all thy sins?
Was it with all thy heart?
Was it of all thy life?
Hast thou been seen to change thy manners?
Is that sorrow true and real,
Which dies as soon as it is conceived?
Thou feelest not thyself guilty of any sin;
But that does not justify thee.
You ought not to be disquieted by the past,
Nor to presume on what is to come.

What art thou at present?
Art thou in the grace of God?
Hast thou nothing on thy conscience?
The heart of man is very hidden.
The devil's wit is very crafty.
Vices imitate virtues.

Passions disturb our intelligence.
We easily fancy that what we love is innocent.
No man is an enemy to himself.
We defend all that we love.
We often imagine a mortal sin to be venial.
We reckon as a slight detraction only,
Calumnies of the highest importance.
What good thou dost, does not make thee safe.
In whatsoever state thou art,
Thou knowest not whether it is a good one.

A good action requires a good intention.
Who knows when it is good?
Many go down into Egypt,
That think they go up to Jerusalem.
Many are in illusion, instead of contemplation.
How deceitful is the heart of man!
God alone can understand it.
Thou must not therefore flatter thyself.
Thou must not over persuade thyself.

What wilt thou be for the time to come?
Art thou sure that thou wilt persevere?
Wilt thou answer for thy own will?
How often has it deceived thee?
Wilt thou answer for God's will?
He efficaciously would have thee saved;
But thou must co-operate with Him.
Does He owe thee every kind of grace?
Is He bound to privilege a presumptuous man?

Tenth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On motives for fear.

Let him that thinketh himself to stand, take heed lest he fall.—1 *Cor.* x. 12.

See therefore, brethren, how you walk circumspectly.—*Ephes.* v. 15.

He that trusteth to his own heart is a fool: but he that walketh wisely, he shall be saved.—*Prov.* xxviii. 26.

Yea, if I shall say to the just that he shall surely live, and he, trusting in his justice, commit iniquity: all his justices shall be forgotten: and in his iniquity, which he hath committed, in the same shall he die.—*Ezech.* xxiii. 13.

Little sins lead into great ones.
Our salvation often depends on small matters.
Whilst we are on earth, we may ascend to heaven.
Till we are in heaven, we may fall into hell.
I find no safety, but in humility and obedience.
Angels fell from heaven to hell.
Pillars of the church have crumbled away.
Solomon was corrupted: Judas despaired.
Who will not fear? who will not tremble?
The fall of great ones shall make me little.
The ruin of the proud shall make me humble.

O God, my hope!
Give me not over to the spirit of pride.
Take all things from me: I care not,
Provided You leave me humility.
Take back Your talents: I ask them not,
Provided that I have charity.

If I look upon myself, I fear all things.
If I consider You, I find all things.
I deceive myself; You cannot deceive me.
I oftentimes wish harm to myself,
But You always wish me well.
My salvation is more secure,
In Your hands than in my own.
I will always distrust myself,
But I will always confide in You.
He that lives without diffidence,
Deceives himself, if he be confident.

Let him that thinketh, &c.

Tenth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On our nothingness.

Let all flesh be silent at the presence of the Lord.—*Zach.* ii. 13.

I am brought to nothing: as a wind thou hast taken away my desire.—*Job* xxx. 15.

My substance is as nothing before Thee.—*Ps.* xxxviii. 6.

When I had a little passed by them, I found him whom my soul loveth.—*Cant.* iii. 4.

Bring me yet a vessel.—4 *Kings* iv. 6.

Being, made us come from God,
Not being, makes us return to Him.
Until a soul hath found its nothing,
It cannot find God.

He is hidden under creatures,
As under veils and shapes.
As soon as you penetrate to the inside,
You see God clearly.

To know all, you must know nothing.
To taste all, you must taste nothing.
To have all, you must have nothing.
To be all, you must be nothing.

O my God!
You are my all, I am nothing.
You are my light, I know nothing.
You are my strength, I can do nothing.
Speak, my God, for Your servant heareth.
My mouth, before You, is speechless.
You know what my heart says to You.

O blessed soul!
Which listens to God in silence.
Be silent all human and carnal thoughts.
Let all flesh be silent in the presence of God.
Let all flesh, &c.

Tenth Thursday after Pentecost.

On prayer.

Amen, Amen, I say to you: if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it you.—*John* xvi. 23.

Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name. Ask, and you shall receive that your joy may be full.—*John* xvi. 24.

O woman, great is thy faith: be it done to thee as thou wilt.—*Matt.* xv. 28.

Which of you, if he ask his father for bread, will he give him a stone? or a fish, will he for a fish give him a scorpion?—*Luke* xi. 11.

If you, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father from heaven give the good Spirit to them that ask Him?—*Luke* xi. 13.

The poor beg of the rich.
Neither rich nor poor beg of God.
Why do we pray so rarely?
So coldly? so distrustfully?
Because we know not our misery.
We do not like prayer.
We know not the power of prayer.
We will not humble ourselves before God.
We are impatient and will not wait.
We doubt God's wisdom, power, goodness.
We are deadened to our miseries.
We fear having to be virtuous.
In fine, we have not faith, hope, charity,
Humility, patience, perseverance.

God and man differ over the poor.
Men are needy, God is infinitely rich.

Yet man ignores our misery,
But God knows well our wants.
Men are hard, unmerciful.
God is infinitely tender and liberal.
Men are not pleased at being asked.
God is always pleased with prayer.

Prayer is a sacrifice of praise,
A perfume of graces offered to God.
Faith, hope, charity, humility,
Patience, perseverance, resignation,
Devotion, fervour, obedience,
Comprise the fragrance of prayer.
This is the incense that pleases God.

O my God!
You love the humble poor.
You hate the proud poor.
I am not surprised at obtaining nothing.
I do not want to know my poverty.
I will not humble myself before You.
I am ashamed to pray to You.
My prayer is a mockery.
It ascends not as a perfume,
But as a black cloud to bring thunder.
It is not a religious act to bring grace,
But a pretence that excites Your anger.
O Lord!
Have pity on me: reject not my prayer,
For on it depends my salvation.
Henceforth I will pray often:
Humbly: constantly: confidently:

Knowing that You will grant what I ask,
Or something better than I ask.

Amen, amen, I say to you, &c.

Tenth Friday after Pentecost.

On defects in prayer.

Pray without ceasing, in all things giving thanks.—1 *Thess.* v. 17.

Ask, and it shall be given to you: seek, and you shall find: knock, and it shall be opened to you.—*Matt.* vii. 7.

God is a spirit: and they that adore Him, must adore Him in spirit and truth.—*John* iv. 24.

Who in the days of His flesh, offering up prayers and supplications, with a strong cry and tears, was heard for His reverence.—*Heb.* v. 7.

The prayer of him that humbleth himself shall pierce the clouds.—*Ecclus.* xxxv. 21.

Why do I obtain nothing from God?
Because you ask for evil things.
You ask while in an evil state.
You ask in an unbecoming manner,
Without attention, without devotion.
Without humility, confidence, perseverance.

Whence come my distractions?
From the devil, giving a disgust for prayer.
From your frivolous imagination.
From your wandering and idle mind.

From your heart clinging to creatures.
And flying where your treasure is,
And communing with those it loves.
From your body, occupying your mind.
From your little care of your perfection.
From your tepidity,
Your infidelity, and want of mortification.

Why have I no consolation?
Because you have no affliction.
You desire it too earnestly.
You think yourself worthy of it.
You seek it in creatures.
Because God wants to humble your pride.
To make you feel your weakness.
To make you know yourself.
To excite a desire for it.
To punish your negligence.
To prick your sloth.
To exercise your patience.
To increase your merit.
To enliven your faith.
To strengthen your hope.
To purify your charity.
To prove your fidelity and love.

Pray without ceasing, &c.

Tenth Saturday after Pentecost.

On other defects in prayer.

You ask, and receive not, because you ask amiss.—*James* iv. 3.

My prayer shall be turned into my bosom.—*Ps.* xxxiv. 13.

The words of my mouth shall be such as may please: and the meditation of my heart always in Thy sight.—*Ps.* xviii. 15.

O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt Thou be angry against the prayer of Thy servant?—*Ps.* lxxix. 5.

Before prayer prepare thy soul; and be not as a man that tempteth God.—*Ecclus.* xviii. 23.

The continual prayer of a just man availeth much.—*James* v. 16.

Why does God leave me in darkness?
To make you a spiritual man.
To make you value and deserve grace.
To help you to keep it: to recover it.
To feel its necessity.
To moderate your fervour.
To make you merit God's graces.
To prepare your heart for them.
Perhaps to take you from meditation,
To make you pass to union.

O Jesus, my Lord!
How blind have I been to leave prayer,
In barrenness and dryness.
Alas, I thought You were angry with me,
When You most shewed me affection.
I thought You were far from me,

When You were nearest to me.
I will be more faithful to prayer.
Whatever happens I will not leave it.
I will own my misery with humility.
Wait for Your visit with patience.
Ask for it with fervour.
Suffer my privations in peace.
Be content with being in Your presence.
To be with You is to be in paradise.
I am content with You alone,
Although I have no pleasure or comfort.
I will listen no longer to nature,
But, strengthened by faith,
All my pleasure shall be to please You,
And to do Your holy will.

You ask, and receive not, &c.

Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Mark* vii. 31-37.

On the deaf mute.

They that sought evils to me spoke vain things, and studied deceits all the day long: but I, as a deaf man, heard not: and as a dumb man not opening his mouth: and I became as a man that heareth not, and that hath no reproofs in his mouth.—*Ps.* xxxvii. 13.

He who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his ways, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins.—*James* v. 20.

Like the deaf asp that stoppeth her ears; which will not hear the voice of the charmer.—*Ps.* lvii. 5.

Thou that seest many things, wilt thou not observe them? thou that hast ears open wilt thou not hear?—*Isa.* xlii. 20.

When He had cast out the devil, the dumb spoke, and the multitude admired.—*Luke* xi. 14.

To be deaf to the word of God:
To be dumb in not confessing sins:
In reproving the wicked, or thanking God:
In praising Him, or praying to Him:
Is to be possessed by a devil,
And makes Jesus weep and groan.
How often are you deaf to God's voice?
How often silent when you should speak?
To defend God's cause:
To declare your sins:
To confess the faith.

There is a good and a bad deafness.
A good and a bad silence.

Shut your ears to idle gossip :
To slander : to detraction.
Open them to the correction of superiors :
To the voice of preachers :
To the inspirations of the Holy Spirit.
Speak to correct your inferiors :
Be silent when they offend you,
Or speak evil against you.
Alas, my ears are open to the devil,
And shut to the Holy Spirit.
I am silent when I should speak.
I speak when I should be silent.

They led this man to our Lord,
And He cures him at their prayer.
The world is full of deaf mutes,
And no one will lead them to Jesus.
What pleasure it gives to Him,
What good it brings to you,
When you draw anyone from vice,
And lead him to a confessor.
If you have not charity for others,
Have it at least for yourself.
Pray that someone may lead you to Him,
That He may place His hands on you,
Put His fingers in your ears,
And touch your tongue.

They that sought evils, &c.

Eleventh Monday after Pentecost.

On the same subject.

Open to me, my sister, my love.—*Cant.* v. 2.

You yourselves like to men who wait for their lord, when he shall return from the wedding: that when he cometh, and knocketh, they may open to him immediately.—*Luke* xii. 36.

God saw all things that He had made, and they were very good.—*Gen.* i. 31.

It is the Lord: let Him do what is good in His sight.—1 *Kings* iii. 18.

Jesus took the poor man apart,
Looking up to heaven, He groaned.
You have often made Jesus groan,
When He would console and comfort you.
He puts His fingers, the gifts of the Spirit,
Into your ears: they enter not your heart.
His body has often touched your tongue,
Yet you are still deaf and dumb.
O wicked heart that resists grace.
O slanderous and immodest tongue,
Dare you touch the flesh of Jesus?

Open to me your heart,
My daughter, my sister, my spouse.
Jesus has often said to your heart,
Be opened: yet it remained shut.
Are you deaf? No, but you wish to be.
To-day if you hear His voice,
Harden not your heart.

Are you sure He will speak to-morrow?
Happy are the watchful servants,
Who open the door at their master's knock.
Will you let Jesus wait at your heart?
Is He not the Master?
Is it because the devil is within?
Would you sooner lodge Satan than Jesus?

He hath done all things well.
The deaf hear, and the dumb speak.
Unloose your tongue, melancholy soul.
You who murmur at God's Providence,
Sing this beautiful Canticle of glory:
Say in prosperity and adversity:
He hath done all things well.

How wonderful are all His works.
How sublime is the redemption of man!
Where would you be had He not died for you?
Had He not left you the sacraments?
Had He not given you His flesh and blood?
Had He not pardoned your sins?
Had He not preserved you from danger?
Had He not sent afflictions for your good?
He hath truly done all things well,
In heaven and in earth.
Whether He consoles me, or afflicts me,
Whether He caresses me, or chastises me,
I will bless the Lord at all times.
His praise shall be ever in my mouth.

Eleventh Tuesday after Pentecost.

On sins of habit.

Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, so as to obey the lusts thereof.—*Rom.* vi. 12.

If the Ethiopian can change his skin, you also may do well when you have learnt evil.—*Jer.* iii. 23.

My sores are grown putrified, and corrupted.—*Ps.* xxxvii. 6.

My iniquities have gone over my head.—*Ps.* xxxvii. 5.

A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it.—*Prov.* xxii. 6.

It is a great evil to be accustomed to evil.
A habit of sin is a chain of iniquity,
Which binds the soul fast,
And enslaves it to sin.
It lessens our knowledge.
It hardens the heart.
It lulls the conscience to sleep.
It blots out shame.

The more frequently a sin is committed
The less blushes attend its committal.
At first it is committed with horror.
It is repeated with fear.
It is continued with pleasure.
It is persevered in with contempt.
These are the gradual steps of iniquity
To this it is that a habit of sin leads us.

He is very sick, that feels not his sickness.
An inveterate sinner is almost hopeless.
He knows not his own misery.

He cannot hate it.
He finds pleasure in it.
He cares not to get out of it.
His resolutions are without effect.
His efforts without perseverance.
His vices, in fine, become part of his nature,
And his habit a necessity.

When habit joins the stream of inclination,
When the current of passion is unopposed,
It is a torrent that carries all before it :
A tyrant that destroys all :
It is a law of iniquity, that rules the will :
It is a second concupiscence,
More tyrannical than that we are born with :
A second nature, more corrupt than the first.
In vain grace attacks a heart with bad habits.
It is insensible to her calls.
It is impervious to her assaults.

We may sooner bleach a black,
Than cure an inveterate evil.
We may sooner root up a tree,
Than pluck up an old sin.

In what state are you ?
Do you sin from ignorance ?
From passion ? From frailty ? From habit ?
Without remorse ? Without sorrow ?
With pleasure ? With contempt ?
Do you blush no longer at your sin ?
Do you commit it with assurance ?
Do you glory in committing it ?
Does fear cease when you have committed it ?

Oh! then you are a slave to vice.
Your sins have become part of your nature.
You are now hardened.
You are now grown insensible.
Alas! if you were sensible of your evil,
There would be some hopes of life.
Beg your cure of God.

Let us not sin therefore, &c.

Eleventh Wednesday after Pentecost.

On the same sins of habit.

His bones shall be filled with the vices of his youth; and they shall sleep with him in the dust.—*Job* xx. 11.

You shall seek Me and you shall die in your sins.—*John* viii. 21.

The wicked man when he is come into the depth of sins, contemneth.—*Prov.* xviii. 3.

His heart shall be as hard as a stone, and as firm as a smith's anvil.—*Job* xli. xv.

He hath mercy on whom He will; and whom He will He hardeneth.—*Rom.* ix. 18.

A hard heart shall fare evil at the last.—*Ecclus.* iii. 27.

Great violence is necessary,
To break inveterate habits.
Without effort you will do nothing.
Resist small temptations,
And you will overcome great ones.
Do the things that are easy,

And God will do what is difficult.
Help your neighbour, and God will help you.
Pardon him, and God will pardon you.

It almost needs a miracle,
To convert a hardened sinner.
To obtain it, pray, weep.
Above all look to your neighbour.
What is done to him is done to Jesus.
As He is good, liberal, generous,
He will not leave unrewarded,
Whatever is done to him.

Confess often :
By many strokes a tree is felled.
By frequent washing the hands are clean.
By frequently confessing sin,
The heart is warmed, heated,
Detached, washed, purified.

His bones shall be filled, &c.

Eleventh Thursday after Pentecost.

On conformity to the will of God.

Good things and evil, life and death, poverty and riches, are from God.—*Ecclus.* xi. 14.

The Lord hath sought Him a man according to His own heart.—1 *Kings* xiii. 14.

Whatsoever shall befall a just man, it shall not make him sad.—*Prov.* xii. 21.

Whosoever shall do the will of My Father who is in heaven, he is My brother, and sister, and mother.—*Matt.* xii. 50.

Not as I will, but as Thou.—*Matt.* xxvi. 39.

If I judge as God judges, I am wise as God is.
If I will as God wills, I am holy as God is.
His judgment is the rule of my judgment.
His will is the rule of my will.
God alone has the right to do what He will.
He alone can have a will of His own.

If I wish to dispose of myself,
And of my affairs,
If I wish to dispose things as I desire,
I wish to be like Lucifer:
To be like to God.
I wish to withdraw from His dominion.
To be no longer dependent on Him.

Wilt not thou, then, my soul, obey God?
Wilt thou always make war against Him?
Wilt thou wrestle with the Almighty?

Hast thou measured thy arm with His?
Art thou wiser than He?
Wilt thou teach Him to govern the world?
If thou wilt not do His will,
Thou wilt take away His crown,
Thou wilt ascend His throne,
Thou wilt be independent as He is.
Is it just, that God should do thy will,
Or, that thou shouldst do His will?

Good things and evil, &c.

Eleventh Friday after Pentecost.

On the happiness of conformity to the will of God.

I have found David, son of Jesse, a man according to My own heart, who shall do all My wills.—*Acts* xiii. 22.

As it hath pleased the Lord, so is it done: blessed be the name of the Lord.—*Job* i. 21.

Yea, Father; for so it hath seemed good in Thy sight.—*Matt.* xi. 26.

Casting all your solicitude upon Him, for He hath care of you.—1 *Peter* v. 7.

So also you now, indeed, have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice: and your joy no man shall take from you.—*John* xvi. 22.

How happy wouldst thou be,
If thou wished nothing but what God wills!
In what a profound peace thou wouldst live!

How thy affairs would change their look!
What cares and disquiets thou wouldst escape!

God attends to the business of those who do His.
He obeys those who obey Him.
He loves those that love Him.
He contents those that content Him.

Is it not to be in heaven,
To will all that God wills?
Is it not to be in hell,
To will nothing of what God wills?
A man always does his own will,
When he has no real self-will.
A man never does what he wants,
When he does not what God wills.

The will of God is always done one way or other.
If I oppose Him, He will oppose me.
If I afflict Him, He will afflict me.
If I disturb Him, He will disturb me.
If I serve Him, He will serve me.

O my God!
There is no pleasure in displeasing You.
There is no profit in offending You.
Since I have been at war with You,
I have been at war with myself.
Since I have made war against You,
I never could find any peace.
Do with me what You please,
If I will not do what You want.

Make me serve You, if I will not love You.
Force me, if I will not obey You.
Compel me, if I will not follow You.
I have found David, &c.

Eleventh Saturday after Pentecost.

Spiritual Canticle.

Of a soul abandoned to the will of God.

I am threatened with death.
I am encompassed with darkness.
Beaten with storms.
At the very gates of hell.
But all this does not astonish me.
Love is stronger than death.

He makes his bed in darkness.
He sleeps in the midst of storms.
He finds heaven in hell.
He carries his heaven with him,
Because he has within himself,
All that he desires.
He would have all things,
And would have nothing.
He possesses all things,
And possesses nothing.
God is his treasure, and his felicity.
To him to whom God is all,
All the world is nothing.

O God, my love!
When will You be all to me?

When shall I be all to You?
I will be all to you, when you are all to Me.
You shall be all to Me,
When you no longer think of yourself.
In whatever state you are,
Sing with heart and lips:
God only does what is good.
I wish all that He wishes.
My pleasure is what pleases Him.
My will is to obey Him.
I will be what He wishes me to be.
I will do what He wishes me to do.
I will suffer what He wishes me to suffer.
Behold the handmaid of the Lord.
Be it done to me according to Thy word.

Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Luke* x. 23-37.

On the Gospel.

I love them that love Me.—*Prov.* viii. 17.

If I speak with tongues of men and angels . . . . if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor . . . . and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.—1 *Cor.* xiii. 1.

God is charity: and he that abideth in charity, abideth in God, and God in him.—1 *John* iv. 16.

Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—*John* xv. 13.

The charity of Christ presseth us.—2 *Cor.* v. 14.

Happy are the eyes, that see what you see.
More happy they, who believe yet see not:

Most happy they, who receive Jesus,
Speak to Him, have Him in their hearts,
And only act through His Holy Spirit.
O my soul!
Many great kings and prophets,
Have longed to see Him,
Who comes into thy mouth and heart.
What return can you make?
He asks only to remain in your heart,
And not to be driven away.

Master!
What must I do to have eternal life?
Not what to think, or believe, or desire:
But what must I do?
Good thoughts or desires are not enough.
There must be good works.
Most ask, what must I do to grow rich?
To increase my fortune?
To provide for my children?
What must I do to acquire honour?
Credit or reputation?
To recover, or preserve my health?
How few ask, what must I do,
To obtain heaven, to avoid hell?

You shall love the Lord your God,
With all your mind: heart: strength: soul.
With your mind, thinking of Him only.
With your heart, desiring Him only.
With your strength, working for Him only.
With your soul, living for Him only.

Is it thus you love Him? .
Alas, you think only of the world.
You love only the world.
You work only for the world.
You live only by the spirit of the world.
You think only of yourself.
You love yourself only.
You work only for yourself.
You live only to satisfy yourself.

I love them, &c.

Twelfth Monday after Pentecost.

On the love of God.

Behold what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be named and should be the sons of God.—1 *John* iii. 1.

Let us, therefore, love God, because God first hath loved us.—1 *John* iv. 19

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength: the Lord is my firmament, my refuge, and my deliverer.—*Ps.* xvii. 1.

Who loved me and delivered Himself for me.—*Gal.* ii. 20.

Having loved His own, He loved them to the end.—*John* xiii. 1.

Nothing is more just: more necessary:
More honourable: sweeter, or easier,
Than to love God.
He is the most excellent of all beings.
He is beauty and goodness itself.

If I love beautiful things,
Should I not love beauty itself?
He gave me life: made my heart:
Has He not a right to its fruits?
I have life only to love Him,
If I love Him not I deserve death.
Whom else shall I obey,
If not my Father, and my King?
But He commands me to love Him.
He threatens eternal pains, if I do not.
He promises paradise, if I do.
He Himself died from excess of love,
In order that I might love Him.

Alas, my soul!
Will you always be dead to these attractions?
Ungrateful for these great blessings.
Rebellious against these just orders.
Callous to these great punishments.
Indifferent to these rich promises.
What is your heart made of,
If you love not so good a God?
A God who gives and preserves your being.
Who has done infinite good to you.
Who has died for you.
Who wishes to share His happiness with you.
Who gives you part in His empire.

Who are You, Lord, and who am I?
You command me to love You.
You threaten me if I do not.
Can there be greater misery for me,

Than not to love You?
Is there anything more glorious,
Or more profitable, than to love You?
What matters it to You,
Whether I love You, or love You not?
Are You more happy if I love You?
More miserable if I love You not?
O divine Love!
You wish me to love You,
To make me happy by Your love.
Happy is the heart that loves You!
Unhappy the heart that loves You not!
Behold what manner, &c.

Twelfth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On charity.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart.—*Matt.* xxii. 37.

The end of the commandment is charity, from a pure heart, and a good conscience, and an unfeigned faith.—1 *Tim.* i. 5.

Charity covereth a multitude of sins.—1 *Peter* iv. 8.

Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much.—*Luke* vii. 47.

God is charity, and he that abideth in charity, abideth in God, and God in him.—1 *John* iv. 16.

This is the charity of God, that we keep His commandments.—1 *John* v. 3.

He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me.—*John* xiv. 21.

Charity is a treasure of merit, that enriches us:
A treasure of grace, that sanctifies us: O

A treasure of sanctity, that makes us perfect.
A treasure of peace, that makes us happy.
Charity blots out all sins.
Calms all passions.
Produces all virtues.
Sweetens all pains.
Makes us like unto God.
Unites us intimately to God.
Transforms us, in some kind, into God.
It makes God to be all ours ;
And us all His.

Charity seeks not herself,
She loves for love's sake.
Her love is her pleasure.
Her love is her reward.
She is humble : patient : mild : doing good :
Is not bitter : not puffed up :
Not disdainful : not envious :
Believes all : hopes all :
Suffers all : pardons all.

O charity, my God !
Why do You command me to love You ?
Should You not rather have forbidden me ?
Can there be a greater good, than to love You ?
A greater ill, than not to love You ?
Can You threaten me with a greater misery,
Than to forbid me to love You ?
How is it possible not to love a God,
That is so infinitely good ?
A God, who loves us infinitely ?

A God, who gives us infinite benefits?
A God, united to us by infinite alliances?

And yet I love You not, O God of goodness!
I have only a phantom of charity.
I am proud: impatient: troublesome:
Angry: doing ill: envious.
I will suffer nothing: pardon nothing.
Alas! how shall I be saved,
Since I have no charity?
O I have loved You too late,
Beauty always ancient, and always new!
I will never cease from blessing You:
From praising You: from loving You.
Thou shalt love the Lord, &c.

Twelfth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On the unity of love.

No man can serve two masters.—*Matt.* vi. 24.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart.—*Matt.* xxii. 37.

How long do you halt between both sides? If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him.—3 *Kings* xviii. 21.

Woe to them that are of a double heart.—*Ecclus.* ii. 14.

Their heart is divided: now they shall perish.—*Osee* x. 2.

Love comes from unity:
Tends to unity: reposes in unity:
Preserves itself by unity.

A straight heart cannot be bent.
A pure heart cannot be stained.
A free heart cannot be enslaved.
A single heart cannot be divided.
Woe unto those that have a double heart.
God's heart cannot love them.

No man can have two heavens.
No man can serve two masters.
No man can have two spouses.
No man can love God and the world.
There must be but one soul to one body.
But one sun to the world.
But one king in a state.
But one governor in a place.
But one shepherd to a flock.
But one pilot to a ship.
But one love to a heart.
But one God to a creature.

You will, say you, give God half your heart.
Did not God create the other half?
Did God redeem but half your heart?
Will God save but half your heart?
Did God give you but half His heart?
Why will you give Him but half yours?
Is the heart of a man too much for God?

O God of my heart!
You have always been mine,
And I have never been Yours.

I have made myself as many idols,
As I have loved creatures.
I have divided my faith,
When I divided my charity.
I destroyed both the one and the other,
When I divided them.
I lost myself, when I did not love You.

I will henceforth, O my God,
Love You with all my heart.
I will never more divide my affections.
All to all : one to one.
One alone to one alone.
This is the device of my heart.
My God, and my all.
Since You have given me Your whole heart,
Which is so great,
It is but just that I should give You all mine,
That is so small.

No man can serve, &c.

Twelfth Thursday after Pentecost.

On the love of our neighbour.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—*Matt.* xxii. 39.

To love ones neighbour as himself, is a greater thing than all holocausts and sacrifices.—*Mark* xii. 23.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so you shall fulfil the law of Christ.—*Gal.* vi. 2.

But before all things have a mutual charity among yourselves, for charity covereth a multitude of sins.—1 *Peter* iv. 8.

By this shall all men know, that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another.—*John* xiii. 35.

My neighbour is a man as I am,
And framed to the same image of God.
Redeemed with His blood as I am,
And a member of His body.
He is a child of His church as I am,
Is fed with the same sacraments,
And destined to the same heaven.

God commands me to love Him as myself.
Jesus prays me, and orders me to do it.
He reckons it as done to Himself,
All that is done to our neighbour.
He has substituted him in His own place.
He has transferred all His rights to him.
He will have me pay my neighbour,
All that I owe Him.

I am not His disciple,
Unless I love my neighbour.

I am no Christian, unless I assist him.
If I afflict him, God will afflict me.
If I excuse him, God will excuse me.
If I support him, God will support me.
If I pardon him, God will pardon me.
God will use me, as I have used him.
God will judge me, by my charity to him.
I will then love him, that I may be loved.
I will assist him, that I may be assisted.
I will support him, that I may be supported.
I will save him, that I may be saved.

I will love him tenderly : universally :
Generously : constantly.
Thou shalt love, &c.

Twelfth Friday after Pentecost.

On natural affections.

There is no respect of persons with God.—*Rom.* ii. 11.

He maketh His sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust.—*Matt.* v. 45.

Thou shalt not accept of persons.—*Deut.* xvi. 19.

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? Why then doth every one of us despise his brother?—*Mal.* ii. 10.

To love by affection, is to love as a beast.
To love with affection, is to love as a man.
To love without affection, is to love as a Christian.
To love against affection, is to love as a saint.

Christian charity includes all the world.
Its motive is singular and universal.
If I love him that pleases me, for God's sake,
I ought also to love him that displeases me.
They are both of them created by God:
Both made to His image:
Both redeemed with His blood:
Both called to His glory.

I am not bound to love all the world equally,
But I am bound to hate nobody.
Particular friendships are universal hatreds.
The ties of affection,
Are the schisms and heresies of heart.
The nearer you draw to one person,
The farther you remove from all others.

There is no respect, &c.

Twelfth Saturday after Pentecost.

On particular friendships.

They who separate themselves: sensual men, having not the spirit.—*Jude* 19.

If you love those that love you, what reward shall you have? Do not even the publicans do the same?—*Matt.* v. 46.

There is no iniquity with the Lord our God, no respect of persons, nor desire of gifts.—2 *Par.* xix. 7.

If you are wholly engrossed in one person,
You are nothing to all the rest.

You commit an injustice.
You refuse them what you owe them.
You wound charity.
You divide unity.
You slight regular order.
You scandalize the community.
You fly from solitude.
You dare not remain any longer before God.
You commit a great many sins.
Your spirit is without recollection.
Your heart without devotion.
Your prayers without sweetness.
Your communions without fruit.
Your life without peace.
Your labours without merit.

O my God!
How amazed shall I not be at my death,
When I shall see that I have not loved You?
Unless I love all my brothers,
I love not so much as one for Your sake.
If I have an aversion for one,
I have no charity for all the rest.
How much time ill-spent!
How many dangerous familiarities!
How many unprofitable conversations!
How many criminal entertainments!

O my God!
I will for Your sake love every one.
I will love my friends and my foes.
The rich and the poor,

The great and the little.
The good tempered and the bad tempered.
Those that do me good, and do me harm.
Since they are all Your subjects :
All Your children : all Your members :
Since You love them all :
You are in them all :
You order me to love them all.

They who separate, &c.

Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Luke* xvii. 11-19.

On the ten lepers.

I wrote to you in an epistle, not to keep company with fornicators.—1 *Cor.* v. 9.

If any man that is called a brother, be a fornicator, or covetous, or a server of idols, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such an one not so much as to eat.—1 *Cor.* v. 11.

The soul that committeth anything through pride, whether he be born in the land or a stranger, shall be cut off from among his people.—*Num.* xv. 30.

To God the wicked, and his wickedness are hateful alike.—*Wisd.* xiv. 9.

Jesus is always on a journey,
Leaving everywhere marks of His goodness :
Curing diseases, casting out devils.
So should His true disciples,

Ever leave marks of charity and mercy,
By healing the sick, and driving out devils.
You meet them often on your journey.
Work for the conversion of poor sinners.
Their salvation often depends
On a word from you.

Ten lepers came to Jesus.
You will find a throng in your way,
Persuade these sinners to go to the priest,
And you will heal them.
Leprosy of sin is actual, or habitual.
Actual sin corrupts, and eats into the soul.
When it becomes a habit, it is incurable.
Are you afflicted with leprosy?
Go, shew yourself to the priest.
Jesus waits for you at the altar.
Fear not to approach.
He will heal you by touching you,
If you have true sorrow.
Touch Him with faith.
Receive Him with humility.

There is leprosy of mind, and of heart.
Leprosy of mind is self-conceit.
Leprosy of heart is self-love.
Both disfigure the soul.
Make it insensible: in time incurable.
Leprosy of mind makes men heretical,
Rebellious, self-opiniative, disobedient.
Leprosy of heart makes men sensual,
Avaricious, ambitious, impatient.
What is your leprosy?

The lepers kept afar off :
They were banished from society.
Thus should you avoid the wicked :
The impure, and the scandalous.
Their society is contagious.

These lepers knew their state,
And wanted to be healed.
For this they came to Jesus.
They ask not to be cured.
Jesus, Master, have pity on us.
Are you a leper ? Do you want to be cured ?
The leprosy of the body is a great evil.
But far greater is that of the soul.
Both are objects for the mercy of Jesus.
Ask Him to have pity on you.
It honours God to recognize His mercy.
It humbles man to own his misery.
You are miserable, and know it not.
Or you know it, and will not be cured.

I wrote to you, &c.

Thirteenth Monday after Pentecost.

On the cure of the lepers.

He that will be proud, and refuse to obey the commandment of the priest: that man shall die.—*Deut.* xvii. 12.

If as a man I have hid my sin, and have concealed my iniquity in my bosom.—*Job* xxxi. 33.

He that hideth his sins, shall not prosper: but he that shall confess, and forsake them, shall obtain mercy.—*Prov.* xxviii. 13.

Raphael said to Tobias: As soon as thou shalt come into thy house, forthwith adore the Lord thy God: and giving thanks to Him, go to thy father, and kiss him.—*Tob.* xi. 7.

What shall I render to the Lord, for all the things that He hath rendered to me? I will take the chalice of salvation; and I will call upon the name of the Lord.—*Ps.* cxv. 4.

Jesus cast His eyes on the lepers.
By the look of Jesus all good commences.
By this St. Peter recognized his fault.
By this Nathanael knew the Son of God.
If you have renounced the world,
If you have changed your life,
If you are no more a slave to passion,
Thank Jesus, who cast His eyes on you.

Go, said He, shew yourselves to the priest.
They obeyed and were cured on the way.
Wonderful is the power of obedience.
If you are not healed of your vices,
See if you obey your confessor.
By this order Jesus points out the means,
For the cure of souls in His Church.

If you declare not your sins to the priest,
How can you be saved?
Jesus makes our salvation depend,
On the obedience we shew to priests.

Many ask graces of God,
But few thank Him for them.
Only one leper returned to thank Him.
Ingratitude is a detestable vice,
That dries up the fount of God's mercy.
Be not content with mere words,
But give glory to God.
Own that He gives you all.
Return to Him love and obedience.
He is rich and needs nothing.
It is glory that He asks from creatures.
It is all that He asks from you.
For that you are in the world.

Ungrateful that I am!
I dishonour instead of glorifying Him.
Far from giving glory to Him,
I take honour to myself for His gifts.
I take His graces, and steal His glory.
O my God, what injustice!
My soul, glorify thy Lord with our Lady.
My spirit, rejoice in God thy Saviour.
He has cast the eye of His mercy,
On thy lowness and on thy misery.
He has done great things to thee.

He that will be proud, &c.

Thirteenth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On sickness

My son, in thy sickness neglect not thyself, but pray to the Lord, and He shall heal thee.—*Ecclus.* xxxviii. 9.

Behold, thou art now made whole, sin no more, lest some worse thing happen to thee.—*John* v. 14.

This sickness is not to death, but for the glory of God.—*John* xi. 4.

When I am weak, then am I powerful.—2 *Cor.* xii. 10.

God sends us sicknesses,
Either to obtain glory from them,
As in the man that was born blind :
Or to punish our sins, as in the paralytic.
Or to try us, as in Job.
Or to keep us in humility,
As in St. Paul, and in Timothy.

I cannot do anything : but I can suffer.
I can do much, if I can suffer much.
Others labour for me : I suffer for others.
They honour God by their actions :
I honour Him by my sufferings.

I have well deserved what I suffer.
I merit much by suffering.
I atone for what is past.
I treasure up for the time to come.
God takes my health from me,
To give me sanctity.
He is with me : I suffer with Him.
I carry His cross ; He carries mine.

How strong my spirit is,
When my body is weak!
How weak my spirit is,
When my body is strong!
Sickness gives me a disgust for life.
My heart looks for nothing, but heaven.
O my body! thou must be punished,
And have thy purgatory, like the soul.
Unless thou hast it here upon earth,
Thou must have it in hell:
For nothing that is impure,
Shall enter into heaven.
There are but these two places,
That thou canst have it in.
Rejoice, O my soul, for thy enemy is low.
He is not in a condition to hurt thee.

O my God!
I deserve indeed to be sick,
Since I have so abused my health.
O how much I am indebted to You,
For having thus afflicted me!
Since You spare me not at present,
You will spare me in eternity.
Since You chastise me during life,
You will be gracious to me after death.
Oh! how glad I am to make my body,
A victim of love and suffering!
There is no sacrifice more pleasing,
To Your eyes, than that of patience.

My son, in thy sickness, &c.

Thirteenth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On flying from occasions of sin and bad company.

Be not a friend with an angry man, and do not walk with a furious man, lest perhaps thou learn his ways.—*Prov.* xxii. 24.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled with it, and he that hath fellowship with the proud, shall put on pride.—*Ecclus.* xiii. 1.

He that loveth danger shall perish in it.—*Ecclus.* iii. 27.

As if a bird should make haste to the snare, and knoweth not that his life is in danger.—*Prov.* vii. 23.

My danger is in my hands.—*Esther* xiv. 4.

It is but folly to hide yourself.
The company you keep betrays you.
Everyone is pleased with his like.
You are like to those you frequent.
If you frequent bad company,
You may be reckoned as leading an ill-life:
Or that you will at least soon resemble,
The persons with whom you mingle.

Good example makes virtuous people.
Bad example makes bad people.
Ignorance and bashfulness,
Are the two bulwarks of innocence.
We would be ignorant of many crimes,
Had not we seen them committed.
We would have a horror of sin,
If nobody had taught it.
Example ennobles a crime:

It makes it just and lawful.
It gives it authority.
It makes a necessity of it.
We are ashamed to be innocent,
In the presence of the guilty.
We do not blush at a sin,
When example has sanctioned it.
It is foolish to hope to be good among the bad.

An evil is easily contracted.
Nature has a leaning thereunto.
She imitates what she sees done.
She desires what is forbidden her.
We are not healthy, by being with the healthy,
But we fall sick, by being with the sick.

The heart of man is perverse.
He seeks the knowledge of good and evil,
Above all fruits of the earthly paradise.
You associate with those who please you:
Do not be pleased with the wicked,
And you will not be wicked yourself.

Be not a friend, &c.

Thirteenth Thursday after Pentecost.

On the same subject.

Depart from the tents of these wicked men, and touch nothing that belongs to them, lest you be involved in their sins.—*Matt.* v. 29.

We charge you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you withdraw yourselves from every brother walking disorderly.—2 *Thess.* iii. 6.

Flee, save your lives.—*Jer.* xlviii. 6.

Pride goeth before destruction, and the spirit is lifted up before a fall.—*Prov.* xvi. 18.

In my abundance I said: I shall never be moved. Thou turnest away Thy face from me, and I became troubled.—*Ps.* xxix. 7.

Go down into hell,
Look upon those execrable victims.
Hearken to their lamentable cries.
Ask the cause of their disaster.
There is not a reprobate of them all,
Who will not, with many tears tell you,
That it was example that ruined him.
That it was company that damned him.
We are willing to please those we love,
And you will never please the wicked,
Unless you be wicked as they are.

Oh, but you do no harm, say you.
You always remain a sheep,
Although you live among wolves.
You preserve the sweetness of the waters,

In the midst of a brackish sea.
You breathe a harmless air,
In a house infected with the plague.
And I say, that you are dead,
If you think that you are not sick.
Can you without sin, love occasions ?
Is not scandal a very great evil ?
Who can believe you to be chaste,
With people that are not ?
At least you will not be long so.

Example is a bad master :
You will soon learn to do, what you see.
Occasion will draw you to it.
Company will drag you towards it.
The temptation will increase.
Fear will diminish.
Grace will grow weaker.
Shame will be blotted out.
Nature will yield.
A habit will be established.
The will becomes hardened.
This is the progress of iniquity.
This is the road of impenitence.
This is the end of impiety.

O Christian soul !
Hasten from occasions, fly from bad company.
Love not those whom you ought not to imitate.
Please not those, who displease God.
Leave those, who leave God.
Fly away from contagious persons.
You have grace enough to keep away.

Grace enough to retire from them.
But will you have it, if you remain ?
Is it not a sin of presumption,
To promise yourself grace in the occasion ?
At least it will be very weak,
And your enemy will be very strong.
He is a dog in a chain ;
When we come near, he bites us.
He waits for us in the occasion.
If you go there, O rash soul,
You will yield to that temptation.
He that loves danger, shall perish in it.

Depart from the tents, &c.

Thirteenth Friday after Pentecost.

On purity of body.

The disciple whom Jesus loved.—*John* xxi. 20.

These are they who are not defiled with women, for they are virgins.—*Apoc.* xiv. 4.

Incorruption bringeth near to God.—*Wisd.* vi. 20.

In the resurrection they shall neither marry, nor be given in marriage ; but shall be as the angels of God in heaven.—*Matt.* xxii. 30.

Therefore God gave them up to the desires of their hearts to uncleanness, to dishonour their own bodies among themselves.—*Rom.* i. 24.

For this cause God hath delivered them up to shameless affections.—*Rom.* i. 26.

Jesus loves those that are virgins.
Jesus chose a virgin mother.

Jesus cherished a virgin disciple.
Jesus in heaven is followed by virgins.

If I am a virgin, I am more than an angel.
I resemble God.
I am the spouse of Christ.
I am the handmaid of Christ.
I shall have a garland in heaven.
I shall have more right to resurrection.

Virginity is a great treasure,
But hard to preserve.
We must be humble to be chaste.
God humbles the proud.
He lets them fall into infamous sins.
He punishes the soul by the body.
He covers those with shame and confusion,
Who have not submission.

No man can command,
Who knows not how to obey.
No man can be a master,
If he never learnt to be a subject.
The body obeys an obedient spirit.
It is rebellious to a rebellious spirit.
It is submissive to a submissive spirit.
He that does not obey his superior,
Loses his empire over his inferior.
He that does not mortify his senses,
Becomes a slave to his body.
Watch over yourself, and pray.
Fly from occasions, or else you will perish.

O my God, how I dread pride,
Since it casts one into impurity!
How I love obedience,
Since it preserves innocence!
I will be very humble,
That I may be very chaste.
I will obey my superiors,
That I may be obeyed by my inferiors.
O rather let me fall into hell,
Than let me fall into impurity.

The disciple whom, &c.

Thirteenth Saturday after Pentecost.

On zeal for the glory of God.

There is no one found to return, and give glory to God, but this stranger.—*Luke* xvii. 18.

I have created him for My glory: I have formed him and made him.—*Isa.* xliii. 7.

With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of hosts.—3 *Kings* xix. 10.

I seek not My own glory: there is One that seeketh and judgeth.—*John* viii. 50.

They loved the glory of men, more than the glory of God.—*John* xii. 43.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.—*Matt.* vi. 9.

Glory belongs to God.
He gives us all His goods except that.

It is the only thing He accepts from us.
He gives us treasures, we give Him glory.
It is an honour to give something to God.
He honours those who honour Him.
He glorifies those who glorify Him.
Who have zeal for His glory.

We are in the world to glorify God.
For that He gives us life and preserves it.
He wishes us to know and to love Him.
To make Him known and loved by all.
God does everything for His glory.
What honour to work for the same as God !
What injustice to refuse His lawful right !

The heavens are telling the glory of God.
The sun, moon, stars proclaim it.
The birds of the air sing His praises.
The fishes of the deep honour Him.
The beasts of the earth make Him known.
All creatures display His glory.
And will you instead of glorifying Him,
Injure and outrage Him ?
Will you insolently rob Him of it ?
You are more proud than Lucifer.

Glorify God for this beautiful world.
Be the interpreter of all creatures,
Through whom they bless their Creator.
Give Him homage and praise Him,
In the name of beings who know Him not.
Supply for men who love Him not.

For sinners who dishonour Him.
For the damned who blaspheme Him.
For the devils who curse Him.
Praise God in the name of the angels:
Of the blessed in heaven: of the just on earth.

Give Him thanks for good and evil.
In your afflictions proclaim that He is good.
Be not of those who bless Him for goods,
And murmur at evils.
Bless Him at all times: mostly in adversity.
It is the greatest glory that you can give to Him.

There is no one, &c.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* vi. 24-33.

On the service we owe to God.

The Lord your God He is the God of gods, and the Lord of lords, a great God and mighty, and terrible.—*Deut.* x. 17.

If then I be a father, where is My honour? and if I be a master, where is My fear? saith the Lord of hosts.—*Mal.* i. 6.

The Lord His name is Jealous: He is a jealous God.—*Exod.* xxxiv. 14.

Woe to them that are of a double heart, and to the sinner that goeth on the earth two ways.—*Ecclus.* ii. 14.

A body has only one head.
A kingdom, only one king.
A wife, only one husband.

A man, only one master,
Or he will love one, and hate the other.
You cannot then serve God and the world :
Jesus and Satan.
If you love the world, you must hate Jesus.
If you love Jesus, you must be all His.
He will suffer no division.
He has a horror of a divided heart.
He will have all or nothing.

You have no other master but Jesus.
He created you, bought you with His blood.
He is infinitely beautiful, rich :
He is liberal, perfect, amiable.
He has given you countless blessings,
And promises you more after death.
Can He not claim your love and service ?
You must then keep His commandments.
Detach your heart from creatures,
For the heart cannot serve two masters.

If you belong not to Jesus,
You must serve Satan :
A barbarous tyrant, a hideous monster :
A cruel and bloodthirsty master.
He is your bitterest enemy in the world.
To whom will you belong ?
Pilate was horrified at the Jews,
Who preferred Barrabas to Jesus.
Will you in His place choose Satan,
A thief, a homicide, a rebel ?
This you do in preferring a creature to Him.

To whom, says He, have you compared Me?
Whom have you preferred before Me?

The Lord your God, &c.

Fourteenth Monday after Pentecost.

On the same subject.

A heart that goes two ways shall not have success: and the perverse of heart shall be scandalized therein.—*Ecclus.* iii. 28.

Whom will you that I release to you, Barabbas, or Jesus who is called Christ?—*Matt.* xxvii. 17.

Then they all cried again, saying: Not this man, but Barabbas.—*John* xviii. 40.

I have brought up children, and exalted them: but they have despised Me.—*Isa.* i. 2.

How happy are the servants of God!
Their heart is always content.
They enjoy peace beyond expression.
They serve a master, just and reasonable:
All whose commands are for their good.
He is content with their intention,
When they are not able to do more.
He treats them as children:
Lets them eat at His table:
Lets them want for nothing:
Defends them in their combats:
Instructs them in their doubts:
Consoles them in their troubles:
Assists them in their necessities:

Loves them so tenderly,
That He gives His life for them.

How wretched are the devil's servants!
They have no peace, no rest in life,
And can never have it after death.
They are slaves to their passions,
Cross masters, never contented.
They are full of fears and desires:
At war with God, man, and themselves.
There is no peace for the wicked.
If they say they have it, believe them not.
Who can have rest, with God as an enemy?
Who can have peace, if at war with Him?

Alas, my soul!
Will you always be miserable?
Will you not learn from experience,
That displeasing God brings no pleasure?
Is He not thy Father, King, Master?
What gain you in the service of the devil?
What ingratitude, injustice, perfidy,
To give yourself to His enemy!
What blindness to prefer Satan,
The most detestable of all creatures,
Who loves you not, nor can do you good,
To God your lawful Prince,
Who loves you, gives you blessings,
And would make you eternally happy.
Which will you have, Jesus or Barabbas?
God or Satan?

O Jesus, my Lord!
I will have no other master but You.
You shall for ever be king of my heart,
And the object of all my affections.
Let the ambitious choose Cæsar,
Let the avaricious choose gold,
Let the voluptuous choose pleasure,
But I shall for ever proclaim,
That Jesus is my King, my God, my Master:
That I have no other Lord but Him:
That I wish to be eternally His.

A heart that goes, &c.

Fourteenth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the obligations we are under to love and serve God.

Thou art My servant: I have chosen thee, and have not cast thee away.—*Isa.* xli. 9.

I am Thine.—*Ps.* cxviii. 94.

Whether we live, or whether we die, we are the Lord's.—*Rom.* xiv. 8.

You are not your own, for you are bought with a great price.—2 *Cor.* vi. 19.

O Lord, I am Thy servant: I am Thy servant; and the son of Thy handmaid.—*Ps.* cxv. 16.

Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and shalt serve Him only.—*Deut.* vi. 13.

I must love God and serve Him,
Since God is the first of all beings.

Since He hath framed me with His hands.
Since He hath made me to love Him.
Since He hath drawn me out of hell.
Since He hath given His life for me.
Since He hath redeemed me with His blood.
Since He feeds me with His own flesh.
Since He quickens me with His Spirit.
Since He promises me His heaven.
Since He hath loved me from all eternity.
Since He hath given me infinite benefits.
Since He hath pardoned me infinite sins.
Since He gives Himself wholly to me.
Since I belong wholly to Him.
Since I exist only by His favour.
Since He burns with love for me.
Since all His desire is,
To make me as happy as He is Himself.

The world is a cheat : its goods vanish.
Its greatness is smoke : its joys false.
It rewards its servants,
With continued bitterness in life,
And endless torments after death.
No master is better than God.
None more cruel than the devil.

Oh, I will love Him with all my heart.
I will never serve any other master.
I will do His will,
And sacrifice myself to His glory.
O my God!
Let me cease to live, unless I live for You.

Destroy my being, unless I am Yours.
Thwart my desires if I desire else but You.
Send me pain and misery,
If I seek any other but You.
I will serve You because I love You.
I seek for no other reward,
Than the honour of serving You.

Other creatures serve me,
Shall I not serve You ?
Other creatures are sacrificed for me,
Shall I not sacrifice myself for You ?
They gain nothing by serving me,
No one can serve You without reward.
The less it is sought, the more it is found.
What difficulty is there in serving You ?

Thou art My servant, &c.

Fourteenth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On love of riches.

Labour not to be rich : but set bounds to thy prudence.—*Prov.* xxiii. 4.

Trust not in iniquity, and covet not robberies : if riches abound set not your heart upon them.—*Ps.* lxi. 4.

He that maketh haste to grow rich, shall not be innocent.—*Prov.* xxviii. 20.

They who would become rich, fall into temptation, and into the snare of the devil.—1 *Tim.* vi. 9.

Nothing is more wicked than a covetous man, for such a one setteth even his own soul to sale.—*Ecclus.* x. 9.

How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God? for it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.—*Luke* xviii. 24.

If you desire the goods of the earth,
You will lose the goods of heaven.

The avaricious man loses his faith.
He has sentiments contrary to the gospel.
He esteems the rich happy,
And esteems the poor miserable.
Faith combats his passion,
And his passion combats faith.
He cannot preserve both one and the other.
If therefore he will preserve his faith,
He must renounce his passion.

The avaricious man loses his hope ;
For who can hope for what he believes not.

The covetous man contemns eternal goods.
He esteems only temporal ones.
He does nothing to gain heaven.
He labours only for the earth.
He never prays to God.
He expects no good from Him.
He gives no alms.
He has an insatiable desire.
He is an idolater of money.
He sacrifices his thoughts to it.
He makes it his last end.
He elevates it above God.
He adores it as his happiness.
He places all his hopes on it.

The avaricious man loses charity.
His heart is where his treasure is.
No man can serve two masters:
Nor love God and money.
Avarice takes up the whole heart:
It will endure no division thereof.
Great injustices must be committed,
In order to make great gains.
He that is determined to grow rich,
Takes all that he can take.
Nature contents herself with little,
But passion has no bounds.
He steals without measure,
Who desires without moderation.
Lawful gains are slow.
They follow the course of nature.
Great profits are great robberies.

Great profits, usually, are great injustices.
How can a miser be saved?
With neither faith, hope, nor charity.

Labour not to be rich, &c.

Fourteenth Thursday after Pentecost.

On the misery of riches.

The rich man when he shall sleep, shall take away nothing with him: he shall open his eyes and find nothing.—*Job* xxvii. 19.

The senseless and the fool shall perish together: and they shall leave their riches to strangers.—*Ps.* xlviii. 11.

Riches shall not profit in the day of revenge.—*Prov.* xi. 4.

Gold is a stumbling block to them that sacrifice to it: woe, to them that eagerly follow after it.—*Ecclus.* xxxi. 7.

Go to, now, ye rich men: weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.—*James* v. 1.

Without good works, without penance,
There is no salvation.
An avaricious man makes men poor,
But he assists no one.
His labours produce misery,
But he draws no one from misery.

How can a covetous man be saved?
He does not acknowledge his sin.
He does no penance for it.

He never will make any resolution.
That which is easily taken,
Is with great difficulty restored.
Stolen things are sweeter,
Than those whose use is permitted.
All passions contribute to theft.
They all fight in defence of it.

Are you rich, or do you desire to be?
If you are, it is harder to reach heaven,
Than for a camel to go through a needle.
If you wish to be, you will fall,
Into temptation and into hell.

O my God!
Let me not be tormented for earthly goods.
You know where my treasure is.
Shall I be damned for what I must leave?
We brought nothing into the world,
We shall certainly take nothing out of it.

Happy is he who contents himself with God,
And who places all his confidence in Him.
Gold and silver are the gods of the Gentiles,
But the God of heaven is mine.
It is in Him I trust, for Him I work.
On Him I rest.
I shall not be rich, unless I am contented:
I shall not be contented, if I am rich.
To serve and love You is to be contented.
All else is illusion and deceit.

Fourteenth Friday after Pentecost.

On confidence in God for the necessaries of life.

Who giveth to the beasts their food; and to the young ravens that call upon Him.—*Ps.* cxlvi. 9.

The eyes of all hope in Thee, O Lord: and Thou givest them meat in due season.—*Ps.* cxliv. 15.

Casting all your solicitude upon Him: for He hath care of you.—1 *Peter* v. 7.

They spoke ill of God: they said: Can God furnish a table in the wilderness? . . . Can He also give bread?—*Ps.* lxxvii. 19.

Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall not suffer the just to waver for ever.—*Ps.* liv. 23.

The Lord ruleth me, and I shall want for nothing.—*Ps.* xxii. 1.

What man is there among you, of whom if his son ask bread, will he reach him a stone?—*Matt.* vii. 9.

Let not necessaries of life disturb you.
God knows what you need.
He is able to grant you anything.
He is not so hard as to refuse it.
A father clothes and feeds his children,
Will he give them a stone for bread?
You believe God will give you eternal life,
Why doubt His giving temporal goods?
If you believe that He gives His kingdom,
Why doubt that He will give you bread?

Jesus forbids this anxiety.
The soul is of more value than food.

The body is worth more than its covering.
He who gave you a soul,
Will not refuse food for the body.
He who gave you a body,
Will not refuse clothing for it.
The birds of the air do not sow,
The lilies of the field do not spin,
Yet God provides for them.
And He is not a father to them.
He made birds and plants for His children.
Will He have a care for them,
And refuse His children necessaries?

How useless to strive to amass goods!
You cannot add to your stature.
So you cannot increase your fortune,
Unless God gives His blessing to it.
Pagans, who believe not in God,
Might be anxious about business,
But Christians, with a Father in heaven,
Ought not to worry over earthly goods.

He gives to whom He pleases,
His treasures of nature and grace.
He imposes one condition:
Seek first the Kingdom of God,
And all these things shall be added.
Honour God, and He will honour you.
Do His business, and He will do yours.
Give Him what He asks from you,
And He will give you what you ask Him.
Seek spirituals, if you want temporals.

Do His will in all things,
And He will not fail to do yours.

O Christian!
Why do you complain?
You are the cause of your own misery.
You are wicked, yet expect God to do you good.
You obey Him not, yet want Him to obey you.
You make war on Him,
Yet expect Him to load you with favours.

Who giveth to the beasts, &c.

Fourteenth Saturday after Pentecost.

On the end of man.

Lord, make me know my end, that I may know what is wanting to me.—*Ps.* xxxviii. 5.

I have created him for My glory, I have framed him and made him.—*Isa.* xliii. 7.

I am the beginning and the end.—*Apoc.* i. 8.

I have brought up children and exalted them, but they have despised Me.—*Isa.* i. 2.

The Lord hath made all things for Himself.—*Prov.* xvi. 4.

I came from God, I belong to God.
I exist only in God.
I live only to serve God.
As I can only be from God,
I can only be for God.
To be in the world is not necessary,

But supposing that I am therein,
I must be all God's.

All things speak to me of God.
All things draw me to God.
All things make me know God.
All things tell me,
That I deserve not to live,
Unless I live for God.
That I cannot serve two masters.
That I must be God's or the devil's.

What an honour to belong to God!
To serve so great a master!
How rich is he who possesses God!
My soul!
Where are you? Whom seek you?
Are you not a creature of God?
Has He not given you being?
Are you not here to serve, and love Him?
Why do you ignore Him? Why offend Him?
Why serve the devil, His enemy?
And do everything but what you should do!

O my God!
How strangely blind I have been!
How shamefully I have wandered.
My life is passing away,
And I have not yet begun my work.
I have lived for myself, not for You.
I have sought my own glory,
My own pleasure, my own satisfaction.

I have made myself my end.
What impiety, ingratitude, injustice!

Pardon me, O God!
Henceforth I will be entirely Yours.
I will only live for You.
I will serve no other master:
Desire nothing but You:
Love You in all things:
Love all things in You, and for You.

Lord, make me know, &c.

Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Luke* vii. 11-16.

On raising the widow's son.

Everyone that shall touch it, shall be holy.—*Exod.* xxix. 37.

The hand of the Lord hath touched me.—*Job* xix. 21.

Rise, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ will enlighten thee.—*Ephes.* v. 14.

By reason of the misery of the needy, and the groans of the poor, now will I arise, saith the Lord.—*Ps.* xi. 6.

Woman, why weepest thou?—*John* xx. 13.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more.—*Apoc.* xxi. 4.

Jesus met men carrying a corpse.
He touched the bier and gave life.
The devils have borne your dead soul,
And were carrying it to hell,

If your mother Mary had not wept,
And moved the heart of Jesus,
To give you life again.
He has given you to her by gift,
If you are hers by no other title.

How can I thank you, Holy Virgin!
How I have made you shed tears!
How often have you snatched me from hell,
And restored the life I had lost.
Lord, have pity on me,
I am the son of Your handmaid.
Since You have given me to Your mother,
I am assured that You will save me.
I trust that, touched by her tears,
You will give me a life of glory,
As through her I have a life of grace.

The corpse was on the car of death.
At the touch of Jesus it quickened with life.
When Jesus touches your soul and body,
Puts His heart on yours in communion,
Ought He not to animate and stimulate it?

If this young man had insulted Jesus,
Plotted with enemies against Him,
Would he not be held in execration,
As the greatest monster on earth
Yet you do this every day.
After Jesus gives you life in confession,
Touches you in holy communion,
You outrage and crucify Him in your heart.

Young man, I say to thee, arise.
At once he arose and spoke.
You are dead in a lethargic stupor.
Do you arise at the voice of Jesus?
Often He bids you arise to work:
To sing the praises of God.
To leave sin: to change your life.
But you remain deaf and senseless,
In a state of languor worse than death.

Jesus said to the mother: Weep not.
Sweet words to all on the road of the cross.
Weep not, I have sent this sorrow.
Weep not, I send it for your good.
Weep not, I am proving your fidelity.
Weep not, I am drawing you to Myself.
Weep not, but look at the crown.
Weep not, for I shall deliver you.

O Jesus, my Lord!
Say to my soul: weep not,
And my tears will pass away.
Why do you leave me in trouble and pain?
Why have you abandoned me?
Is it because I have offended You?
Abused Your grace? Committed great sins?
O Jesus, I take comfort when I think,
That You obtain glory by my sufferings.
That I am a victim that is immolated,
To Your greatness, Your justice, Your love.
It is my joy to suffer and die for You.

Fifteenth Monday after Pentecost.

On death.

Behold the days of thy death are nigh.—*Deut.* xxxi. 14.

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that hath peace in his possessions.—*Ecclus.* xli. 1.

Man knoweth not his end.—*Ecclus.* ix. 12.

It is appointed for men once to die.—*Heb.* ix. 27.

Be you also ready, because in the hour that you think not of, the Son of Man will come.—*Luke* xii. 40.

Take order with thy house, for thou shalt die.—*Isa.* xxxviii. 1.

You must die once : you will die but once.
You know not when you shall die :
How you shall die : where you shall die :
In what state you shall die.
You will die sooner than you imagine,
And unless you take heed,
You will die before you think of it.

As is the life, such is the death.
You cannot learn in a moment,
A trade which you never practised.
Nor can you unlearn in a moment,
A trade you constantly work at.
Can you love God and hate sin,
In the moment of dying,
When you have not learnt it in life ?

After death you will be judged.
After judgment you will be in eternity.

What would you then wish to have done?
What benefit will these goods be to you,
Which you have scraped together?
They are left at the gate of eternity:
Your glory ends at the grave:
Your pleasures turn into bitterness.
Only good deeds and ill-deeds remain.
The good for reward, the ill for punishment.

O Death! Judgment! Salvation! Damnation!
I am a dead man, unless I think of death,
I am a mad man, unless I think of eternity.
I deserve not to be saved,
Unless I fear to be damned.
Behold the days of thy death, &c.

Fifteenth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the necessity of preparing for death.

Remember that death is not slow.—*Ecclus.* xiv. 12.

Watch ye, therefore, because ye know not the day nor the hour.—*Matt.* xxv. 13.

Watch ye, therefore, praying at all times.—*Luke* xxi. 36.

If then thou shalt not watch, I will come to thee like a thief.—*Apoc.* iii. 3.

Wherefore be you also ready; because at what hour you know not, the Son of Man will come.—*Matt.* xxiv. 44.

Are you ready to die?
Are your affairs in order?
What business is greater than salvation?

Can you escape death?
What may come any day, may come to-day.
You think only of living,
You never think of dying.
You work only for time,
You do nothing for eternity.
Small things need small care.
Great things need great care.
    It is too late to think of death,
    When it is time to die.
    Too late to prepare for judgment,
    When you are being judged.

Everyone learns his business.
The business of all is to be saved.
It needs no study to learn to die,
But much to learn to die well.
You cannot do well what you do only once.
To die once well, you must die often.

Is life too long to prepare for death?
Is time too long to think of eternity?
Can you then love God, and hate sin,
If in life you hate God, and love sin?
Acts are made easy by habits.
If you are not accustomed to death,
You will have much difficulty in dying.

Death comes once only.
A mistake then is irreparable.
Judgment follows death: eternity, judgment.
Is your account ready?

What will you answer to God?
Is it the time to learn to fight,
When the enemy is at your gate?
Is it the time to fortify a city,
When it is besieged on all sides?

Watch, or you will be surprised.
He who is surprised by death,
Will be damned.
Learn that business that must be done.
That it is important to do well.
That you can only do once.
Where it is so fatal to fail.
Where there is no repairing a fault.

Trust not to time: it is a rotten reed.
Trust not to health: it is brittle ice.
Death is nearest, when it seems farthest.
Many are cut off suddenly: why not you?

O my God!
I thank You for giving me time.
Where should I be if you had surprised me?
Where should I be if I died to-day?
I will henceforth be on my guard;
Since my path is full of snares.
To die well one day,
I will die every day of my life.
To die well once, I will die often.

Remember that death, &c.

Fifteenth Wednesday after Pentecost.

How to prepare for death.

Better is death than a bitter life : and everlasting rest than continual sickness.—*Ecclus.* xxx. 17.

O death, thy sentence is welcome to the man that is in need, and to him whose strength faileth.—*Ecclus.* xli. 3.

Fear not the judgment of death ; remember what things have been before thee : and what shall come after thee, this sentence is from the Lord upon all flesh.—*Ecclus.* xli. 5.

We know that if our earthly house of this habitation be dissolved, that we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in heaven.—2 *Cor.* v. i.

Unhappy man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death.—*Rom.* vii. 24.

What do you fear, O Christian soul ?
Why do you dread death ?
Cannot you endure what an infant endures ?
Cannot you do that which an ant does ?

All creatures know how to die.
Are you ignorant of this science ?
What will you do with life,
If you will never part with it ?
Was it not God that gave it to you ?
He has given you the use of it,
But reserves the ownership to Himself.
It is a trust that you must restore to Him,
Sooner or later, in good condition.

To what purpose do you stand trifling ?
You must pass that way.

It is folly to fear too much,
What you cannot avoid.
We fear things that are doubtful,
But we expect things that are certain.
You should not have been born,
If you had no intention of dying.

Are you in a better condition than kings?
More privileged than Jesus Christ?
For my part, were I immortal,
I would beg it as a favour,
To be able to die, as He did.

Are you not a criminal?
Are you not condemned to death?
The sentence thereof, was pronounced,
Against Adam, from the time that he sinned.
How favourable is this sentence!
How much good does it procure us!
Death is no more a punishment.
It is an inestimable benefit.
We should ask it as a favour,
If God had not condemned us to it.

The judgments of God are terrible,
But His mercies are infinite.
It is good to fear, it is better to hope.
He that hopes in God,
Shall not be deceived.
He that leaves himself to God,
Shall not be forsaken.

Will your condition be made better,
By living yet longer?
You will increase your debts,
Instead of diminishing them.
You say, that you will do penance,
And you are yet to begin.
It is a penance of great merit,
To accept of death as a punishment.
Man can do no action for God,
Comparable to the sacrifice of his life.

O my God!
How happy do I esteem myself,
That it is in my power to die for You.
I cannot be a martyr for the faith,
But I will be a martyr of charity.
To die is no great matter,
But to die well is a great matter.
I give to You, O my God, out of love,
What death will take from me by force.
I give to You out of charity,
What I cannot refuse out of necessity.

Better is death, &c.

Fifteenth Thursday after Pentecost.

The affections of a just soul at the approach of death, which should be read in the last sickness.

I rejoiced in the things that were said to me, we shall go into the house of the Lord.—*Ps.* cxxi. 1.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.—*Apoc.* xiv. 13.

Blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.—*Apoc.* xix. 9.

In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped: let me never be confounded.—*Ps.* xxx. 1.

What have I in heaven? and besides Thee, what do I desire on earth? My flesh and my heart have fainted away. Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion for ever.—*Ps.* lxxii. 25.

I am straitened between two; having a desire to be dissolved, and be with Christ, being by much the better.—*Phil.* i. 23.

One thing have I asked, this I will seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.—*Ps.* xxvi. 4.

How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O God of hosts, my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.—*Ps.* lxxxiii. 1.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, O Lord, they shall praise Thee for ever and ever.—*Ps.* lxxxiii. 5.

(All this Psalm is full of sweet thoughts, to excite in a sick person a desire of heaven.)

If Thou wilt mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand it?—*Ps.* cxxvi. 3.

Because with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him plentiful redemption.—*Ps.* cxxvi. 7.

I am told that I must die,
O sweet and pleasant news!

I am quitting earth to go to heaven.
Going out of my prison to gain liberty.
Quitting exile to return to my dear country.
Passing from time to eternity.
From change to immutability.
From death to immortality.
From misery to felicity.

I am going to possess God.
To enjoy God.
To be transformed into God.
To fill my intellect with fulness of light.
My will with fulness of peace.
My memory with fulness of goods.
My senses with fulness of pleasures.
I shall there find all that I desire,
And nothing of what I fear.
I shall have no more evil.
I shall be in want of nothing that is good.
God will be to me all in all,
And be so for all eternity.

I am told that I am dying,
O sweet news!
I shall endure no more miseries.
Suffer no more inconveniences.
Be no more afflicted with sickness.
No longer liable to commit sin;
Nor in danger of damning myself:
Nor have ought any more to trouble me.
I shall see, and I shall love:
I shall praise, and I shall bless.

This I shall do for ever,
Without ever being weary of doing it.

O what a happiness!
I am going to die!
I am going to the place of my rest.
To the land of the living:
To the kingdom of peace:
To the palace of glory:
To the nuptials of the Lamb:
To sit at God's table:
To eat the bread of angels:
To see what eye hath not seen:
To hear what ear hath not heard:
To enjoy what heart hath never conceived.

O happy news!
They tell me I am dying.
Come, my soul! quit this miserable life.
Let us go out of this wretched body.
What art thou afraid of?
Jesus has died for thee.
He has satisfied for thy sins.
He has paid all thy debts.
He has become thy security.
He has answered for thee.
He has promised thee His heaven.
He has declared thee His heir.
He has surrendered thee all His merits.
He has given thee His body, as a pledge.
He has given thee infinite benefits.
He has saved thee from infinite dangers.
If He would have destroyed thee,

Would He have died for thee?
Would He have preserved thy life so long?
Have waited for thee with such patience?
Given thee time to do penance?
Have illuminated thee with so many lights?
Called thee with so much love?
Drawn thee with so much force?
Favoured thee with so many graces?
Given thee so many good desires?
Visited thee in thy sickness?
Made thee receive His Sacraments?
Signed thee as one of the predestined?

If thou hast sorrow, thou shalt be saved.
If thou art converted in thy heart,
Thy sins shall be forgiven thee.
One sigh is sufficient to gain heaven.
True penance is never too late.
He is always converted in time enough,
Who is converted from the bottom of his heart.

Behold, Jesus calls you.
Behold Jesus holds out His arms to you.
Hark, how He prays for you on the cross.
Hark, how He says, with a loud voice:
Father, forgive him, he knew not what he did.
He bows down His head to kiss you.
He spreads His arms to embrace you.
His heart is open to let you in.
He has given His life to save you.

O happy news!
They say I am to die!
Come! I am content.

I willingly resign up my life.
I give it back to Him that gave it to me.
I remit my spirit into His hands.
I commend unto Him my body and my soul.
I am sorry that I have offended Him.
I accept of death as a satisfaction.
I believe all that He has revealed.
I hope for all that He has promised.
I give Him all that I possess.

I will die for His glory.
I will die for His sake.
I will die in gratitude.
I will die for justice sake.
I will die because He died.
I will die for Him, as He died for me.
I will die that I may see Him.
I will die that I may love Him.
I will die that I may bless Him,
And sing His praises for all eternity.

O Father of mercy!
Behold a prodigal child,
Who has wasted all Your goods,
Who has spent his life in debauchery,
Who now returns to Your house,
And who most humbly begs Your pardon.
Alas! I have lived without reason,
Since I have had the use of reason.
I have done nothing but evil,
Since I knew what was good.
My Father! I have sinned
Against heaven, and against You.

I deserve not to bear the name of Your child.
I am not worthy to enter into Your house.
But have You ceased to be a Father,
Because I have ceased to be Your child?
Have You lost Your goodness,
Because I have lost my innocence?
Are You no longer a Father of Mercy,
Because I am become a child of misery?
O my Father! O best of all Fathers!
Have pity on Your most wretched child.
I was lost, and I am now found again.
I was dead, and I am risen again.
I was gone far from You, and now,
I am here ready to appear before You.
O my Father! come and meet Your child.
Give him a kiss of peace.
Forgive him his offences.
Clothe him with a nuptial robe.
Receive him into Your house.
Give him a place at Your feast.

O Jesus!
The physician of the poor sick.
The comforter of the poor afflicted.
The hope of poor sinners.
Here I am before You without strength,
Without motion, without speech:
But my heart says inwardly,
Come, O my Jesus, come quickly.
Take my soul out of this prison.
Recall me out of this exile.

Lead me to my dear country.
Behold, the just are expecting me there.
My friends hold out their arms to me.
How beautiful are Your tabernacles!
How admirable is Your palace!
How contented shall I be in heaven!
How happy shall I be in Your company!
I die with a desire of being dissolved.
Come, dear Saviour, let me languish no longer.

O holy Mother of God!
Who didst see thy Son dying;
Lo, here thy child is sick!
Forsake him not in this extremity.
Come, and receive his spirit,
And defend him from his enemies.

O ye Angels of heaven!
Come down upon earth to help me.
Make a guard round about me.
Drive away from me the infernal lion.
Preserve me even unto my death.
Having saved me from so many shipwrecks,
Suffer me not to perish in the haven.

Come, let us go to heaven.
Let us go to Paradise.
My heart is ready,
O my God, my heart is ready.
It is ready to stay here on earth.
It is ready to go home.
It is ready to live.

It is ready to die.
Thy will be done.
I commend my body and soul to You.
I rejoiced in the things, &c.

Fifteenth Friday after Pentecost.

A paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer, for the comfort of the sick.

Our Father.

I believe, O my God, that You are my Father, who have given me the life of my soul and body to serve and love You: and which you have repaired by the death of Your Son, after I had miserably lost it by my sin. You are the Father of all men, and hence of the most miserable of all men, whom You see here extended on this bed. O how glad am I, that I have such a Father! so good, so wise, so holy, so powerful. I hope that since You have given me temporal life, You will also mercifully give me an eternal one. O my Father, I give back unto You the life which You have given me! I am sorry, that I have employed it so ill; and that I have used it to offend You. My Father! I have sinned against heaven and against You; I am not worthy to be Your child: but receive me, I beseech You, into the number of Your servants.

My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice of death and suffering pass from my mouth: and let me not drink it as yet. Yet let Your will be done and not mine.

My Father, glorify Your child, that Your child may glorify You : and since I have not honoured You upon earth, let me praise You eternally in heaven.

Who art in heaven.

Alas! You are in heaven, and I am yet upon earth : You are in a place of peace, and I am in a place of warfare : You are in heaven to reward me, and I am on earth to honour You. I hope, O my God, that I shall soon be with You in heaven : I hope so, through the merits of the precious Blood, which Your Son has shed for me. Oh, when will that day come? How tedious it is to live banished from Your presence! How the earth displeases me, when I lift up my eyes to heaven! O heaven! O heaven! What ought we not to do to gain thee? What ought not we to suffer to obtain thee? All that I endure is nothing in comparison with what I hope for.

Hallowed be Thy name.

O admirable name of God! I came into this world to sanctify thee, and I have done nothing but profane thee. I came on earth to give glory to thee, and I have done nothing but dishonour thee. I have glorified my own name, instead of glorifying Yours. I have made known my own name, instead of making Yours known. I beg Your pardon for it, O God of glory and majesty : and since I have not honoured You during my life, I will honour You in my death. I die for Your glory, and to acknowledge the immortality of Your Being, by the destruction of mine. I wish I were

able to render You as much glory by my death, as Your beloved Son rendered You by His. Oh, why cannot I make You beloved by all hearts? O holy name of Jesus! Thou art all my hope. Whosoever shall call on thee, shall be saved. I call on thee with love, and with respect, suffer me not then to be damned.

THY KINGDOM COME.

My God! when will that time come? When will You reign absolutely in my heart? When shall I reign peaceably in Yours? Alas! I have not made You reign upon earth. I have all my life protested, that I had no other king but Cæsar. I have given up my heart, which is Your kingdom, to the power of the devil. I have let all Your enemies reign therein.

But my God! Through Your grace, I acknowledge my fault, and my perfidy, I confess that I have deserved death. I accept of it, with all my heart, in satisfaction for my sins. I hope that You will admit me into Your kingdom, although I have driven You out of mine.

O my God! how happy are those who dwell in Your house, for they shall praise You for ever and ever. Happy are those that serve You here on earth, for they shall reign with You in heaven.

Comfort thyself, O my soul! Behold the kingdom of God is at hand. Thou hast but one moment to suffer in, and thou shalt have an eternity to rejoice in. What ought not I to do to gain a crown! What ought not I to suffer to gain heaven!

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

My God! I feel great pains. My body is filled with sufferings. Death assails me on all sides. I cannot resist its assaults. It presents me my chalice to drink, which is very bitter. Is there no means to remove it from my mouth. Yet let Your will be done, and not mine.

My God! My soul is in its agony. My spirit is disturbed at the approach of death. It dreads this passage, and has difficulty in quitting its body. It would fain stay a little longer here upon earth, to redeem the time past, and repair the losses it has caused. Must it drink this chalice? Cannot it be dispensed from it? My God, let Your will be done, and not mine. Let me do it at my death, since I have not done it in my life.

O my God! If it were in my power not to die, I would beg death of You as a favour, that I might sacrifice to You what I hold dearest in the world, thereby to imitate Your Son; thereby to acknowledge His love, and to drink from His chalice.

Oh, I will be consummated on this bed of sorrow, and upon the altar of my cross, as a victim of Your greatness; as a victim of Your justice; as a victim of Your love; as a victim of Your grace; as a victim of Your glory.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

Happy is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God. I thank You, O merciful Father, for all the corporal and spiritual goods, that You have bestowed on

me during this life: and above all, for the bread of angels, which I have so often eaten, and with so little fruit. O bread of life! I am no longer afraid of death, since I have eaten thee in this my last sickness. I will march on, being fortified with this bread, till I come to the Mount Oreb, which is the clear sight of God.

O eternal Truth! You have promised and sworn, that he who shall eat Your body, and drink Your blood, shall live eternally. This is that which grounds my hope; this is that which disperses my fears. Since we have been united together in this life, I hope we shall not be parted asunder in the next.

O Jesus! Give me my bread this day. Strengthen me with Your graces, that I may accomplish the great journey to eternity, and that I may persevere to the end. Without this bread I shall faint, and shall never be able to reach heaven.

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THEM THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US.

Lord, the number of my sins is infinite. If You keep an account of our iniquities, Alas! who will be able to exist? I expect my salvation from Your grace solely, and not from Your justice. I can no longer do penance. I am no longer in a condition to pray or to fast. What shall I then do to appease Your justice, and to secure my salvation.

You have promised to forgive him that forgives: to shew mercy to him that shews it. I do with all my heart forgive those who have offended me: and I pray

You to forgive them, and not to lay to their charge the ill they have done me. Alas, they knew not what they did. Forgive me, O Lord, as I forgive them. Forget the evil that I have done to You, as I forget that which they have done to me.

And lead us not into temptation.

Now it is, O my God, that I stand in need of Your protection, and Your assistance. See how all my enemies surround me on all sides. The roaring lion is come out of hell to devour me: but if You are with me what need I fear? Although I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I shall fear nothing being in Your company. Although I were besieged by an army encamped round about me, my heart would not be astonished. Although all the devils of hell were ready to enter into deadly combat against me, I would not tremble, since You are with me, and You make me hope, that I shall have Your assistance.

Arise then, O God of hosts, come quickly to my succour. Send St. Michael with his troops to relieve me. You know my weakness: there is none greater in the world. Preserve me therefore, O my God, from temptation; at least suffer me not to yield unto temptation.

But deliver us from evil.

From evil of body, which I have so well deserved: from evil of soul, which I am threatened with. Deliver me from the greatest of all evils, which is that of eternity. This is the sole evil that I dread. I

accept of all the rest, that You shall think fit to send me. I am ready to go to purgatory to satisfy Your justice. But, O God of mercy, I conjure You by the precious blood of Your Son, and for the love that His holy mother bore Him, send me not into hell, where nobody praises You, nor loves You. Call me to heaven, where I shall see You, where I shall love You, where I shall praise You for all eternity. Amen.

Fifteenth Saturday after Pentecost.

Paraphrase on the Salve Regina, to implore the assistance of Our Lady.

HAIL! HOLY QUEEN, MOTHER OF MERCY.

Hail! Queen of heaven and earth, of angels and men, of the living and the dead. Hail! Mother of mercy, and therefore of the miserable. Since you are the mother of grace, you are the mother of the just: since you are the mother of mercy, you are the mother of sinners. This gives me confidence in coming to you, and a firm hope that you will hear my prayer. If you were a mother of justice, I should fear you; but what can I dread from a mother of mercy? or rather what ought I not to hope for? The Church has given you this beautiful title, because as your servant St. Bernard says: You open the abyss of mercy to whom you will, as much as you will, and in the manner you will, so that there is no sinner, however great his sins may be, who can perish if you deign to pray for him.

HAIL! OUR LIFE, OUR SWEETNESS, AND OUR HOPE.

Since you are the mother of God, you are also the mother of men: for in giving life to a God, you have given life to all men. You are then our mother who conceived us with your Son at Nazareth, and gave us life at the foot of the cross. We are your children, since you have procured for us a life of grace, and have adopted us on Calvary, in the person of St. John.

You are a mother of sweetness, not of severity. We have in God a Father of mercy, but we still needed a mother of mercy. It is to you, holy virgin, that this title is due. Since you bore in your womb for nine months Mercy itself, can we doubt but that you are penetrated with mercy?

This gives us courage and fills us with confidence, and this makes us call you, with the Church, all our hope, after your Son.

TO THEE DO WE CRY, POOR BANISHED CHILDREN OF EVE.

We, children of Eve, banished from paradise, cry out to you Through her we were lost; she has driven us out of the earthly paradise, and by a strange wonder she brought us death before she gave us life: but God has chosen you to make good the damages caused by this cruel mother. You heal those whom she has wounded: you save those whom she has damned. To thee do we send up our sighs.

MOURNING AND WEEPING IN THIS VALE OF TEARS.

Where we are laden with sins, hardened with miseries, separated from God, surrounded by demons, banished from our dear country, and in danger of perishing.

TURN THEN MOST GRACIOUS ADVOCATE THINE EYES OF MERCY TOWARDS US.

We have an advocate before the Father, your Son Jesus Christ, but we have need of an advocate before this advocate, because He is our Judge. It is you that God has chosen, and He has taken you up from earth to heaven, that you may intercede for us confidently to Him.

Cast upon me the eyes of your mercy, for you will not see anything more wretched, or more miserable. If you turn away your eyes from me it is all over with my salvation. But where is the sinner that can say that you despised him, when he has called upon you. O holy virgin, assist me in my last sickness.

AND AFTER THIS OUR EXILE SHOW UNTO US THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB, JESUS.

Let me see your ever-blessed Son. You are blessed among women. It is you who let the world see Him in the flesh, it is through you that I hope to see Him in glory.

O clement! O mother of goodness.
O loving! O mother of gentleness.
O sweet! O mother of sweetness.
O sacred Virgin Mary.

Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Luke* xiv. 1-11.

On the gospel.

Let your modesty be known to all men.—*Phil.* iv. 5.

Giving no offence to any one.—2 *Cor.* vi. 3.

Be ye also followers of me, as I also am of Christ.—1 *Cor.* xi. 1.

The eye of the covetous man is insatiable in his portion of iniquity.—*Ecclus.* xiv. 9.

Blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.—*Apoc.* xix. 9.

Jesus eats with the greatest sinners,
To seek a chance of doing them good.
They watched His actions and words,
Not to profit by them, but to carp at them.
What modesty and temperance,
When He sat with His bitter enemies!
They ever had their eyes on others.
The spiritual man looks at himself only,
To see if he imitates the virtues of Jesus.

Observe Jesus carefully.
He desires it, God commands it.
See how He prays: how He walks: how He eats:
How He works: how He suffers: how He speaks.
Imitate His fervour in praying:
His gravity in walking, modesty in eating;
His humility in speaking:
His gentleness in pardoning injuries:
Patience in suffering, obedience in dying.

Dropsy is a figure of avarice,
Cupidity, and self love.
Many have the malady and know it not
The symptoms are swelling and thirst.
Your heart is swollen and arrogant.
You are inflated and puffed up with pride.
You thirst for the esteem of the world,
For its goods, and the pleasures of sense.
What desires are in your heart!
What cares and troubles in your mind!
Surely you are dropsical.

And you, religious soul, are equally so.
You have some thirst for perfection:
But if it is joined to disquiet,
If you feel sadness,
Or what is worse, jealousy,
You have spiritual dropsy,
And need to be cured.
A soul filled with God, desires nothing.
He who shall desire anything,
Is not filled with God.

O my God!
What is there in heaven or earth but You,
The God of my heart, my portion for ever.

Let your modesty be known, &c.

Sixteenth Monday after Pentecost.

On the same gospel.

All the multitude sought to touch Him, for virtue went out from Him and healed all.—*Luke* vi. 19.

The greater thou art, humble thyself the more in all things, and thou shalt find grace before God; for great is the power of God above; and He is honoured by the humble.—*Ecclus.* iii. 20.

Blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.—*Apoc.* xix. 9.

When you are invited, take the last place.
We are invited to two nuptials,
Those of heaven and those of earth.
Of heaven by union of the soul with God.
Of earth by union of the body in communion.
You may seek the highest place in heaven,
But must take the lowest on earth.
That is, you must be humble,
Think yourself the least of men,
The greatest of sinners,
The most unworthy of Christians,
To participate in the divine mysteries.
If you humble yourself,
The divine Host will place you higher.

O blindness of men!
Everyone strives to mount,
No one is willing to descend.
Everyone wishes to raise himself,
No one is willing to be humbled.

Yet no one can mount, unless he descend.
No one can be exalted, unless he is humbled.

Jesus cured the dropsy by touch.
He could have done it without.
To shew us that His sacred body,
Can cure maladies of body and soul.
He often touches your heart and tongue,
Why is your heart proud and passionate?
Why is your tongue rancorous and bitter?
It is because you wish not to be cured.
You wish to follow Jesus and the world.
To have charity, and still keep cupidity.

If your ox or ass falls into a pit,
You at once draw it out.
If your brother falls into mortal sin,
You stir not to draw him from it.
Your friends are fallen into purgatory,
You take no pains to deliver them.
O hardness of the human heart!
Is a soul bought with the blood of Jesus,
Thought less of than an ass,
An ox, a dog, a horse,
That we rescue from danger?

All the multitude, &c.

Sixteenth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the vain judgments of men.

Be not ashamed of the testimony of our Lord.—2 *Tim.* i. 8.

If I did yet please men, I should not be the servant of Christ.—*Gal.* i. 10.

Be not ashamed of any of these things, and do not accept of a person to sin thereby.—*Ecclus.* xlii. 1.

As for me it is a thing of the least account to be judged by you, or by human judgment.—1 *Cor.* iv. 3.

He that feareth man shall quickly fall.—*Prov.* xxix. 25.

Perfect charity casteth out fear.—1 *John* iv. 18.

Will you always be a slave to men?
Will you never contemn human respect?
Why do you not declare yourself for God?
Why do you not renounce these vanities?
Why do you not frequent the Sacraments?
Why do you not quit these companions?

The world will laugh at you.
You have more reason to laugh at the world.
It is God's great enemy.
It is the tyrant of faith.
The persecutor of innocence.
You have renounced its friendship,
When you were baptized.
If you will not renounce the world,
You must renounce Jesus.

What baseness it is to be a slave to men!
What disloyalty to quit the camp of Jesus!

What treason to join His enemies!
What impiety to blush at the Gospel!

Men will laugh at you.
It is a testimony of your merit.
I should think you dishonoured,
If you had the approbation of those,
Who approve of nothing, but what is blamable.
Is the judgment of the wicked, law for the good?
Must you cease to be wise, to please fools?
What right have they to prescribe the law?
Who has made you their subject?
Do you fear being defamed by the impious?
Do you fear dishonour from men of no honour?

The wicked condemn you.
The sentence is null, and without authority,
When he that condemns, deserves condemnation.
Is it a marvel, that a man should speak ill,
Who knows not how to do well?
If the wicked have a tongue to accuse you,
You have hands whose works answer them.
The contempt of the world is the lot of virtue.
You cannot be a Christian,
Unless you contemn, and be contemned.

O Jesus, my Lord,
How few servants have You on earth!
I see many tyrants,
But I find no martyrs.
"What will men say," makes more apostates,
Than all the Neros ever made.

Alas! how will they endure scourges,
Who cannot bear the stroke of a tongue?
How will he be a martyr for the faith,
Who dares not be one for charity?
I will never be ashamed of Your gospel.
I will openly profess Your religion.
I care not to displease those who displease You.
I detest pleasing those whom You please not,
And whom You cannot please.

Be not ashamed, &c.

Sixteenth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On pride.

Every proud man is an abomination to the Lord.—*Prov.* xvi. 5.

The Lord God swore by His own soul: I detest the pride of Jacob.—*Amos.* vi. 3.

Every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—*Luke* xiv. 11.

Amen, I say to you, unless you be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.—*Matt.* xviii. 3.

God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble.—*James* iv. 6.

An humbled God is a great mercy.
A proud man is a great misery.
Pride is the fountain head of all evils,
As humility is the mother of all virtues.

We are angry, because we are proud.
We are sad : impatient :
We would be rich :
We are envious : unchaste :
Because we are proud.

God humbles the spirit by the body.
He gives up the proud to shameful passions.
He covers with skins of beasts,
Those who aspired to be gods.
Pride is the sin of the devil.
It is the first that was ever committed.
Heaven was the place of its birth.
Hell is the place of its punishment.
Other sins fly away from God,
This makes war against God :
And God on His side makes war against it.
He looks on it as His foe.
He gives His grace to the humble,
But He resists the proud.
He humbles them corporally : spiritually :
Temporarily : eternally.
How terrible to have God for an enemy !

My God ! I beg one favour of You :
For Your glory and my salvation ;
That I may know You,
And that I may know myself.
That I may know Your greatness,
And my own littleness.
Your benefits and my ingratitude :
Your goodness, and my malice.

What I have from You that I may praise You :
What from myself, that I may humble myself.

O precious nothing, where I find all things !
O luminous nothing, where I see all things !
O delicious nothing, where I taste all things !
I am in rest, when I am in nothing,
Because I am then in my place.
I have no rest when I am out of nothing,
Because I am no longer in my centre.

Every proud man is an abomination, &c.

Sixteenth Thursday after Pentecost.

On the knowledge of God and ourselves.

Humble thy spirit very much, for the vengeance in the flesh of the ungodly, is fire and worms.—*Ecclus.* vii. 19.

Come to Me all you that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you : take up My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart.—*Matt.* xi. 28.

Whoever among you shall be the first, shall be the servant of all.—*Mark* x. 44.

He that exalteth himself shall be humbled.—*Luke* xiv. 1.

Who are You, my God ? and who am I ?
You are all, I am nothing.
You know all, I know nothing.
You can do all, I can do nothing.
You are light only, I am only darkness.
You are strength only, I am only weakness.

You are sanctity only, I am only malice.
You are the source of all my goods,
The remedy of all my evils.
I have no guidance but from You.
I have no support but You.
I have no consolation but You.
You are my life, my joy, my wisdom,
My strength, my desire, all my hope.

What are you, proud man?
What have you that you have not received?
If you have received all from God,
Why place yourself above others?
Of yourself, can you have a good thought?
Can you conceive a good desire?
Utter a good word? do a good action?
Why then have you not recourse to God?
Why not ask Him to instruct you?
To strengthen you, defend you?
Why not humble yourself in His presence?
Why rely on your talents, your prudence?
Your credit, your friends, your merit?
As if you could pass God by,
As if you had no need of Him.

Who are you, vain and proud spirit?
A man sent here to glorify God.
A sinner deserving a thousand hells.
A Christian who ought to be crucified.
You are destined to eternal glory,
But must suffer much to attain it.
Why then do you think and work,

Only to glorify yourself, and not God?
You do no penance to escape hell.
You hate crosses, murmur at afflictions.
You seek another road to heaven,
Than that trodden by all the saints.

Who are you, proud man?
What are you at birth? during life?
What will you be at death? after death?
At birth you were simply an animal,
Distinguished from them by sin alone.
In life you are a traitor and ungrateful.
At death you may be a reprobate.
After death you may be in hell.
Why then do you puff yourself up?
Why prefer yourself to your betters?
Why contemn your neighbour?
Why boast of things you have not?
Or which you receive from God?

O man, without reason!
Sinner without law! Christian without faith!
You prefer to imitate the pride of Lucifer,
Rather than the humility of Jesus.
How do you differ from your neighbour,
Unless by a greater number of sins?
Own that all the good comes from God,
And take no glory in it.
Own your sins and your ignorance,
And humble yourself before God.

Humble thy spirit very much, &c.

Sixteenth Friday after Pentecost.

On humility.

He hath regard to the prayers of the humble, and He hath not despised their petition.—*Ps.* ci. 18.

In thy humiliation keep patience, for silver and gold are tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of humiliation.—*Ecclus.* ii. 4.

The greater thou art, humble thyself the more in all things, and thou shalt find grace before God.—*Ecclus.* ix. 20.

Great is the power of God alone: and He is honoured by the humble.—*Ecclus.* ix. 21.

All your virtues without humility,
Will not save you.
All your vices and sins with humility,
Will not damn you.
Humility banishes all vices,
And brings all virtues into the heart.
Were you as wicked as Achab,
If you had his humility,
You would obtain mercy, as he did.
God hates the proud, favours the humble.
You can do nothing without grace.
You must be humble to obtain it.

Who can say it is hard to be saved,
Since it is only necessary to be humble?
That the road to heaven is difficult,
Since humility can surmount it?
Every one cannot exalt himself,
But who cannot be humble?

Every one cannot ascend,
But who cannot descend ?

I cannot do all, but I can humble myself.
I cannot fast, but I can humble myself.
I cannot weep, but I can humble myself.
I cannot give alms, but I can humble myself.
I cannot pray much, but I can humble myself.
Humility supplies the want of charity.
A sinner is safe in the arms of humility.
God despises not a humble heart.

O my soul !
Let us not lose courage.
Let us not despair of the mercy of God.
Let us not yield to vexation or sadness.
If we but humble ourselves before God,
We shall obtain what we have not.
We shall receive what we deserve not.

You fall often into sin ;
Have patience and humble yourself.
You cannot pray, you have distractions ;
Never mind : be quiet, and humble yourself.
You are weak, have many faults ;
If you can do nothing else, humble yourself.
Humility repairs the breaches,
Made by sin in charity.

He hath regard, &c.

Sixteenth Saturday after Pentecost.

On the practice of humility.

Why doth thy spirit swell against God?—*Job* xv. 13.

Amen, I say to you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.—*Matt.* xviii 3.

If any man think himself to be something, whereas he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.—*Gal.* vi. 3.

Be you humbled, therefore, under the mighty hand of God: that He may exalt you in the time of visitation.—1 *Pet.* v. 6.

Do ye all insinuate humility one to another: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.—1 *Pet.* v. 5.

It is necessary to suffer contempt,
To despise contempt: to love contempt:
To desire contempt: to seek contempt.
To suffer contempt, as an evil.
To despise contempt, as an unreal evil.
To love contempt, as a good.
To desire contempt, as a great good.
To seek contempt, as of great value,
And as necessary for us.

O my soul!
Let us hide our treasures,
Lest the devil rob us of them.
Nature keeps within what is good,

And casts out what is hurtful.
Hide your virtues : cast out your vices.
Speak not well, or ill of yourself.
If you speak well, it is to appear holy.
If you speak ill, it is to appear humble.

Value innocent imperfections,
That bring you confusion.
Love what keeps you in abjection.
Our proper place is nothingness.
There should we live : there rest safely.
To be good, and to appear so,
Is a dangerous thing.
To appear good, and not to be so,
Is hateful hypocrisy.
To be good, and not to appear so,
Is the character of a saint.

What think you of yourself? of others?
How do you speak of yourself? of others?
Do you love to be seen?
Do you seek the honour and praise of men?
Do you fly from contempt? dread any shame?
Gloat over the praises you get?
Envy your equals? scowl at their success?
Are you proud, passionate, hasty?
Vexed at your faults and imperfections?
Are you swayed by human respect?
You are then a coward, and a proud one.
An ambitious and vain man.

O Jesus, my Saviour!
How can I value humility,

If I so dislike humiliations?
No humiliation, no humility.
Give me humility at any price,
If it cost me honour and life.
Make me love contempt,
Or at least let me bear it with patience.
That I may possess You in heaven,
Where only the humble can enter.

Why doth thy spirit, &c.

Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* xxii. 35-46.

On the gospel.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels . . . if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor . . . and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.—1 *Cor.* xiii. 3.

God is charity: and he that abideth in charity, abideth in God, and God in him.—1 *John* iv. 16.

I love them that love me.—*Prov.* viii. 17.

Let us, therefore, love God, because God first hath loved us.—1 *John* iv. 19.

The Jews question Jesus Christ.
Some from malice: some from curiosity:
Some in order to learn their duty.
Jesus treats all sweetly, gently.
He heeds not malice: excuses curiosity:
Charitably gives instruction.

Do you deal thus with your neighbour?
Hide his faults: excuse his weakness?
Soothe his sorrows: give him good advice?
Treat him with gentleness?
Lead him back to the right path?

Christians constantly question our Lord:
Some to know His will, with St. Paul,
Lord what wilt thou have me to do?
Others, insolently and criminally,
Take Him to task for His dealings with them.
Others ask nothing at all:
The stupid, from sheer apathy:
The proud, thinking they know everything:
The saints, resting wholly on Providence.
Which are you?
Do you want to know all and do nothing?
Or to know nothing, and do nothing?
Or to know all, and do all?
Have you attained the science of the saints?
Do you desire it? study it?
When you have done what you know,
God will teach you what you know not.
To wish to know all, and do nothing,
Is to gather wood for your fire in hell.

Love the Lord your God,
With all your mind, all your heart,
All your soul, all your strength.
With your mind, subjecting your judgment.
With your heart, submitting your will.
With your soul, subduing your passions.

With your strength, perfecting your actions.
With your mind, believing what He teaches.
With your heart, doing what He orders.
With your soul, seeking what pleases Him.
With your strength, banishing what offends Him.
With your mind, thinking of Him only.
With your heart, desiring Him only.
With your soul, living for Him only.
With your strength, working for Him only.

This is the first commandment.
First in obligation, binding before all.
To keep it, we must give up everything:
Honour, goods, friends, pleasure, life.
First in authority: it regards God Himself.
First in dignity: the end of all others.
First in necessity: without it all is useless.
First in sweetness: His yoke is light.
First in efficacy: it brings everything.

O my God!
How this affrightens me!
If I have not charity, I have nothing.
I am Your enemy, I am a reprobate.
If, like the devil, I am asked my name,
I can only say, as he did,
I am a wretch who loves not God

If I speak with the tongues, &c.

Seventeenth Monday after Pentecost.

On the same gospel.

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength; the Lord is my firmament, my refuge, and my deliverer.—*Ps.* xvii. 1.

Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me? he saith to Him: Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.—*John* xxi. 16.

By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another.—*John* iii. 35.

The second commandment is like the first:
Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.
It is like, for the same charity,
Makes us love one and the other.
If you love him not, you love not God,
For God commands you to love him.
He loves him Himself,
Since He formed him to His image,
Bought him with His blood,
Destined him to the same glory as you.
As much as you love God, so love him.
One love measures the other love.
The same charity includes both.

If you will not love God,
You are the most hardened, barbarous,
Ungrateful, unjust, unfaithful of men.
For He has perhaps done you more good,
Pardoned you more sins, than other men.
Whom will you love, if you love Him not?
No one is more beautiful, good, amiable.
You say indeed that you love God:

But it is with your lips, not your heart.
To love God you must love your neighbour.
Examine: see if you wish him well.
If you take his part in all things:
If you excuse his faults.
If you put up with his bad temper.
If you rejoice at his good.
If you forgive the injury he does you.
If so, you love him.
If not, you love not God,
And violate the first commandment.

You love God, say you; but how?
With your heart, mind, strength, soul?
Without division, coldness, deceit?
Sweetly: wisely: strongly: constantly?
Sweetly, above attractions of the flesh?
Wisely, above artifices of the devil?
Strongly, above contempt of the world?
Constantly, above fickleness of nature?
If an idol had a heart,
It would love him who made it.
What do you wish to do with your heart?
Who can claim it, if not its Maker?
Who also bought it with His blood,
And quickened it by His spirit.
Yet you love Him in appearance only.
You love Him by halves.
You love Him for a time.
You love Him by humour and caprice.

Seventeenth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the love that we should have for Jesus Christ.

Thou art beautiful above the sons of men.—*Ps.* xliv. 3.

Christ is all and in all.—*Col.* iii. 11.

He that hath My commandments and keepeth them: he it is that loveth Me.—*John* xiv. 21.

If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema.—1 *Cor.* xvi. 22.

Jesus is the fairest of all men.
The greatest of all kings.
The most loving of all fathers.
The most faithful of all friends.
The most gentle of all masters.
The most perfect of all spouses.
The most watchful of all shepherds.

He watches over all my wants.
Governs me by His wisdom.
Protects me by His power.
Sanctifies me by His goodness.
He leads me to fat pastures,
Where I find every kind of good.
He puts into my heart a fountain
Of living waters to quench my thirst.
He heals me when I am sick.
He defends me when I am attacked.
He consoles me when I am afflicted.
He seeks me when I have strayed.

For me, Jesus left the angels in heaven.
For me, He became man, mortal and passible.

For me, He became a child, poor and wretched.
For me, He laboured for thirty years.
For me, He suffered every injury.
For me, He bore contempt and torment.
For me, He gave His blood and His life.
For me, He is still ready,
To suffer and die, if needful.
He ever has His eyes on me.
He orders His angels to accompany me.
To follow me everywhere.
To instruct, defend, console me.

Jesus loves me with all His heart.
He is ever at the door of my heart.
He waits to enter in to make me happy.
He entreats me to give Him my heart.
He gave His blood and life to gain it.
Shall I not be the most ungrateful,
The most unjust of men,
If I refuse, or give Him only a part?

In spite of all this I love Him not,
For I keep not His commandments.
I offend my neighbour,
About which He is most sensitive.
I do not think of Him.
I do nothing for Him.
I cannot spend an hour with Him,
Without vexation and weariness.
I even join His enemies.
I prefer Satan to Him.
If I love Him at all, it is coldly,

With languor, only by halves.
In appearance only,
With lips, and not with my heart.

O Love of loves! Heart of hearts!
May I love You as You love me!
May I love You as much as You deserve.
Accursed be he, who loves not Jesus.
Nothing above Jesus: nothing like Him.
Nothing with Him: nothing after Him.
Behold what it is to love Jesus.

Thou art beautiful, &c.

Seventeenth Wednesday after Pentecost.

How we ought to love our neighbour.

For what shall I do when God shall rise to judge? and when He shall examine, what shall I answer Him?—*Job* xxxi. 14.

By this shall all man know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another.—*John* xiii. 35.

This is My commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you.—*John* xv. 12.

Holy Father, keep them in Thy name, whom Thou hast given Me: that they may be one as We also are.—*John* xvi. 11.

I give you a new commandment: that you love one another; as I have loved you, that you also love one another.—*John* xiii. 34.

We should love him as God loves Himself:
As the three Persons of the Trinity,

Are but one God, one essence,
One nature, one judgment, one will,
One wisdom, one power, one goodness,
So all Christians should be one,
One heart, one mind, one will.
Uniting in action, sharing sufferings.
In the one Church one spirit,
Should animate the body and members.
Do you love your neighbour thus?

Our charity for our brother,
Should be an expression of the union,
Of the Word with the humanity of Jesus.
There are two natures in one person.
God and man have common goods and evils.
Man became truly God.
God was truly man.
Behold the model of Christian charity,
Practised by the early Church,
When Christians had one heart, one soul,
When no one had aught of his own,
But all was put in common.
The goods of the one were the goods of all.
Do you love your neighbour thus?

A third model of Christian charity,
Is the love that God has for men.
For our love is a part of His own,
Or rather it is His love.
Since He loves all things,
By His spirit which He gives us.
God loves all men without exception.

He does good to all, in all ways,
At all times, places, even to His enemies,
From goodness only, from no merit of theirs.
Do you love your neighbour thus?

A fourth model of our charity,
Is the love that Jesus has for men.
You know what He has done and suffered:
Who obliged Him to do it?
He died for all men without exception.
He lets them share His merits.
He gives them His graces.
He gives them His treasures, the Sacraments,
By which they are enriched.
Whatever injuries are done to Him,
He receives all back to His grace.
What outrages has He not pardoned you!
What patience He has had with you!
What ought you not to do for Him?
He puts your neighbour in His place.
All that you do to him, good or evil,
He takes as done to Himself.

For what shall I do, &c

Seventeenth Thursday after Pentecost.

Other models of the love of our neighbour.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—*Matt.* xxii. 39.

Bear ye one another's burdens; and so you shall fulfil the law of Christ.—*Gal.* vi. 2.

All they that believed were together, and had all things in common.—*Acts* ii. 44.

The multitude of the believers had but one heart and one soul; neither did any one of them say, that of the things which he possessed, any thing was his own; but all things were common to them.—*Acts* iv. 32.

The fifth model of Christian charity,
Is the love we have for ourselves.
We desire all good for ourselves.
We divert evils that threaten us.
We excuse our faults.
We bear with our own weakness.
We pardon ourselves in all things.
Thus God wills us to love our neighbour.
Love him, He says, as yourself.
Do not to others,
What you do not wish them to do to you.
Do to others,
What you wish them to do to you.
Is not this right and reasonable?

We should also love our neighbour,
As the blessed do in heaven.
Grace is the seed of glory.
Glory is measured by charity.

The blessed have one heart and soul.
All their goods are in common.
They have no quarrels, no disputes :
No ambition : no jealousy :
The joy of one is the joy of others,
In peace and eternal union.
Thus should our neighbour's happiness,
Be our happiness : his glory, our glory.
His pleasure, our pleasure.
We should take his interest to heart.
Keep inviolable peace with him.
Never offend him, nor take offence.

The last model of Christian charity,
Is the union of the members of a body.
All the members are distinct and unlike.
One is warm, another cold.
One dry, another moist.
One hard, another soft.
One strong, another weak.
One honoured, another despised.
One works, another rests.
    Yet there is no schism amongst them.
    No division, no jealousy :
    But union and wonderful concord.
If one receives good, all rejoice.
If one is sick, all sympathize.
If the right hand cuts the left,
It does not take the knife for revenge.
The head is the most noble,
Yet it bends to take a thorn from the foot.
All goods and ills are common.

The strong bears the weak.
The hard supports the soft.
The hot warms the cold.
The arm is willing to be cut,
To save the head.
Wonderful union! marvellous charity!
Perfect model of Christian charity!

Is it thus you love your neighbour?
Compare yourself with the models.
Do you rejoice with him? sympathize with him.
Bear with him? assist him?
Alas! you are proud, envious, jealous.
You injure him, slander him, wish him ill.
You are no disciple of Jesus.
How can you go to Communion?
What will you answer at the judgment?
For your mockery, your jeers,
Your raillery, calumnies, lies.
For your ill-treatment in word and deed.
For your deserting him in need.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour, &c.

Seventeenth Friday after Pentecost.

On the properties and defects of the love of our neighbour.

Charity is patient, is kind: charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger. thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth: beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—1 *Cor.* xiii. 4.

Charity is patient.
It resents not ill-treatment from others.
It bears their vices with gentleness.
It excuses them as far as possible.
It does not hear offensive words.
It returns not injury for injury,
But suffers without a word:
Without complaint or vengeance:
Without giving any sign of resentment.

Charity is gentle towards all.
It does good to those who do ill.
It makes friends of those who give it pain.
It offends no one by word or action.
It takes offence at no one.
If it gives displeasure to any one,
It asks pardon, or expresses sorrow.

Charity is prompt to do good to others.
It waits not to be asked.
It does it with pleasure.
It studies the wants of another.

It takes pleasure in pleasing him.
It regards him as Jesus Christ.
It seeks not its own ease,
But suffers inconvenience for others.

Charity is not imprudent, rash, bold.
But humble, modest, respectful.
It honours all, even inferiors.
Its conversation is without affectation :
Without deceit, bitterness, frivolity.
It rails at no one.
It hates slander and buffoonery,
And jests that would wound another.
It assumes the person of another, and asks,
How would I like this said to me?

Charity is not proud, haughty, arrogant.
Does not place itself above others.
Does not depreciate them.
Is not vexed at seeing them loved.
It rejoices when good is done to them.
It looks on others as superior to it.
It salutes and honours them.
It yields the first place to them.
It renders them the lowest services,
With a tender and generous affection.

Charity is not crafty or artificial.
But simple and open.
Prudent in words, deceiving no one.
It hates lies and double dealing.
It speaks as it thinks.

It apes not the manners of the world,
Constrained and counterfeit.
Its air is simple and modest.
It may be polite but never flatters.
It regards with the horror of poison,
Suspicions, insinuations, rash judgments.
It acts simply, deals frankly, speaks sincerely.
It has a good opinion of all.
Thinks evil of no one.

Charity is patient, &c.

Seventeenth Saturday after Pentecost.

Other properties of the love of our neighbour.

If I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.—1 *Cor.* xiii. 1.

If I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains . . . . and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.—1 *Cor.* xiii. 2.

If we love one another, God abideth in us, and His charity is perfected in us.—1 *John* iv. 12.

If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.—1 *John* iv. 20.

Charity loves mortification.
For it loves peace: and to keep it,
Mortifies its honour and its passions,
Which are the cause of all troubles.
It is not tied, or attached to any thing,

But cheerfully gives it up for others,
Knowing that self-interest is the demon,
That brings divisions, discord, and wars.

Charity is not hard or callous,
But tender and sensitive to misery.
It sees the person of Jesus in all.
It seeks Him in prisons and hospitals,
Where the miserable are found.
It helps, consoles, and has care of them.
It is not envious of good of soul or body,
But rather procures it as far as it can.
It believes all : hopes all : does all.
Suffers all : gives all : embraces all.
This is the character and spirit of charity.

Is this your spirit, Christian soul ?
O great God, how far are you from it !
Is there one spark even in your heart ?
Examine each property of charity,
And see how little you have of each.
Examine your feelings, opinions, judgments.
Your manner and bearing to others.
Your words, your conversations.
Your deeds, sacrifices, assistance.

Unhappy that I am !
How can I hope to be saved ?
I have not till now loved my neighbour.
I have in so many ways offended him.
Alas, my Lord !
You need not question me at the judgment,

I shall be my own accuser.
My conscience will judge and condemn me,
For not doing to my neighbour,
What I would wish him to do to me.
What shall I do? what will become of me?
It is impossible to be saved without charity.
I have not had it hitherto.
Henceforth I will change my life,
That Jesus may thank me at the judgment,
For serving and assisting Him in my neighbour.

If I speak with the tongues, &c.

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* ix. 1-8.

On the gospel.

Woe to them for they have departed from Me: they shall be wasted.—*Osee* vii. 13.

Woe to them when I shall depart from them.—*Osee* ix. 12.

He came unto His own and His own received Him not.—*John* i. 11.

The Master saith to thee: Where is the guest chamber, where I may eat the pasch with My disciples? And he will show you a large dining-room furnished: and there prepare. —*Luke* xxii. 11.

The people seeing the swine rush to the sea,
Asked Jesus to depart from their city.
What blindness and misfortune,

To drive Him away from them!
Who came to save and deliver them!
They were attached to earthly goods.
They would rather lose God than their pigs.
What could they expect when Jesus left?

Christian soul,
You have often driven Jesus away,
For a paltry interest, a fleeting pleasure,
A puff of honour, an imaginary good.
When He would speak to your heart,
When He pressed you to change your life,
Like the Jews, you insolently answered,
Depart from us, we want not Your ways,
And will not follow them.
When you drive Jesus from your heart,
Are you sure He will return?

Jesus went to his own city, Capharnaum,
Where He was accustomed to dwell.
Our heart is the city of Jesus.
He enters by communion, dwells by grace.
Do not shut its gates? Is it ready?
Clean, well furnished, well prepared?
Happy the soul that receives such a guest.
A king so powerful, rich, gentle:
So liberal: the desired of ages.
He enters no house without doing good.
What then may you not expect,
If you receive Him with faith and devotion?

They bring to Him a paralytic on a bed.
He cures him for the faith of the bearers.

Is your soul paralyzed?
From whom has it motion?
From God, the devil, or nature?
Is it by His spirit,
That you speak, walk, and work?
You are lax, cold, benumbed.
You are on fire for your own interests,
You are ice in His service.
Surely your soul is paralyzed.
Present it to our Lord: ask for its cure.
Ask others to present it to Him.
Bring other paralytics to Him.
There are numbers in the world.
You cannot please Him better.
He will cure them for your faith and charity.

Woe to them for they, &c.

Eighteenth Monday after Pentecost.

On the same gospel.

Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am weak: heal me, O Lord, for my bones are troubled.—*Ps.* vi. 2.

Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest some worse things happen to thee.—*John* v. 14.

My son, in thy sickness neglect not thyself; but pray to the Lord, and He shall heal thee. Turn away from sin, and order thy hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all offence. —*Ecclus.* xxxviii. 9.

Be of good heart, son.
What sweet words of Jesus to the paralytic!

How tender and loving!
He calls a miserable sinner His son.
He excites his faith and hope.
He pours the oil of His mercy,
Into vessels prepared by confidence.
Why do you fear the coming of Jesus?
Why so rarely approach communion?
My son, my daughter, fear not.
Trust in Me. I come to save you.
Be of good heart: it is I: your Father,
Your Saviour, your Spouse, your Physician:
Go, your sins are forgiven you.

The paralytic asked for health,
Not for the pardon of his sins.
The wise Physician knew the sickness,
And cured it in its cause, sin.
Own that sins have caused your sickness,
And ruined your health.
Confess that you deserve your sufferings.
Bear your ills with patience.
Purify your soul from its vices.
Ills of body represent ills of soul.
To cure the one you must cure the other.

The Pharisees accuse Him of blasphemy,
Because He said sins were forgiven.
Why think you evil in your heart?
To shew He was God, He cured the man.
How great an evil is hatred!
How detestable a passion is envy!
The Jews, furious with hatred and envy,

Put an evil gloss on His actions,
Poisoned all His words.
Have you this spirit of the devil?
Are you jealous of the success of others?
What thoughts roll in your mind?
Why do you judge evil of your brother?
Who has made you his judge?
What right have you to condemn him?

O Jesus!
It is not for me to judge.
I am more guilty than him I judge.
I see not the heart of my neighbour.
I know not his intention.
I have no authority over him.
There is no judge but You.
You say: Judge not, or you shall be judged.
I will only judge myself for evil.
Only judge my neighbour for good.
I will not usurp the authority of God.

Have mercy on me, O Lord, &c.

Eighteenth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On tepidity.

I would thou wert cold or hot.—*Apoc.* iii. 15.

In spirit fervent.—*Rom.* xii. 11.

Be mindful from whence thou art fallen, and do penance, and do thy first works.—*Apoc.* ii. 5.

Because thou art lukewarm, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth.—*Apoc.* iii. 16.

How miserable is a tepid soul!
It has lost all relish of God.
It is deprived of all comforts.
It wanders out of the ways of His Providence.
It sins without fear.
It does ill without remorse.
It dares not enter into itself.
It is sick, and does not know it.
It is wicked, and thinks itself good.
It is a slave, and thinks itself free.
It abuses all remedies.
It is insensible to all grace.
It discredits devotion.
It scandalizes its neighbour.
It is a burden to communities.
It saddens God's heart.
It is on the point of being cast out.
It is in danger of never re-entering.

O divine Saviour!
How long have I afflicted You!
How long have I saddened Your heart!

Ah! vomit me not up yet.
Deprive me not of Your love.
Drive me, if You will, from Your heaven,
But drive me not from Your heart.
Take away Your goods from my soul,
But withdraw not Your love from it.
Alas! I dread Your hatred,
More than I do the pains of hell.

How lax I am in God's service!
I am careless over my duties:
Distracted at prayer:
What a burden it is! How long it seems!
I do no penance: dread mortification.
I only seek pleasure and amusement.
I talk much: am rarely silent.
I am tender with myself,
And delicate in all my requirements.
I do not commit great sins,
But commit little ones without scruple.
I am tepid, and I know it not.
I was fervent: I am not so now.

My soul!
Remember the state thou art fallen from
Resume thy first fervour.
Unless thou dost it quickly,
Thy candlestick will be removed,
And another put in its place.
Jesus will drive thee out of His heart,
And thou shalt never more gain entry therein.

I would thou wert cold, &c.

Eighteenth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On faith.

Behold he that is unbelieving, his soul shall not be right in himself, but the just shall live in his faith.—*Heb.* ii. 4.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the conviction of things that appear not.—*Heb.* xi. 1.

Bringing into captivity every understanding to the obedience of Christ.—2 *Cor.* x. 5.

If you will not believe, you shall not continue.—*Isa.* vii. 9.

It is to be without reason,
To be without faith.
It is not to be man,
Not to be a Christian.
Faith is above reason, but reason tells us,
That we must submit to faith.
That man is not rational,
Who will not submit his reason
To the principle of his reason.
That man is without understanding,
Who would by his reason comprehend,
What is above his understanding.

Faith is not evident:
But reason shows evidently,
That we have the true faith.
The antiquity of our religion,
Its establishment, unbroken continuance:
Its miracles: extent: sanctity: majesty:
The doctors of our religion:
Its witnesses and martyrs,

Persuade all understandings,
That there is no religion in the world,
Or, that ours is the true one.

If the Church deceives me,
It is God that deceives me.
If the Church leads me astray,
It is God that leads me astray.
I would not believe the Gospel,
Unless the Church bade me believe it.
I should not receive the sense of the Scripture,
Unless the Church bade me receive it.
We believe nothing, unless we believe all.
To be a Catholic we must believe,
Universally : humbly : firmly : efficaciously.

O Truth, my God !
You have placed your throne in the sun.
Your Church is as bright as the sun.
She enlightens all the world like the sun.
She gives life to all the world like the sun.

Oh, I will live and die a child of the Church !
I am one of Your sheep,
I cannot live without a shepherd.
I renounce all my own lights,
I submit myself to the lights of faith.
My religion would not be divine,
Unless it were above reason.
You would not be my God,
If you were not incomprehensible.
My heart could not adore You,

If my understanding comprehended You.
My heart must submit to Your law,
And my understanding to Your faith.
Behold he that is unbelieving, &c.

Eighteenth Thursday after Pentecost.

On hope and confidence in God.

Who is this that cometh up from the desert, leaning upon her beloved?—*Cant.* viii. 5.

Those that hope in the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall take wings as eagles, they shall run, and not be weary.—*Isa.* xl. 31.

Many are the scourges of a sinner, but mercy shall encompass him that hopes in the Lord.—*Ps.* xxxi. 10.

The Lord said to Gideon: The people that are with thee are many, and Madian shall not be delivered into their hands, lest Israel should glory against Me, and say, I was delivered by my own strength.—*Judges* vii. 2.

Charge the rich of this world not to be high-minded, nor to hope in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us abundantly all things to enjoy.—1 *Tim.* vi. 17.

Hope is a divine virtue,
Which leans upon its beloved.
It honours His goodness.
It renders homage to His greatness.
It acknowledges His Providence.
It makes us men, into Gods.
It makes our impotence, omnipotent.
It makes our poverty, rich.

We ought never to hope more firmly,
Than when all things seem desperate.
We ought never to fear less,
Than when all things seem hopeless.
We ought never to give way less,
Than when we think all is lost.

God gives His own subsistence,
To him that strips himself of his own.
God gives His omnipotence,
To him that owns his weakness.
God gives all His treasures,
To him who owns his poverty.

Abundance seeks for indigence.
The weak, leans upon the strong man.
The strong, takes delight in the weak man.
God sustains that human nature,
Which relies only on His Divinity.

Be you without support,
And God will support you.
Have no human subsistence,
And you shall have a divine one.
Trust not to your own lights,
And you shall have the wisdom of God.
Trust not to your own strength,
And you shall have the power of God.
Trust not to your own virtues,
And you shall have the holiness of God.

Alas! O my God, who am I?
And who are You?
You are my being,
And I am a mere nothing.
You are my strength,
And I am nothing but weakness.
You are my holiness,
And I am nothing but malice.
O my God, and my hope! I leave myself to You.
I repose on You. I rely on You.
If I stray, You shall be the cause of it.
If I fall, You shall be the cause of my fall.
If I ruin myself, You shall ruin me:
For I put all my trust in You.
You can neither ruin, nor lead me astray.
I therefore will be afraid of nothing,
Provided that I leave myself to You.

To know God, without knowing our misery,
Is that which begets presumption.
To know our misery, without knowing God,
Is that which begets despair.
Jesus is not only God,
But He is a God mediator.
Jesus is no more Jesus,
If you take away His mercy from Him.
He is no more a Saviour,
If He has no tenderness for a sinner.

Canticle of love and hope.

Jesus thinks on me, and I think of Him.
Jesus works for me, and I work for Him.
My heart suffices Him,
And He suffices my heart.
He is contented with me, and I with Him.
This is the canticle of love,
Which I sing to Him day and night.
The only good which I would have,
Is to will nothing.
To live without care, without desire,
Is that which makes up all my pleasure.

Eighteenth Friday after Pentecost.

On troublesome thoughts.

Let not your heart be troubled.—*John* xiv. 1.

Because thou wast acceptable to God, it was necessary that temptation should prove thee.—*Tob.* xii. 13.

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able, but He will make also with temptation issue, that you may be able to bear it.—1 *Cor.* x. 13.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.—*James* i. 12.

How these thoughts torment me!
Why art thou tormented at them?
I fear I shall give consent to them.
If you fear, you do not consent.
Your fear ought to secure you.

I am fallen into sin :
You must rise quickly out of it.
God is angry with me :
It is in your power to appease Him.

Walk with more diligence.
Labour with more fidelity.
Go to confession without delay.
Humble yourself without disturbance.
One evil does not repair another.
Sin is not cured by sin.

This temptation is importunate.
Yes. But it is necessary for you.
It keeps you in humility.
It maintains you in your dependence.
It obliges you to pray.
It hinders you from presuming.
Without temptation, you cannot be tried.
Without fighting, you cannot be crowned.
Without a cross, none can be saved.

O my God ! keep me close to You,
And I will not fear the devils,
Although they were all against me.
Without You, I am nothing but weakness.
With You, I am all fortitude.
If I have wherewith to ruin myself,
You have wherewith to save me.

Eighteenth Saturday after Pentecost.

On motives for hope.

God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son. —*John* iii. 16.

God sent not His Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by Him.—*John* iii. 17.

You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save.—*Luke* ix. 55.

Come to Me, all you that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.—*Matt.* xi. 28.

I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live.—*Ezech.* xxxiii. 11.

Be converted, ye sinners, and do justice before God, believing that He will shew His mercy to you.—*Tob.* xiii. 8.

Whatever sins I have committed,
I can be saved.
However imperfect I am,
I can become a saint.

I am a great sinner.
God is more merciful, than I am wicked.
Holy as He is, He loves sinners,
For He has given His only Son for them.
He invites them all to return to Him.
He does not wish them to die, but to live.
He promises pardon, if they ask it,
And acknowledge their faults.
God commands not impossible things.
He commands repentance even up to death.
It can be done as long as there is life.

He never despises a contrite heart.
Why do you fear, poor sinner?
Why lose courage? why despair?

Jesus came to save sinners.
He ate with them, associated with them.
He never rejected any who came to Him.
It was said He was too gentle with them.
He died for them on the cross.
He prayed His Father to pardon them.
One drop of His blood was enough,
Yet He shed the last drop.
He gave His priests power to remit sin.

We cannot be more merciful than He is.
Yet He bids us to pardon from our heart,
At all times, all the injuries we suffer,
Under pain of eternal damnation.
He will then pardon from His heart,
At all times, all the injuries we do Him,
If we have true sorrow.
Or we should be more merciful than He is.

He wishes our salvation and perfection,
For He wishes His work to be perfect.
Since He desires us to be saints,
He gives the means to become saints.
It requires a great perfection,
To love enemies, to suffer injuries,
To confess the faith, to suffer death.
We must suffer death before mortal sin.
No one can keep the commandments,

Without effort to conquer his passions.
Yet God orders us to keep the commandments,
To love Him above all things,
Which is the essence of perfection.
We have then the grace to love Him,
And to become saints.

Come then, my soul!
Why do we lose courage?
God is infinitely good.
He spares us in order to save us.
He wishes it, exhorts us, begs us.
He furnishes the means.
Look not at thy malice, but at His mercy.
One sincere sigh, and He will save thee.
Wish to rise from languor,
And He will draw thee out of it.

O God, my Lord!
I hope in You, and in this hope,
I will commence to serve You,
To love You, to lead a better life.

God so loved the world, &c.

Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* xxii. 2-14.

On the gospel.

A certain man made a great supper and invited many: and they began all at once to make excuse.—*Luke* xiv. 16.

I say to you, that none of those men, that were called, shall taste my supper.—*Luke* xiv. 24.

Bring in hither the poor, and the feeble, and the blind, and the lame . . . . compel them to come in.—*Luke* xiv. 21.

He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in him.—*John* vi. 57.

A king made nuptials for his son.
God the Father espoused His Son to our nature.
For a happy and perfect marriage,
There needs equality in those allied.
God kept not this law,
When He was united to Adam's flesh.
But He made it so pure, holy, and rich,
That it is now on equality with God,
Being but one person with Him.
Wonderful marriage! Marvellous union!
God gives to man His riches,
Man gives to God his poverty.
God gives immortality and happiness,
Man gives death and suffering.

The Son of God is not content
With union with humanity generally:
But is united to each individual.

In heaven in the light of His glory,
He espouses all the souls of the blessed.
This marriage will be indissoluble.
The nuptials will be eternal.
Consider the nuptial chamber.
How great, spacious, rich, splendid!
Consider the guests, who are all kings,
But without pride, pomp, ambition.
Consider the feast, the saints at the table,
Where they are satiated with good things.
O my God!
Happy are they who assist at Your nuptials.
Who partake of Your bread in Your kingdom.

Everyone is invited,
For God wishes all to be saved,
And furnishes them with necessary grace.
But how few assist at this feast.
Not that they cannot, but they will not.
Some do not refuse, but frame excuses.
They wish to amass for their children.
They are too attached to pleasure.
Others kill the servants who invite them:
That is, stifle divine inspirations,
Which warn them to put on the nuptial robe.

To which class do you belong?
Do you insolently tell God,
You will not obey, you heed not His nuptials?
Are you lazy and torpid, saying to God,
Wait, wait we are not ready?
Or, do you crucify Jesus in your heart,

Stifling His graces which cost Him His life?
What will you say at death? at judgment?

A certain man made, &c.

Nineteenth Monday after Pentecost.

On the same gospel.

I will espouse thee to Me for ever: and I will espouse thee to Me in justice, and judgment, and in mercy, and in commiserations: and I will espouse thee to Me in faith: and thou shalt know that I am the Lord.—*Osee* ii. 19.

Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye forth to meet him. —*Matt.* xxv. 6.

The bridegroom came: and they who were ready, went with him to the marriage, and the door was shut.—*Matt.* xxv. 10.

There are nuptials on the earth.
Jesus espouses souls in communion.
By charity we become the same spirit with God.
By communion we become the same flesh.
What glory to become the spouse of God!
What advantage from this alliance!
All the goods of Jesus are shared:
His body, soul, divinity, humanity:
His graces, His virtues, His merits.
After marriage, all goods are in common.
What does the divine Spouse receive?
Misery, poverty, ingratitude, perfidy
What does He ask as a dower?

The heart, love, and obedience.
My soul!
Can you refuse thy heart, when He gives His?
Will you give nothing, when He gives all?
Will you refuse to assist at the nuptials?
Fear not: go not trembling:
It is a God of love who espouses thee.

The king punished the invited guests,
Who ill-treated his servants.
He burned their town: put them to death.
So God treats all who slight His table,
Under the pretext of business.
He sends them afflictions without end:
Taking away goods, health, life.
This bluff refusal kindles His anger.
Fear the anger of the Almighty.
If you persist in refusing,
He has sworn you shall never
Eat at His table, on earth, or in heaven.
He will give your place to another.

The king called the poor, the sick,
The blind, the lame, to his nuptials.
Join this throng of the miserable.
You are poor, and blind, and lame.
Approach with them to the holy table.
The Physician heals the sick, not the healthy
Come to Me all you that labour,
And are burdened with the yoke of sin,
I will refresh you, strengthen you,
Console you, heal you.

The king cast out of the nuptial chamber,
Him who had not a wedding garment.
We must have a nuptial robe of grace,
To assist at the feast of glory.
The heart must be free from mortal sin,
And in charity with our neighbour.
He who comes unreconciled,
Will be driven from the nuptial chamber,
Cast into the darkness of hell,
Where is torture and gnashing of teeth.

O my God, what shall I do?
If I decline Your invitation,
I incur Your anger: damnation is sure.
If I assist without the nuptial robe,
I shall be cast into exterior darkness.
This is terrible, but I cannot hesitate.
I will put on the nuptial robe.

O my soul!
Is it a trifle to be the spouse of a God?
Take thy best robes; prepare thyself well.
Wash thy robe, if stained with sin.
Be reconciled to thy brother,
And eat at the table of thy God.
The King will enter: you will taste sweets,
That eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,
Nor the heart of man conceived.

I will espouse thee, &c.

Nineteenth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the tenderness of Jesus for sinners.

Thou, Israel, art My servant, Jacob whom I have chosen. the seed of Abraham My friend. In whom I have taken thee from the ends of the earth, and from the remote parts thereof have called thee, and said to thee: Thou art My servant: I have chosen thee. and not cast thee away.—*Isa.* xli. 8.

Whether we live, or whether we die, we are the Lord's.—*Rom.* xiv. 8.

Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and shalt serve Him only.—*Deut.* vi. 13.

You are not your own, for you are bought with a great price.—1 *Cor.* vi. 19.

Jesus shews His tenderness for sinners,
By four figures in the gospel.
A merchant finds a precious pearl,
And sells all to purchase it.
The pearl is our soul, He is the merchant.
He bought it with His blood, His life.
You give it away to the devil,
For a puff of honour, a fleeting pleasure.

A woman lost a piece of silver,
Lights her lamp, sweeps the house,
Invites her friends to rejoice in finding it.
The coin is our soul.
Jesus says not that He bought, but found it.
So great is the value of a soul,
That He counts the price as nothing.

He invites the angels to rejoice,
Not with man, but with Himself.
O man, how can you despise your soul,
That God values so highly?
How can you give away for nothing,
What cost God such a price?

A shepherd left ninety-nine sheep,
To seek for the one that had strayed.
He brought it home on his shoulders.
He invited his friends to rejoice.
He does not beat it with his crook.
He does not set his dog at it.
He does not drive it before him,
But carries it on his shoulders.
It might be weary: it might stray again.
There is more joy in heaven,
For one sinner doing penance,
Than for ninety-nine just needing it not.

A prodigal son returns in misery.
His father meets him on the way.
Raises him, kisses him, clothes him.
Puts a ring on his finger.
Treats him with magnificent rejoicings.
Speaks not of his crime or disobedience.
Does not let him say a word of excuse.
Thus Jesus receives a penitent sinner.
He meets him by grace and inspiration.
He gives him the kiss of peace.
He forgets the past: renews friendship.

He fills him with consolation,
And orders the angels to share His joy.

O God my Saviour!
How gentle and loving You are!
How tender and merciful to sinners!
I fear, like Adam, to appear before You.
I hide myself in the wood.
But now I know Your goodness,
I will return to You with confidence.
I will never give way to despair.
I am a poor strayed sheep,
Seek me, and save me, dear Shepherd.
I am a prodigal son: I have lost all.
I have sinned before God and You, Father.
I am not worthy to be called Your son.
Place me among Your slaves.
I will do penance and give joy in heaven,
As much as I have caused grief by sin.

Thou, Israel, art my servant, &c.

Nineteenth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On what God does to gain sinners.

Fear not, for I am with thee: turn not aside, for I am thy God: I have strengthened thee and have helped thee: and the right hand of My just One hath upheld thee.—*Isa.* xli. 10.

Let Thy tender mercies come upon me, and I shall live. —*Ps.* cxviii. 77.

O Lord, for I am Thy servant, and the son of Thy handmaid.—*Ps.* cxv. 16.

Because thou didst not serve the Lord thy God with joy and gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things: thou shalt serve thy enemy.—*Deut.* xxviii. 47.

First He seeks them: how wonderful!
No one seeks an enemy, but for vengeance,
Or hope of good, or fear of evil.
God has nothing to fear or hope from a sinner.
He can crush him, or cast him into hell.
Why then does He seek you, wicked man?
Because He loves you, and wants to save you

He seeks and pardons again and again.
He receives him as often as he returns.
He bids us pardon our brother,
As many times as we are injured.
So does He pardon sinners.

God not only seeks the sinner,
And pardons him as often as he asks,
But He asks first for a reconciliation.
How difficult it is between enemies,

To get one to take the first step.
Each one claims a right to wait,
To secure some satisfaction.
What outrages have we not done to God.
We are aggressors : all the wrong is ours.
Yet He seeks us first by grace,
That enlightens our mind, touches our heart.

God not only asks peace from the sinner,
But He asks as a suppliant,
As if He had offended him.
Or had something to fear from him.
" We are ambassadors of Christ,
As if God exhorted by our mouth.
Thus we conjure you in the name of Jesus,
To be reconciled to God."
Not only by ambassadors as St. Paul,
But He begs us in His own person :
He knocks at the door of our heart,
Begging us to let Him enter.

Alas, my soul !
Will you always make war with God ?
Will you never open the door of your heart ?
Must He wait for your convenience ?
What will you gain by making war ?
He is stronger than you.
Sooner or later you will fall into His hands.
Go then, prostrate yourself at His feet.
Ask Him for grace and mercy.
Let us bind ourselves to His service,
With unswerving fidelity.
Fear not, for I am with thee, &c.

Nineteenth Thursday after Pentecost.

On motives to excite the love of God.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength.—*Luke* x. 27.

Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.—*Jerem.* xxxi. 3.

God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him.—1 *John* iv. 9.

Let us, therefore, love God, because God first hath loved us.—1 *John* iv. 19.

We ought to love God for His excellence,
And His infinite perfection.
He is goodness, and the cause of all good.
Beauty, and the source of all beauty.
Wisdom, and the fountain of all knowledge.
Power, and the foundation of all strength.
Sweetness, from whom comes all that is sweet.
If you love good and beautiful things,
Should you not love goodness and beauty?

We ought to love God because He commands it.
It is a favour to be allowed to love Him,
He has thought good expressly to order it,
As the first and greatest commandment,
Binding indispensably on all men,
Giving all a heart to love Him,
And grace to fulfil this commandment
So just and reasonable.

My soul!
Will you not obey so loving an order?
Is it so difficult to obey,
Since He gives you His grace and His Spirit,
We may say His own heart, to help you?
He commands you not to give up goods,
To keep continence, to give up liberty,
But to prefer Him in your heart above all,
Who dispute possession of it with Him.

We ought to love God, for He first loved us.
His love is as old as His being.
He has loved us with a love of preference,
Selecting us from so many heathens.
He has loved us with a disinterested love,
Needing us not, and expecting nothing.
He has loved us with a tender love,
That of a mother, a nurse, as Scripture says.
He has loved us with a strong love,
Above the treason of rebels and sinners.
He has loved us with an infinite love,
As He loves Himself, infinitely.
He gives us paradise, an infinite good.
He bought us at an infinite price.
He loves us all and individually.
He is ready to die for each one.
O Beauty! ever ancient, ever new.
Too late have I known You, and loved You.

We ought to love God, for we are His image.
He has stamped His likeness on our souls.
He has clothed Himself with our nature,

That He might be loved by us.
We are bound by ties of blood.
He is our Father, Mother, Head, Spouse.
Does He not treat us as one of His members?
What member does not love his head?

Who is more necessary to us than He is?
He is our Shepherd, we are His sheep.
He is our Redeemer, we are His slaves.
He is our Master, we are His disciples.
He is our King, we are His subjects.
He is our Captain, we are His soldiers.
He is our Father, we are His children.
If we are blind, He guides us.
If we are sick, He heals us.
If we are afflicted, He consoles us.
If we are attacked, He defends us.
He is the best and most faithful of friends
Leaving us not in adversity.

Nothing so befits a thing as its end.
The love of our end is the strongest love.
The most active, constant, natural.
We can have no other end but God.
We are here to serve and love Him.
O Lord!
I know my heart is made for You.
That it can find rest only in You.

Nineteenth Friday after Pentecost.

Other motives to excite love of God.

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength: the Lord is my firmament, my refuge, and my deliverer.—*Ps.* xvii. 1.

God looked upon the earth, and filled it with His goods. —*Ecclus.* xvi. 30.

That I may enrich them that love me, and may fill their treasures.—*Prov.* viii. 21.

He gave gifts to men.—*Ephes.* iv. 8.

We ought to love God for His gifts to us,
Of nature, of grace, and of glory.
Gifts great in quantity, infinite in quality.
Pure in intention, constant in duration.
In the past, in the present, in the future.
From pure goodness, without merit of ours.
Notwithstanding sins and ingratitude.
What a blessing is creation! redemption!
Justification! the glory of paradise!
Call to mind all the goods He has given you,
All the dangers He has averted, since your birth.

Nothing obliges Him to love you.
He has no need of you. Why does He love you?
Because you are poor and miserable.
He wishes to impart His goods to you.
Goods so excellent in substance, precious in quality.
So varied in number, so lasting in duration.
So useful for His designs, so suitable for all times.
So convenient for all places, so fit for all men.
In fine, so adapted to gain your love.

He is still charged with your miseries.
He is willing to become man and die for you,
To deliver you from eternal misery,
And procure you the same joy as He has,
Wherewith He rejoices eternally.

O great God! source of infinite goods!
O centre of all hearts, and all loves!
How is it that I have not loved You?
Nor made You any return for Your benefits?
I will love You, Lord, since You are so good.
Since You have loved me from eternity.
Since You have heaped Your goods upon me.
Since I am not happy unless I love You.
I will love nothing like You:
With You, or after You.
I will love You only: ardently: constantly.
I will love You in time, and in eternity.
I will love Thee, O Lord, &c.

Nineteenth Saturday after Pentecost.

On the small number of the saved.

Many are called but few are chosen.—*Matt.* xxii. 14.

Destruction is thy own, O Israel, thy help is only in Me.—*Osee* xiii. 9.

What is there that I ought to do more for My vineyard, that I have not done to it?—*Isa.* v. 4.

His bones shall be filled with the sins of his youth, and they shall sleep with him in the dust.—*Job* xx. 11.

God wishes all men to be saved.
His light shines on all in the world.

He refuses His grace to no one.
He delivered His Son for all.
He wishes not the death of the sinner.
He never abandons anyone,
Unless He is first abandoned.
He seeks workmen from morning till night,
And sends them into His vineyard.
Why then are so few saved?

It is because nature is corrupted.
Because it always tends downward.
Because we struggle not against it.
We are tied to the pleasures of sense.
We follow the maxims of the world.
Because we do no penance.
Because we do not what we ought.
Because we begin to do it too late.
Because we wait to the very last,
When we are no more able to sin.
Because we think of earth, not of God.
Because we keep not His commandments.
Because we die as we live.
The greater part live in sin,
What wonder they die in sin.

God contemns those at death,
Who contemned Him during life.
The devil keeps fast at death,
Those whom he possessed during life.
Seldom can we in old age shake off,
The wicked customs of our youth.
Everyone carries to his grave,

The vices of his first years.
They hide themselves in his bones,
And sleep under his ashes with him.

O my God!
Shall I be saved? Shall I be damned?
If I am saved, it will be by Your grace.
If I am damned, it will be my own fault.
Nothing is wanting to me for my salvation.
I have the Sacraments, the appointed means.
I can do penance at all times.
Cannot I do what so many do,
Who are much weaker than I am?
Many are called, &c.

Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *John* iv. 46-53.

On the cure of the ruler's son.

Whatsoever shall befal the just man, it shall not make him sad.—*Prov.* xii. 21.

Good things and evil, life and death, poverty and riches, are from God.—*Ecclus.* xi. 14.

When He slew them, then they sought Him: and they returned and came to Him early in the morning: and they remembered that God was their helper.—*Ps.* lxxvii. 34.

Tobias repined not against God because the evil of blindness had befallen him; but continued immovable in the fear of God, giving thanks to God all the days of his life. —*Tob.* ii. 14.

A ruler sought Jesus for his son's cure.
Without this affliction,

He would never have thought of Jesus.
Miseries force men to seek God.
The rich with little patience and much pride,
Only pray when necessity urges,
Therefore He sends them crosses.
He wishes us to have a disgust for the world :
To be detached from life : to desire death.
To sigh after the joy of the saints.
He wishes us to feel our dependence,
And our constant need of His grace.
He leaves us in despondency,
Until we own that He alone can help us.

Are you in prosperity, or adversity ?
Have you many troubles, or none ?
If none, you are worthy of pity :
For it is a misery to want nothing,
Except the anger of God.
If you have troubles, come to God,
For He sent them to you.
No power can cure them, if He wills not.
If He wills, no power can retain them.

You do pray to God, you say :
Yes, but in a state of mortal sin,
As a declared enemy, making war on Him.
You never do what He asks you,
Yet you want at once what you ask Him.
You crucify His Son in your heart,
Yet you expect Him to cure your body.
You squander His graces,
Yet expect Him to preserve your goods.

Be reconciled to Him : ask pardon for sin.
Seek His Kingdom and justice,
And all else shall be added.

Jesus cures bodies as well as souls.
He sends sickness to punish sin :
To keep us from loving life.
To humble us : to increase merit.
To let us share His sufferings.
To be honoured by our patience.
Few things give greater glory to God,
Than a tranquil, patient, sick man.
He is a model of Christian virtues.
Faith in darkness : hope in weakness :
Charity in pain : resignation,
Even when God seems hard with him.

Do you pray when you are sick ?
And look first to the cure of your soul ?
Do you trust more in doctors than Jesus ?
The doctor can do nothing,
If God conceals from him your malady.
Or does not let him discover the cause.
Or does not bless his remedies.
You depend more on God than doctors.
Your life waits not for their word.
Seek the Physician of heaven.

Own that you have not faith, hope, charity.
Own that you believe not in God's Providence.
That you doubt if He knows your ailment.
Or that He can cure you.

Or that He knows whether health is useful.
King David wanted not doctors :
Have pity on me, O God, for I am sick :
Heal me, Lord, for my bones are troubled.

Whatsoever shall befal, &c.

Twentieth Monday after Pentecost.

On the same subject.

The other disciples, therefore, said to him : We have seen the Lord. But he said to them : Unless I see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe.—*John* xx. 25.

Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed : blessed are they that have not seen, but have believed.—*John* xx. 29.

The just man liveth by faith.—*Rom.* i. 17.

We walk by faith and not by sight.—2 *Cor.* v. 7.

The ruler asked Jesus to his house,
Because his son was near to death.
Jesus reproved his little faith,
But he entreated Him all the more.
Jesus said : Go, all is well.
He now believed, and his son was cured.
Your soul is burning with fever.
Its passions have mastered it.
It is near to death, if not dead.
Hurry to the church : hasten to confession.
Present yourself at the altar : say to Jesus :

You know the state of my soul :
It is very sick, likely to die.
Come, Lord, come to my house to cure it,
For You only can give it life.

Unless you see wonders, you believe not.
Are you one of those,
Who must see, taste, feel, touch ?
Faith believes what the eyes see not,
What the mind comprehends not.
It rests on the word and authority of God,
Believing what seems impossible.
How incredulous is that soul,
Who believes neither God nor reason.
It is unreasonable to doubt,
That God is within us :
That He fills heaven and earth :
That He is wise, good, and powerful.
Why do you not believe He is in you ?
Because you do not feel Him ?
Why do you give yourself up to sorrow,
When He sends you affliction ?
Do you not know it is good for you ?
Will you teach Him how to govern ?
What reason have you to doubt,
His power, His wisdom, His goodness ?

O my God !
I believe, but increase my faith.
I renounce my own lights.
I will no longer listen to my senses.
It is enough for You to say anything,

However incredible it appears.
I will be content with any state,
Since faith tells me You think of me :
That You have love for me :
That You do all for my good.

The other disciples, &c.

Twentieth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On venial sin.

He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greater.—*Luke* xvi. 10.

Behold how a small fire kindleth a great wood.—*James* iii. 5.

He that contemneth small things, shall fall by little and little.—*Ecclus.* xix. 1.

He was at the point of death.—*John* iv. 47.

Venial sin disposes to mortal.
It is sickness of soul, leading to death.
A sinner never stays where he falls.
His sin is a weight that drags him down.
The devil and passion help the fall.
And do not let him stop, till he reaches
The bottom of the abyss, mortal sin.

To avoid great sins, needs great grace.
Little sins cool charity.
Graces are not so strong, or frequent.
The mind is not so enlightened,

Nor the will so easily touched.
One is obscured, the other hardened.
The inferior part obeys not the superior.
It rebels, as the soul rebels against God.
The soul has not the same protection,
Against the temptation of the devil,
The attractions of the world,
The inclinations of the flesh.
It turns not from dangerous occasions.
Consolations in prayer are withdrawn.
Interior troubles appear.
Consolation is sought in creatures.
And then comes the fall into great sins.

O my God!
Rebuke me not in Your indignation,
Chastise me not in Your wrath.
Chastise me as a Father, not as a Judge.
Send me troubles that lead me to You.
Not those that take me far from You.

Venial sin disposes to mortal,
For it inflames concupiscence.
Charity lessens as cupidity increases.
Our natural bent feels not its origin,
That is, nothingness, and sin at our birth.
It pushes us always on the one side:
For every push, there are many falls.
Many little sins make not a great one,
But they prepare the way for passion,
And for falls into extremes of vice.

O my God!
Am I still in Your friendship?
I see sin in my soul, darkness in my mind.
Languor in my will, disorder in my passions.
Save me, O God, leave me not to myself.
Let me fall into any misery,
Rather than fall into mortal sin.
He that is faithful, &c.

Twentieth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On the same venial sin.

He that is unjust in that which is little, is unjust also in that which is greater.—*Luke* xvi. 10.

He that loveth danger shall perish in it.—*Ecclus.* iii. 27.

Be not without fear about sin forgiven, and add not sin to sin.—*Ecclus.* v. 5.

Say not, I have sinned, and what harm hath befallen me? *Ecclus.* v. 4.

The heart cannot cling to a creature,
Without quitting its Creator.
It cannot serve two masters:
As it approaches one, it leaves the other.
Love between the good is at first pure.
It then becomes human, but under control.
It then becomes natural, with concupiscence.
From natural it becomes sensuous.
From sensuous, carnal: from carnal, impure.
Many good souls have sunk in this slough,
By not stifling passion in its birth.

Presuming on their strength :
Exposing themselves to danger :
Loving someone too tenderly,
And committing slight infidelities.
Is your heart free ?
Have you tenderness for anyone ?
Watch : fear : break the bonds.
Snatch your heart from this object.
You have the fever : you will die.

The soul that falls into little faults,
Loses the horror of great ones.
Habits of venial sins, make mortal familiar.
They are very much alike.
Both arise in the same concupiscence.
Both have the same tempter, the devil.
Both are seduced by the same pleasure.
Both turn to the same object.
Both seek the same company.
Both have the same examples.
Hence familiarity with venial sin,
Makes mortal less frightful.
When fear lessens, hardihood increases,
The distinction between the two is lost.
We pass easily from one to the other.
Are you in this disposition ?
Once you fled from sin as a serpent.
Now you play with it.
You are surely wounded unto death.

Custom is a second nature :
Often much stronger than the first.

It is a torrent sweeping all before it,
Which no one can resist.
It is a habit that weights down the soul,
And increases its inclination to evil.
It acquires force by repeated acts.
Little ones help it on as well as great.
Many venial sins do not make a mortal,
But many light faults dispose to great ones.
If you tell lies in light things,
When passions are excited,
You will not think whether they are great.
Can you doubt the assurance of Jesus?
He who is unfaithful in little things,
Will be also unfaithful in great ones.

He that is unjust, &c.

Twentieth Thursday after Pentecost.

On the same venial sin.

Because I have called and you have refused . . . . I also will laugh at your destruction, and will mock when that shall come to you which you feared.—*Prov.* i. 24.

Thou hast trusted in thy wickedness . . . . evil shall come upon thee, and thou shalt not know the rising thereof. *Isa.* xlvii. 10.

The Lord hath mercy on whom He will, and whom He will He hardeneth.—*Rom.* ix. 18.

But he that is hardened in mind shall fall into evil.—*Prov.* xxviii. 14.

Mortal sin is a revolt of the soul,
Which renders not to God the worship due;

And submits not the will to its end.
Light faults do not part us from our end,
But they accustom the will not to submit,
In things regarding our end.
Thus light faults prepare the way for greater.
Many are dead who thought they were sick.
It is a great evil to be accustomed to evil.

Nature passes gradually,
From one extreme to another.
No soul becomes wicked at once.
It begins with little, ends with great sins.
Grace and sin are the two extremes.
We pass from one to the other by venial sin.
A little chink will sink a ship.
A small spark will burn a forest.
A bad thought will kill a soul.
Little beginnings bring great results.
A tiny stream creeping through rocks,
Gathers other streams, gains strength,
And becomes a mighty river.

Small infidelities give the devil power,
To tempt more strongly.
Our soul is besieged by unseen foes;
A little breach will give them entry,
And make them our masters.
God reigns over us by order:
The devil by disorder.
Little sins disorder and upset the soul,
And give the devil power over us.

You have great temptations: why?
You are not faithful in small things.
You allow trifling liberties,
Which insensibly lead you to greater.
O my soul!
Fear an evil that leads to death.
Dread little sins, to avoid great ones.
A small matter gains heaven,
A small matter loses it.
One venial sin cannot damn thee,
But yet damnation
Oftentimes begins by a venial sin.
It leads to mortal, and mortal to hell.
Because I have called, &c.

Twentieth Friday after Pentecost.

On the nature and bad effects of venial sin.

Grieve not the holy Spirit of God.—*Ephes.* iv. 30.

But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall render an account for at the day of judgment.—*Matt.* xii. 36.

Of one spark cometh a great fire.—*Ecclus.* xi. 34.

Nor bind sin to sin: for even in one thou shalt not be unpunished.—*Ecclus.* vii. 8.

He that feareth God neglecteth nothing.—*Eccles.* vii. 19.

Well done, good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.—*Matt.* xxv. 23.

Every venial sin offends God.
Though it separates us not from grace,

It is an evil with guilt,
Hence a greater evil,
Than all the pains we can suffer in life.
God loves pain, but cannot love guilt.
It is never permitted to commit a sin,
Even to save all the damned,
Or to prevent all men from being damned.
Sin is a great evil that God hates,
Essentially : necessarily : infinitely.
Yet I fear it not : commit it without scruple.
I mock those who fear it.
It is to me a pleasure and amusement.

Venial sin dishonours God.
It wounds His infinite perfections.
It offends the sanctity of God.
It provokes the justice of God.
It saddens the Spirit of God.
It diminishes the grace of God.
It makes us stray from His guidance.
However small, it is a sin,
And hence an injury against God.

I dishonour God more by one venial sin,
Than I can honour Him by good works.
It is better to keep from one venial sin,
Than to do every kind of good work.
You do not practise good works,
Yet you constantly do evil.
Is this to live as a Christian ?

Venial sin disfigures the soul.
It tarnishes its lustre and beauty.

It darkens its understanding.
Weakens its will : excites its passions :
Inflames its concupiscence :
Diminishes the fear of God :
Induces languor and tepidity :
Takes away relish from devotions.
What wonder we fall into greater !

Lot's wife became a pillar of salt,
For a small curiosity.
Aaron entered not the land of promise,
For a slight distrust.
Fifty thousand Bethsamites died,
For looking curiously at the ark.
Sixty-six thousand died of pestilence,
For a vanity of David.
The greatest saint on earth,
With one venial sin cannot enter heaven,
Until it is expiated in Purgatory.
Will you say it is nothing ?
Will you make it an amusement ?

O my God !
I did not think venial sin was such an evil.
How I have slighted You, God of Majesty !
How I have afflicted You, God of goodness !
How ill I have treated You, God of sanctity !
O my soul,
Are you dead, or are you alive ?
You are tepid, you are sick.
You are in danger of death.
Fear the anger of God : avoid small sins.

Never count that little that God hates,
Which may be the beginning of damnation.

Grieve not the holy Spirit, &c.

Twentieth Saturday after Pentecost.

On faith.

He that is unbelieving, his soul shall not be right in himself: but the just shall live in his faith.—*Hab.* ii. 4.

That which is high to men is an abomination before God. —*Luke* xvi. 15.

Amen I say to you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven.—*Matt.* xix. 23.

Again I say to you: it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.—*Matt.* xix. 24.

They who are in the flesh cannot please God.—*Rom.* viii. 8.

Reason is the light of man.
Faith is the light of a Christian.
To have reason is to be a man.
To believe is to be a Christian.
God is honoured by the heart and mind.
In the heart by submission to His law.
In the mind by submission to faith.
The heart submits itself entirely,
When it does what does not please it.
The mind submits itself perfectly,
When it believes what it understands not.

Does reason govern me? or faith?
I am only an animal if I trust sense.
I doubt, unless I see, feel, touch.
Unless I feel God, I think Him far from me.
Unless I feel a relish for prayer,
I leave it, or go through it listlessly.

Faith consecrates the spirit of a man.
It makes him religious.
It submits him to the authority of God.
It sacrifices him to His glory.
It unites him to His wisdom.
It makes him upright, certain, infallible,
Like the Spirit of God Himself.
Divine faith needs not the senses.
If I need sense to believe, I live as a beast.
If I need reason, I live as a man.
If I need faith, I live as a Christian.

The just man lives by faith.
To be just we must act by faith.
Judge things by light of faith,
Not by light of sense, or reason.
Value things with the value of faith,
And not with the value of the world.
Love what faith deems worthy of love.
Hate what it deems worthy of hatred.

What says faith of the world's greatness?
That it is an abomination before God.
What does it say of riches?
That you cannot love them and be saved.

And it is hard not to love them if you have them.
What does it say of pleasures?
That those who have them in this world,
Will not have them in the next.
That Christians must crucify their flesh.
That to live for the flesh, pleases not God.
That the torments of hell,
Are in proportion to the pleasures of life.

If you believe not, you are no Christian.
If you believe, why is your life,
Contrary to your belief?
You believe in humility,
Yet you would be great.
You believe riches to be cursed by God,
Yet you would be rich.
You believe that the poor are happy,
Yet you have a dread of poverty.
You believe that suffering is a blessing,
Yet you murmur at afflictions.
You seek only pleasure, amusement,
Good cheer, gratification of sense.
Do you want accusers at the judgment?
He who believes not is already judged,
He who believes and acts contrary,
Is already condemned.

He that is unbelieving, &c.

Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* xviii. 23-35.

On the gospel.

What shall I do when God shall rise to judge? and when He shall examine what shall I answer Him?—*Job* xxxi. 14.

If Thou, O Lord, wilt mark iniquities, Lord who shall stand it?—*Ps.* cxxix. 3.

What is this I hear of thee? Give an account of thy stewardship. —*Luke* xvi. 2.

He that had received the one talent, going his way, digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.—*Matt.* xxv. 18.

I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall render an account for it at the day of judgment.—*Matt.* xii. 36.

God is the King who makes the reckoning.
We have received goods of nature and grace,
To honour, serve, and love Him.
To glorify Him: to keep His commandments.
How have you used what you have received?
Your intellect, memory, judgment, goods?
Your credit, authority, knowledge?
How have you profited by graces?
By lights, inspirations, good desires?
By confession and communion?
By reading, sermons, meditations?
Put your affairs in order.
You must render an account,
Of all that you have received,
And what you have done with it.

Ten thousand talents is a large sum.
It marks the price, and number of graces,
The countless multitude of sins,
And the horrible punishments due to them.
They are debts owing to the justice of God,
For which satisfaction must be given.
You have committed sins without number.
God has pardoned you often.
You have promised Him satisfaction.
As yet you have done nothing.
What can you answer to the justice of God?
How can you satisfy Him?
How can you pay ten thousand talents?
Only in your heart by penance,
And by trusting to the wounds of Jesus.

At death you will hear the terrible words:
Give an account of My goods.
The book of your life will be opened.
He will examine your credit and debit.
The good you have had, and the bad use of it.
He will see a frightful number of sins.
You must account for every idle word.
What will you answer?
Put your affairs in order at once.
Wait not till death.
It will be then too late.
God now is a God of mercy.
Then He will be a God of justice.

Twenty-first Monday after Pentecost.

On the same gospel.

I said I will confess against myself my injustice to the Lord; and Thou hast forgiven the wickedness of my sin.—*Ps.* xxxi. 5.

With what judgment you have judged, you shall be judged: and with what measure you have measured, it shall be measured to you.—*Matt.* vii. 2.

Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.—*Matt.* vi. 12.

Lord, how often shall my brother offend against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus said to him: I say not to thee, till seven times: but till seventy times seven.—*Matt.* xviii. 21.

The servant from fear of the prison,
Humbly fell at his master's feet.
Owned the debt, and his insolvency:
Asked for time, and promised satisfaction.
Thus should we do penance for sin.
We must acknowledge our great debt,
Own that we cannot satisfy for all of it.
Humble ourselves before God,
Casting ourselves at His feet,
Ask for pardon, grace, and mercy.
Conjure Him to have patience.
Promise to repair the past: to work better.
To do penance: to expiate sin by sorrow.
To do good works to atone for the bad.

The king touched with compassion,
Forgave the debt, and restored his liberty.
The servant only asked for time,
The master remitted the debt.
So God gives us more than we ask,
If we are humble, pray earnestly,
And promise to serve Him better.
But, Lord, You know grace will be abused,
As soon as You have gone away.
No matter : God forgives a true penitent,
Without regard to the future.

Have patience, I will pay you all.
God has much patience with our sins,
Our ingratitude, our frequent falls,
Our languor, and apathy.
It is amazing that you have no patience,
In trouble, in dryness, in afflictions,
In desolation, in infirmity, in sickness.
He says : Have patience, bear this for Me,
I will reward you well in the other life.
But you will not have it ;
You murmur, take Providence to task,
And accuse Him of injustice.

The servant met a companion,
Who owed him a hundred pence.
Untouched by his tears, he put him in prison.
The king recalled the wicked servant,
Reproached him with ingratitude,
And delivered him to the torturers.
When we leave the presence of God,

We forget His benefits.
How cruel to exact a trifling debt,
After release from an immense one.
What do you owe God? an infinite sum.
What does your neighbour owe you? a trifle.
God forgives you all,
Yet you are hard with your neighbour.
You will bear nothing from him,
You exact with rigour what he owes.

Ah! the angels complain to God.
In just anger He revokes His grace,
And will punish you for the last farthing.
The demons will put you in prison,
From whence you will never go out.
For you are ungrateful to God,
And inhuman to your brother.
Oh, I will bear with him,
That God may bear with me.
I will forgive him his little debts,
That God may forgive my great ones.
I will pardon him everything,
That God may pardon me everything.

I said I will confess, &c.

Twenty-first Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the presence of God.

Lord Thou hast proved me, and known me: Thou hast known my sitting down and my rising up: Thou hast understood my thoughts afar off: my path and my line Thou hast searched out.—*Ps.* cxxxviii. 2.

Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? Whither shall I flee from Thy face? If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there; if I descend into hell, Thou art present.—*Ps.* cxxxviii. 5.

Thou, O Lord, art amongst us, and Thy name is called upon us: forsake us not.—*Jerem.* xiv. 9.

As the Lord of hosts liveth, in whose sight I stand.—4 *Kings* iii. 14.

For in Him we live, and we move, and we are.—*Acts* xvii. 28.

God is before me; with me; in me:
He is before me, to consider me.
He is with me, to govern me.
He is in me, to enliven me.
I ought therefore to be before God,
By thinking of nothing but Him.
With God, by labouring only for Him.
In God, by loving nothing but Him.

I am never alone,
God is always with me.
I never work alone,
God always works with me.
I never suffer alone,
God always suffers with me.

Is it not to be in heaven, to see God always?
Is it not to be in hell, never to see God?

Alas, my God!
You always think of me,
And I never think of You.
You are always with me,
And I am never with You.
You always labour for me,
And I never labour for You.
You are always in me, as in a hell,
There to see my crimes,
And hear my blasphemies.
You shall henceforth be as in a heaven,
There to see good actions,
And hear Your praises.

Lord, Thou hast proved me, &c.

Twenty-first Wednesday after Pentecost.

On the pardoning of injuries.

Forgive and you shall be forgiven.—*Luke* vi. 35.

Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.—*Luke* vi. 27.

If you forgive men their offences, your heavenly Father will also forgive your offences: but if you will not forgive men, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you yours.—*Matt.* vi. 14.

God commands you to do it,
And will you not do it?

You would do it for your king,
If he should order you to do it.
Who has a right to command, if God has not?
Will you not do what pleases Him?
The servant's satisfaction,
Must yield to the master's authority.

What God forbids you,
He forbids the whole world.
What God commands you,
He commands the whole world.
As he forbids you to hate your enemy,
So He forbids your enemy to hate you.
As He commands you to love all men,
So He commands all men to love you.
Is anything more just than this command?

God orders you to do it as a King,
He entreats you as a Father.
He teaches it to you as a Master,
By His mildness, and by His patience:
By His word and by His example.
What does He not suffer from you?
In one hand He holds revenge,
In the other patience.
One is necessary for Him,
But the other is very dear to Him.
He lays aside His revenge,
In order to preserve patience.
He pardons with joy:
He punishes with sorrow.
He pardons by inclination,

He punishes from necessity.
If we are subjects, let us obey our King.
If we are children, let us obey our Father.
If we are disciples, let us follow our Master.

Forgive and you shall be forgiven, &c.

Twenty-first Thursday after Pentecost.

Other reasons for forgiving our enemies.

As you would that men should do to you, do you also to them in like manner.—*Luke* vi. 31.

Be ye, therefore, merciful as your Father also is merciful.—*Luke* vi. 36.

But I say to you not to resist evil, but if any man strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.—*Matt.* v. 39.

With what judgment you have judged you shall be judged: and with what measure you have measured, it shall be measured to you.—*Matt.* vii. 2.

Why do you hate your brother?
Is he not a man like you?
Is he not a Christian as you are?
If you hate him because he is a sinner,
You ought to hate all men.
Were you just when Jesus loved you?
What would become of you,
If He had not loved sinners?
The wrong that is done to you, is a trifle,
If you consider the wrong you do to God.

You are slighted. Have you not deserved it?
Can one that is damned be slighted enough?
Your goods are taken from you.
Was it not God that gave them to you?
Has he not a right to recall them,
When He pleases, by whom He pleases?

Do not call him an enemy,
Who makes you gain heaven.
If he has offended you,
He shall be soundly punished for it.
His damnation is unavoidable,
Unless he make you satisfaction.
Can you carry your hatred beyond eternity?
Leave the revenge to God,
It is a right that belongs to Him.
Keep patience for yourself,
It is the penalty due to your iniquities.

God is for you a rule of mercy.
You are for Him a rule of justice.
Unless you use mercy as He does,
He will take vengeance as you do.
If you love; He will love you.
If you hate; He will hate you.
If you excuse; He will excuse you.
If you condemn; He will condemn you.
If you pardon; He will pardon you.
If you punish; He will punish you.

O Jesus!
When I see You dying on the Cross,
I have no more gall in my heart.

When I hear You praying for Your enemies,
I have nothing but tenderness for mine.
My Father,
Forgive those that have offended me ;
They knew not what they did,
And they did but what I deserved.
As you would that men, &c.

Twenty-first Friday after Pentecost.

On motives for patience.

Blessed is the wood by which justice cometh.—*Wisd.* xiv. 7.

Then Jesus said to His disciples : if any one will come after Me . . . let him take up his cross.—*Matt.* xvi. 24.

The wood of the cross to them indeed that perish is foolishness : but to them who are saved, that is to us, it is the power of God.—1 *Cor.* i. 18.

I rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ in my flesh for His body, which is the Church.—*Coloss.* i. 24.

God forbid that I should glory, but in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Gal.* vi. 14.

The sinner hath provoked the Lord, according to the multitude of His wrath He will not seek him.—*Ps.* ix. 25.

Carry your cross, O Christian soul !
You will find none fitter than your own.
If you leave it to take another,
You will lose instead of gaining.
The cross is planted everywhere.
It is found in all manner of places.

There are crosses in king's palaces,
As well as in cloisters.
God will have all men to be saved.
He has provided crosses for all,
For none can be saved without a cross.

The cross bears admirable fruits.
It unloosens us from creatures.
It gives us a disgust for life.
Makes us desire death.
Satisfies for our sins.
Makes us feel the punishment of them.
Gives us a horror of them.
Destroys the habit of them.
Makes us like to Jesus Christ.
Makes us drink from His chalice.

Nothing is more glorious, than to suffer:
Nothing more sweet: more wholesome:
More necessary, than to suffer.

What honour to be crucified with Jesus!
To ascend His royal throne!
To carry His sceptre: wear His diadem!
To consummate the work of His redemption.
To fill up what is wanting to His Passion.
To be like His suffering figure.
To continue His sacrifice.
To take part in His sorrows.
To help Him to carry His cross.
To be a victim like Him.
To be a martyr like Him.
To be persecuted like Him.

To be immolated like Him.
I adore torments as sacraments.
I look upon an afflicted man,
As on Jesus crucified.
I had rather suffer with Jesus,
Than reign with Jesus.

God chastises those He loves.
He spares not the rod to His children.
If I am not corrected I am not beloved.
If I am not God's child, I shall not be saved.
God is never more in wrath,
Than when he shows not His wrath.
I never am more comforted,
Than when I am amidst sufferings.
He that chastises me in the present,
Will spare me in eternity.
God always visits with His grace,
Those whom He visits with pain.
Grace is a fruit of the cross.
You must climb the cross to gather it.
You will never be without grace,
As long as you are on the cross.

There is no virtue without a cross.
No merit without patience.
Take away the cross from charity,
And it has no more tenderness.
Take away the cross from hope,
And it has no more support.
Take away the cross from humility,
And it is nothing but vanity.

Take away the cross from fortitude,
And it is nothing but weakness.

Money is not current,
Unless stamped with the prince's image.
The wounds that are given to it,
Give it its value.
Unless you have wounds,
You will have no merit.
Your gold will not be current,
Unless it has the stamp of the cross.

Blessed is the wood, &c.

Twenty-first Saturday after Pentecost.

On other motives for patience.

Woe unto them that have not patience.—*Ecclus.* ii. 16.

This is thanksworthy if for conscience towards God, a man endureth sorrows, suffering wrongfully.—1 *Peter* ii. 19.

We glory in tribulation, knowing that tribulation works patience, patience trial, trial hope.—*Rom.* v. 3.

Take all that shall be brought upon thee.—*Ecclus.* ii. 4.

Be patient towards all men.—1 *Thess.* v. 14.

Christ suffered for us leaving you an example, that you should follow His steps.—1 *Peter* ii. 21.

How perfect is a patient man!
All his virtues are heroic.
He believes that he is loved,
When he is afflicted.

That God makes much of him,
When He strikes him.
He hopes against hope.
He is calm in all events,
Immovable in his ruin :
Indefatigable in his labours.
He loves God without enticements.
He kisses the rods that scourge him.
He thinks himself unworthy of all good.
He reckons himself worthy of all evils.
He leaves himself to Providence.
He lets himself be led by obedience.
He adores all crosses as relics of the true cross.

God is wise : He knows well what He does.
He is good : therefore He wishes me well.
He is everywhere : He sees what I suffer.
He is omnipotent : He can deliver me.
He is rich : He can assist me.
He is just : why should I complain ?
He is charitable . why should I despair ?
He is patient : ought I not to imitate Him ?
He is a king : ought He not to govern ?
He is a sovereign : ought He not to command ?

What comfort to be on the cross,
With Jesus crucified !
He is with you upon your cross,
And you are with Him upon His.
He is united to you by suffering,
And you are united to Him by patience.
Is not this to be blessed,

To be thus united to Him?
The union in heaven is by happiness:
The union on earth is by suffering.
God created the world by action,
He repaired it by suffering.
He acts like a God, with those who act.
He suffers like a man, with those who suffer.
O my soul, what greater joy,
Than to be with Jesus on the cross!

You are a Christian, only by the cross.
You are no longer one, without a cross.
It is to renounce your religion,
To be too much afraid of sufferings.
You shall share the pleasures of Jesus,
If you share in His sorrows.
You shall accompany Him in His glory,
If you keep Him company in His pains.
You shall reign with Him,
Provided that you suffer with Him.
You must fight in order to be crowned.
You must suffer in order to be saved.
Man lost himself by pleasure,
He cannot save himself but by pain.

Jesus lived in pain,
And you would live in pleasure.
The innocent is punished,
And the guilty would go free.
The Son was crowned with thorns,
And the slave would be crowned with roses.

The just Man was elevated on a cross,
And the wicked man would ascend a throne.

There is no greater cross,
Than to have a horror of the cross.
We endure more in damning ourselves,
Than we endure in saving ourselves.
The wicked man suffers without pleasure,
He has no comfort in his pain.
His cross has no unction.
It is the cross of the wicked thief.
It hath neither sweetness nor merit.
Nobody helps him to carry it.
It is the cross of one in despair.

Let us honour : bear : love the cross of Jesus.
It is the mystical ladder of Jacob.
It is the throne of wisdom.
The chair of the Man God.
The trophy of our salvation.
The standard of our religion.
The seal of predestination.
The principle of grace,
The foundation of glory.

O holy cross, I adore thee!
Dear spouse of the Son of God,
I kiss thee, and I embrace thee.
Disdain not the servant,
Because thou didst bear the master.
Disdain not the criminal,
Because thou didst bear the innocent.

Disdain not the man,
Because thou hast borne a God.

O holy cross!
It is to me that thou dost belong.
The Holy One has no right on thee.
Thou art the portion of a man;
Thou art the inheritance of a sinner.
The appanage of a Christian.
For me therefore thou wert made.
Come, O holy cross, betwixt my arms,
Permit me to rest upon thine.
I have espoused thee in my baptism.
Thy marriage must be indissoluble.
Let nothing separate me from thee.
O throne of grace and mercy,
Raise me up from the earth,
As thou didst my Saviour.
If I die betwixt thy arms,
I shall be both a saviour, and be saved.
I shall gain souls to God,
And shall not lose my own.

Woe unto them, &c.

Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* xxii. 15-21.

On the gospel.

There is no wisdom, there is no prudence, there is no counsel against the Lord.—*Prov.* xxi. 30.

I will destroy the wisdom of the wise: and the prudence of the prudent I will reject.—1 *Cor.* i. 19.

If I say the truth, you believe Me not.—*John* viii. 45.

For this I was born, for this I came into the world; that I should give testimony to the truth: every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.—*John* xviii. 37.

They tried to catch Jesus in His speech.
What malice to set snares for a God!
Many in the world plot against Jesus.
Few unite together to defend Him,
To work for His glory, to extend His empire.
Unite yourself to some holy society,
To defend the interests of Jesus.

Master, we know Thou art a true speaker.
God gave His Son to instruct us:
To be a Master to us.
The devil gives the world to deceive us.
Jesus is truth, all His maxims are true.
The world is a cheat, and it maxims false.
Jesus teaches the way to salvation.
The world teaches the way to perdition.
Why do you rather believe the world?
Why do you follow the maxims of the world?

You are, you say, a disciple of Christ.
A wicked one who believes not his Master
And does nothing that He orders.
If He tells the truth, why not believe Him?
If you believe it, why not obey it?

Hypocrites, why do you tempt me?
A hypocrite tempts God.
He tries to see if God is wise.
If He can see into hearts.
If he can deceive or surprise Him.
There are hypocrite and false devotees,
With a fine outside of piety,
But with no truth and spirit within,
Who speak like angels, live like demons.
Remember the curses of Jesus against them
Be the same inside and outside,
In faith; in action; in heart; in words.

There is no wisdom, &c.

Twenty-second Monday after Pentecost.

On the same gospel.

Render therefore to all their dues: tribute, to whom tribute is due; custom, to whom custom; honour, to whom honour.—*Rom.* xiii. 7.

Stripping yourselves of the old man with his deeds, and putting on the new, him who is renewed unto knowledge, according to the image of Him who created him.—*Col.* iii. 9.

The third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice: If any man adore the beast, and his image, and receive his mark on his forehead, or in his hand, he also shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone.—*Apoc.* xiv. 9.

Whose image is this?
We are made to the image of God.
We should conform to our original.
Then we should be holy as God is.
Perfect as God; charitable as God.
Gentle, patient, just, merciful as God.
Is there in your life and actions,
Any traits of the sanctity of God?
The image in you is not God's, but the devil's.
You are proud, angry as the devil.
Envious and vindictive as he is.
You have disfigured the likeness of God.
There is scarcely a feature left.

Give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.
To God the things that are God's.
We fail not to give Cæsar his due,

But who gives all that is due to God ?
We owe Him all, for He gave all.
Our mind owes Him a tribute of submission,
And pays it by faith in things unseen.
Our heart owes Him a tribute of love,
And pays it by charity and sacrifice.
Our faculties owe Him a tribute of trust,
And pay it by hope, expecting His grace.
Our senses owe Him a tribute of suffering,
And pay it by patience and penance.

Give to God the honour and obedience due to Him.
To Me glory is due, I give it not to another.
He leaves us the merit of good actions,
He reserves the glory of them to Himself.
Keep from touching this fruit :
It is forbidden, you will die if you touch it.
Imitate the Ancients in the Apocalypse,
Who prostrated before the Lamb,
With their harps and golden censers,
Full of perfumes, the prayers of the saints.
Sing the praises of God.
Offer the perfume of prayers.
Are your prayers agreeable to God ?
Or rather exhalations from earth,
That bring down lightning and thunder.
Sing the canticle of praise :
The Lamb that was slain is worthy,
To receive power and divinity,
And wisdom, and strength, and honour,
And glory and benediction.
Render therefore to all, &c.

Twenty-Second Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the imitation of Jesus Christ.

Look, and make it according to the pattern that was shown thee in the mount.—*Exod.* xxv. 40.

Whom He also predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son.—*Rom.* viii. 29.

He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also to walk even as He walked.—1 *John* ii. 6.

I have given you an example, that as I have done to you so do you.—*John* xiii. 16.

Jesus has said this,
We therefore must believe it.
Jesus has done this,
We therefore must do it.
His doctrine is the rule of our faith.
His example is the rule of our manners.
He is infallible in His words,
He is impeccable in His actions.
I am a heretic in my mind,
If I believe not what He has said.
I am a heretic in heart,
If I do not what He has done.

If I am like Jesus, I shall be perfect:
I shall be cherished by God:
I shall love God:
I shall be saved.

What happiness to be like unto God!
To live like God. To speak like God.
To act, to suffer, to die like God.

Was it thus that Jesus spoke?
Was it thus that Jesus acted?
Was it thus that Jesus suffered?
My brethren put on Jesus Christ,
As a garment to cover body and soul.
Look, and make it, &c.

Twenty-second Wednesday after Pentecost.

On simplicity.

His communication is with the simple.—*Prov.* iii. 32.

The simplicty of the just shall guide them.—*Prov.* xi. 3.

If thy eye be simple, the whole body will be lightsome.—*Matt.* vi. 22.

Thou art troubled about many things: but one thing is necessary.—*Luke* x. 41.

Be simple in mind. Be simple in heart.
That mind is simple,
That has but one thought.
That heart is simple,
That has but one desire.
Without these two simplicities,
You will never arrive at unity.

God is a pure act.
Nothing is more simple than His being.
He cannot be multiplied
He cannot endure duplicity.
He has from all eternity,
But one thought and one love.

He says all in one word,
And this word is nothing but truth.
If you would unite yourself to God,
You must imitate this simplicity.

To what purpose are so many thoughts?
To what end so many discourses?
Are you not convinced of the truth?
Will you seek for what you have found?
Do what you know. Taste what you see.
God is one great word.
A great matter for prayer.
Cast yourself into this ocean.
Plunge yourself into this abyss.
You will find all things in God.
You will find nothing out of God.

Martha, you labour too much.
Your solicitude is unprofitable.
Here is too much meat,
For the Word, Whom you would entertain.
What need so many cares?
One thing alone is sufficient.
Imitate your sister Mary.
She has chosen the better part.
She hearkens without speaking.
She reposes without disquieting herself.
She has an extreme satisfaction,
In being in the presence of her beloved.
Draw yourself out of multiplicity.
Draw near unto unity.

This is the only thing necessary.
Nothing but this can content you.

To have but one only thought,
You ought to have but one desire.
To empty yourself of thoughts,
You must empty yourself of your desires.
Without simplicity of heart,
You will never have simplicity of mind.
You love a thousand things,
And you would think of nothing.
You give ear to your passions,
And you complain of distractions.
Your complaints are not reasonable.
There is duplicity in your heart.
It runs after its treasure.
It takes pleasure in what it loves.
It does not love God only.

You are not master of your own mind.
But are you not master of your heart?
You cannot be without a thought,
But can you not be without a desire?
You will have but few evil thoughts,
If you have no evil desires.

His communication is, &c.

Twenty-second Thursday after Pentecost.

On the means to arrive at simplicity of heart.

Seek Him in simplicity of heart.—*Wisd.* i. 1.

If thou wilt walk before Me, as thy father walked, in simplicity of heart, and in uprightness.—3 *Kings* ix. 4.

I know, my God, that Thou provests hearts, and lovest simplicity, wherefore I also in the simplicity of my heart, have joyfully offered all these things.—1 *Par.* xxix. 17.

Let Him weigh me in a just balance: and let God know my simplicity.—*Job* xxxi. 6.

Not serving to the eye, as pleasing men, but in simplicity of heart, fearing God.—*Col.* iii. 22.

Shut yourself up in your heart:
There it is that you will find,
What it is that you love.
Whatever noise your mind makes,
Take heed you open not the door to it.
Stop its lightness. Mortify its curiosity.
And if you cannot compass this,
Let the vagabond run:
But do not run after him.
Remain in your own quiet.
Wrap yourself up in your poverty.
What do you seek for, having God present?
Is not faith more certain than the senses?
It is better to love than to think.
Better to enjoy, than to desire.
You will enjoy your beloved,
When you love Him, without desiring else.

O my soul,
How happy wouldst thou be,
If thou wast content with God!
If thou didst seek only to please Him.
If thou wished nothing, but what He wills.
Thy heart in thy prayer would be
Like a river in the ocean.
Like a needle that turns to its pole.
Like steel clinging to its magnet.

O my God, what would I have?
And what do I seek after?
What do I desire: what do I expect?
I seek after rest, and am always in motion.
I seek after peace, and am ever at war.
I am weary of work, henceforth I will rest.
I have but too much knowledge,
I will now begin to love.
Let us, O my soul, taste and see
How sweet our Lord is.

O God of my life! O peace of my soul!
I have offered up all to you with joy,
In the simplicity of my heart.
You know what it is that I seek after.
What it is that I desire.
My heart is simple, O my God,
It has no double dealing.
Make it enter therefore,
Into the repose of the saints,
And draw it to the centre unity.
Seek Him in simplicity, &c.

Twenty-second Friday after Pentecost.

On the incomprehensibility of God.

Great in counsel, and incomprehensible in thought.—*Jerem.* xxxii. 19.

To whom have you likened Me, and made Me equal, and compared Me, and made Me like?—*Isa.* xlvi. 5.

My soul refused to be comforted, I remembered God, and was delighted.—*Ps.* lxxvi. 3.

All my bones shall say: Lord, who is like to Thee.—*Ps.* xxxiv. 10.

Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof.—*Ps.* cxxxvi. 7.

All times together,
Cannot measure the Being of God.
All places together cannot enclose Him.
All understandings whatsoever,
Cannot comprehend Him.
All hearts together,
Cannot love Him sufficiently.

God is nothing of what I see.
He is nothing of what I touch.
He is nothing of what I hear.
He is nothing of what I know.
He is nothing of what I imagine.
He is an invisible, spiritual,
And incomprehensible Being.

O my God, how rich am I,
When I have nothing but You!

How enlightened am I,
When I see nothing but You!
How learned am I,
When I know nothing but You!
How contented am I,
When I relish nothing but You!

I see all things, when I see nothing.
I taste all things, when I taste nothing.
I hear all things, when I hear nothing.
I possess all things, when I possess nothing.
I am all things, when I am nothing.

I honour the power of God,
By the sacrifice of my power.
I honour the greatness of God,
By the sacrifice of my glory.
I honour the goodness of God,
By the sacrifice of my desires.
I honour the incomprehensibility of God,
By the sacrifice of my thoughts.

Empty your memory of its images,
And God will fill it with His essence.
Empty your heart of its affections,
And God will fill it with His goods.
Empty your understanding of its conceits,
And God will fill it with His lights.

Great in counsel, &c.

Twenty-second Saturday after Pentecost.

On modesty.

A man is known by his look, and a wise man is known by his countenance. The attire of the body, and the laughter of the teeth, and the gait of a man shew what he is.—*Ecclus.* xix. 6.

Let your modesty be known to all men.—*Phil.* iv. 5.

The hidden man of the heart in the incorruptibility of a quiet and a meek spirit, which is rich in the sight of God.—1 *Peter* iii. 4.

I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ.—2 *Cor.* x. 1.

Put ye on therefore as the elect of God, humility, modesty, patience.—*Col.* iii. 12.

A man is known by his countenance.
A soul is known by its body.
It is a looking glass that represents it,
And wherein it is painted to the life.
A light body shows a light soul.
A modest body shows a modest soul.
It does nothing but what it is made to do.
When the body is out of order,
It is judged that the soul is so too.
What appearance must that soul have,
Which gives so ill a one to its body.

A quiet and modest exterior,
Is the mark of a perfect soul.
Of a soul that tends to union.
Of a soul that is without passion.

God is tranquil : He is never disturbed :
He dwells only in peace :
He composes and quiets all by His presence.
He imprints His modesty on that soul,
That He gives life to.
And if He does not imprint it,
It is because the soul does not obey Him.

When I see a modest body, I say,
Oh, here is the house of God !
Here is the temple of our Lord !
All things are here in peace, and in order.
    It is the modesty of this soul,
    That is reflected in her body.
    It is the sanctity within,
    That sheds itself without.

An affected modesty cannot last long.
When the soul is well composed,
The body is modest at all times.
The gestures of an ill-regulated body,
Come from the irregularity of the soul.
It is agitated by passions.
It gives ear to temptations.
It sinks under its pains.
It gives itself up to its desires.
He that has God within himself,
Goes not elsewhere to seek Him.
    The steel is at rest,
    When it touches its magnet.
    A soul which touches God,
    Is peaceable, and without motion.

O my God!
How tranquil is Your Spirit!
How agitated is mine!
How grave is Yours, how light is mine!
How modest is Yours, how unruly is mine!
If You were master of my heart,
You would be master of my body.
If I quit the outworks,
The devil will gain the place.
I will therefore regulate my exterior,
That I may preserve for You,
The empire of my heart.
A man is known, &c.

Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* ix. 18-26.

On the gospel.

Man born of a woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries, who cometh forth like a flower, and is destroyed, and fleeteth as a shadow.—*Job* xiv. 1.

Every one that toucheth them shall be sanctified.—*Levit.* vi. 18.

Put not your trust in princes, in the children of men, in whom there is no salvation.—*Ps.* cxlv. 3.

They brought to Him all that were diseased, and they besought Him that they might touch but the hem of His garment.—*Matt.* xiv. 35.

A ruler lost his daughter,
He went to Jesus to ask for her life.

Thus in afflictions we think of God.
It is for this that He sends so many.
Yet you do not have recourse to prayer.
You do not go to find Jesus.
You do not invite Him to come with you.
Is this why you are not free from troubles?

The young girl was but twelve years old.
Death spares no one.
It takes the young and the old.
Take care: if you are old,
Death is at the gate, already knocking.
If you are young, death is on the road,
Concealed often as if in snares.
Whatever you are, be on your guard.
Distrust an enemy that is lying in wait,
In all times and places.

God takes children for many reasons.
Because parents make them idols.
To save them from being afterwards lost.
He who grieves excessively at deaths,
Shews that he is not firm in faith.
That he believes not in Providence.
If grief at deaths shows want of faith,
How guilty are those that weep,
And give way to vexation and despair,
For the loss of goods of less value.

The father asked our Lord to go with him.
He was wanting in faith,
Since he thought His presence necessary.

Moved by the prayers, tears,
And humility of the poor father,
He stopped His discourse,
And made ready to set out with him.
He will willingly go with you,
If you ask Him with fervour, saying,
Lord, my soul is dead, or very sick,
Come, I entreat You at once,
Put Your sacred hands upon it,
And it will recover health and life.

A woman with an issue of blood,
Who had spent a fortune in physic,
Cast her weak body on the ground,
Touched His garment, and was cured.
What faith! to simply touch His garment.
What fervour! to press through the crowd.
What humility! not to say a word.
What respect! to be seized with trembling,
When He asked who had touched Him.
What sincerity! to own what she had done,
When she feared punishment for her boldness.

O my soul, go near to Jesus.
Fear not to touch His wounds.
Declare to Him thy maladies.
He will cure you if you have faith.
The virtue that is in His garments,
Is stronger in His body that you receive.
If His garments heal incurable ills,
What misery will not His flesh heal?
O flesh of Jesus, cure the weakness of mine.

O most holy and pure of all hearts,
Impress Your image on mine,
And make it pure as Yours.
I have touched You for a long time,
Why am I still sick?
Because I touch You not with faith.
Man born of a woman, &c.

Twenty-third Monday after Pentecost.

On the same gospel.

Go, my people, enter into thy chambers: shut thy doors upon thee: hide thyself a little for a moment, until the indignation pass away.—*Isa.* xxvi. 20.

His disciples came: and they wondered that He talked with the woman.—*John* iv. 27.

Rise thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ will enlighten thee.—*Ephes.* v. 14.

Have you here anything to eat? and they offered Him a piece of broiled fish, and a honey comb.—*Luke* xxxiv. 41.

We will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you may not be sorrowful, even as others who have no hope.—1 *Thess.* iv. 12.

Never despair when things seem desperate.
When human help fails, turn to God.
He permits our remedies to fail,
To show Himself Master of life and death.
To oblige us to have recourse to Him.
How are your affairs?
Why does nothing succeed?

You trust too much to your cleverness.
Why does not physic cure you?
You trust too much to doctors.
You regard them as arbiters of life and death.
You have not recourse to God.
You treat Him as if He had abdicated.
Or as if He could not cure you.
Or as if doctors could do it in spite of Him.

Jesus found numbers of people in the house.
She is not dead but sleepeth.
He calls death a sleep.
Why do you fear death?
Do you dread rest after work?
Are you not to rise again?
How sweet is death after working for God!
It is a sleep where all labours cease.

Jesus entered with three disciples.
He takes her by the hand,
Makes her rise, walk, and eat.
A soul risen by grace,
Ought at once to rise and work.
Action is a sign of life.
If you have life, you should do good works.
You should have a hunger for justice.
You are God's, yet do nothing for God.
You are risen, yet will not eat.
You pass months without communion.
I fear that you are dead,
Or that you will die soon.
Go, my people, &c.

Twenty-third Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the death of the good.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.—*Apoc.* xiv. 13.

With him that feareth the Lord, it shall be well in his latter end: and in the day of his death he shall be blessed. —*Ecclus.* i. 13.

Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints.—*Ps.* cxv. 15.

When these things begin to come to pass, look up and lift up your heads, because your redemption is at hand.— *Luke* xxi. 28.

Ye shall go out in joy, and be led forth in peace: the mountains and hills shall sing praises before you.—*Isa.* lv. 12.

What a pleasure it is to die,
When we have no pleasure in living.
You quit that without pain,
Which you possess without affection.
Death is sweet to him,
Who has no comfort at all here.
The soul leaves without repining,
A house that does not please it.
A separation is pleasing to those,
That do not love each other.
That which you love during life,
Will be your torment at death.
That which afflicts you in this life,
Will be your comfort at death.

What can cause any grief
To a spirit detached from all things?

Love is strong as death.
It forestalls what death is to do.
It separates the soul from the body,
And leaves death nothing to do.
What need is there to pluck up by force,
A heart that clings close to nothing?
The treasure of merits,
Is wealth that cannot be taken away.
It is a precious inheritance,
That death cannot steal.
Oh, what comfort will come then,
At the remembrance of a good action!

Nothing in our life is pleasant,
Save a good gate to go out of it.
Of all the goods that man can desire,
The greatest is to die well.
It is the end of his combats,
And the crown of his merits.
God preserves in that evil day,
The soul that has been faithful to Him.
He lets it sleep in His bosom.
He strengthens it with His grace.
He allays its pains.
He dissipates its terrors.
He orders His blessed spirits,
To comfort and defend it.
To maintain it in peace,
And to conduct it to heaven.

How precious in the sight of God,
Is the death of the just!

How honourable is their sacrifice to Him!
How pleasing to Him is this victim!

My God!
May I hope for a good death,
Having led so wicked a life?
It is true, I have lost my innocence,
But I may repair it by penance.
I will live like the virtuous,
That I may die like the virtuous.
I will lead the life of the just,
That I may obtain the death of the just.
Blessed are the dead, &c.

Twenty-third Wednesday after Pentecost.

On confidence in God.

When His wrath shall be kindled in a short time, blessed are all they that trust in Him.—*Ps.* ii. 13.

The Lord is the strength of His people, and the protector and the salvation of His anointed.—*Ps.* xxvii. 8.

Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall not suffer the just to waver for ever.—*Ps.* liv. 23.

Because he hoped in Me, I will deliver him: I will protect him because He hath known My name.—*Ps.* xc. 14.

The man who trusts in God,
Recognizes His infinite perfections.
He lets himself be guided by His wisdom.
Supported by His power.

Trusts himself to His goodness.
Pays homage to His greatness.
Rests in His Providence.

Hope makes men become gods.
The weak, strong : the poor, rich :
The miserable, happy.
God gives His subsistence,
To him that abandons his own.
There is never more ground for hope,
Than when everything seems lost.
Never should there be less fear,
Than when everything is to be feared.
Never should we abandon God,
When He seems to have abandoned us.

To believe what you see is not divine faith :
It is human and natural.
To hope for what you can obtain,
Is not the supernatural virtue.
To love what is pleasant,
Is not divine charity,
But the spirit of self love.
Faith, if divine, must not understand.
Hope, if supernatural, expects what is not.
Charity, if pure, loves what pleases not.
To believe in darkness ; to hope in weakness ;
To love without relish and in pain :
This is the life of a true Christian.
This is to be raised above nature.
To be united immediately with God,

Twenty-third Thursday after Pentecost.

Other motives for confidence in God.

Who is this that cometh up from the desert, leaning upon her beloved?—*Cant.* viii. 5.

Those that hope in the Lord, shall renew their strength, they shall take wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary.—*Isa.* xl. 31.

Many are the scourges of a sinner, but mercy shall encompass him that hopes in the Lord.—*Ps.* xxxi. 10.

The Lord said to Gideon: The people that are with thee are many, and Madian shall not be delivered into their hands, lest Israel should glory against Me, and say, I was delivered by my own strength.—*Judges* vii. 2.

Charge the rich of this world not to be highminded, nor to hope in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us abundantly all good things to enjoy.—1 *Tim.* vi. 17.

Abundance seeks out indigence.
The weak leans upon the strong man.
The strong takes delight in the weak man.
God sustains that human nature,
Which relies only on His divinity.

Be you without support,
And God will support you.
Have no human subsistence,
And you shall have a divine one.
Trust not to your own lights,
And you shall have the wisdom of God.
Trust not to your own strength,
And you shall have the power of God.
Trust not to your own virtues,
And you shall have the holiness of God.

Alas, O my God, who am I ?
And who are You ?
You are my being,
And I am a mere nothing.
You are my strength,
And I am but weakness.
You are my holiness,
And I am but malice.

To know God, and not to know our misery,
Is that which begets presumption.
To know our own misery, and not to know God,
It that which begets despair.
Jesus is not only God,
But He is a God mediator.
Jesus is no more Jesus,
If you take His mercy from Him.
He is no more a Saviour,
If He had no tenderness for sinners.

O my God, my hope !
I leave myself entirely to You.
I repose on You, I rely on You.
If I stray, You shall cause my straying.
If I fall, You shall cause my fall.
If I ruin myself, You shall ruin me,
For I put all my trust in You.
You can neither ruin, nor lead me astray :
I therefore will be afraid of nothing,
Provided that I leave myself to You.

Twenty-third Friday after Pentecost.

On solitude.

I will lead her into the wilderness: and I will speak to her heart.—*Osee* ii. 14.

The Lord is not in the wind . . . . the Lord is not in the earthquake.—3 *Kings* xix. 11.

The woman fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared by God.—*Apoc.* xii. 5.

Lo, I have gone far off flying away; and I abode in the wilderness.—*Ps.* liv. 7.

It is hard to be with God and with man.
You must avoid company, to enjoy God.
The world makes too much noise about you,
For your heart to hear His word.
He is not to be seen but in the desert.
There manna falls, there He gives His law.
There He multiplies bread.
There He is transfigured.
It is in the solitude of the world,
In the sleep of the senses,
In the silence of the passions,
That the Spouse speaks to His beloved.

Be solitary in body: in mind: in heart.
In body, with no company but God.
In mind, thinking only of God.
In heart, loving God only.
He visits you, when solitary in body.
He speaks to you, when solitary in mind.
He fills you, when solitary in heart.

Solitude of body, without that of mind,
Is of little use.
Solitude of mind, without that of heart,
Is impossible.
Solitude of heart tends to the others.
What use is your body in the desert,
If your mind is with worldly people?
Can you think but of the pleasures of the world,
If your heart is attached to it?
It is where its treasure is.
You will never be solitary in heart,
Unless you renounce the love of creatures.

I will lead her into, &c.

Twenty-third Saturday after Pentecost.

On the road of solitude.

He shall sit solitary, and hold his peace.—*Lam.* iii. 28.

When thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father in secret.—*Matt.* vi. 6.

In the streets and in the broadways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him and I found him not.—*Cant.* iii. 2.

Keep away from all creatures,
If you wish God to visit you.
Keep silence with all creatures,
If you wish God to speak to you.
Be detached from all creatures,
If you wish God to love you.

O solitude of body, of mind, of heart,
With you God is seen, heard, tasted !

Are you in solitude of body ?
You are ever in idle company.
Fly from company and vain amusements.
You are always talking.
You pass not one day in rest and silence.
A retreat of seven days is insupportable.

Are you in solitude of mind ?
What a tumult of thoughts !
What confusion in your imagination !
Are you in solitude of heart ?
Alas poor heart ! it never lives at home.
It visits here, there, and everywhere.
It runs all over the earth,
And finds nothing so distasteful,
As its own home.
What a crowd of desires torment it !

Depart hence turbulent affections.
Depart unquiet and impetuous desires.
Depart importunate thoughts.
Let Jesus enter.
He does not love noise.
Silence and solitude please Him.
Come, my beloved,
Let us leave the tumult of the world,
And all these companions that amuse me.
Let us go into the desert.
Let us fly into solitude.

It is there that He will speak to thy heart.
O Word of God, how few hear You.
O Jesus, how few speak to You familiarly.
Why? Because few love You,
And are pleased with Your company.

He shall sit solitary, &c.

N.B.—The intervening weeks, if any, between this and the last week after Pentecost, can be supplied from the weeks after the Epiphany preceding Septuagesima.

Twenty-fourth (or last) Sunday after Pentecost.

GOSPEL. *Matt.* xxiv. 15-35.

On the general judgment.

This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, so shall He come as you have seen Him going into heaven.—*Acts* i. 11.

Then shall all the trees of the woods rejoice before the face of the Lord, because He cometh; because He cometh to judge the earth.—*Ps.* xcv. 11.

He shall judge the world in equity, He shall judge the people in justice.—*Ps.* ix. 9.

Judge not before the time: until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts.—1 *Cor.* iv. 5.

You go to receive your Judge.
He comes now humble, gentle, patient.

At the last day He will be terrible, severe.
Measure His justice by His mercy.
You can estimate the one by the other.
As He now shews extreme gentleness,
So then He will shew extreme rigour.
He pardons all now, nothing then.
He will avenge outrages.
He will exact a strict account of grace.
Nothing makes me fear the justice of God,
So much as His mercy.
His benefits and His graces that I have abused,
Make me fear the scourge of His justice.

Jesus whom you go to receive,
Is your God, who created you.
Your Redeemer, who purchased you.
Your King, who governs you.
Your Captain, who defends you.
Your Advocate, who pleads for you.
Your Judge, who will examine you.
Your Father, who nourishes you.
Your Physician, who heals you.
Your Master, who instructs you.
Your Spouse, who loves you.
See which of these titles touches you most.

Jesus instructed His disciples,
In the evils at the end of the world.
To detach them from pleasures of earth.
To excite them to do good works.
To encourage them to endure labour.
To keep them ever watchful.

To impress them with a horror of sin.
Nothing gives such a contempt for pleasures,
As their inconstancy and shortness.
You often enjoy these false goods,
And offend God by these vain amusements.
They pass away like a dream.
Their punishment lasts for ever.
Sons of men, how long will you love vanity,
Seek after lying and deceitful gratifications?

The end of the world will come,
When the idol of abomination,
Is in the high places.
Your heart is the temple of God,
Consecrated by baptism,
Sanctified by the presence of Jesus.
Is not this temple profaned?
Does no idol excite the jealousy of God?
Alas I see a great number,
To which you sacrifice your thoughts and desires.
The idol of greatness: the idol of pleasure:
The idol of interest: the idol of anger.
Desolation follows abomination.
They are tree and fruit: cause and effect:
Fountain and stream.
Since abomination is in your heart,
You must fall into extreme desolation.

Death will be the end of the world for you.
Death is near: so is judgment:
You will soon appear before your Judge.
What would you wish to happen then?

Are your affairs, your accounts ready?
What sins have you done? what penance?
Where are your good works, charities, alms?
You will take nothing out of the world.
What have you to console and defend you?

This Jesus who is taken up, &c.

Twenty-fourth Monday after Pentecost.

On the same general judgment.

He will arm the creature for the revenge of His enemies: and the whole world shall fight with Him against the unwise.—*Wisd.* v. 18.

The day of the Lord shall come as a thief, in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence; and the elements shall be dissolved with heat; and the earth and the works that are in it shall be burnt up.—2 *Peter* iii. 10.

Seeing, then, that all these things are to be dissolved, what manner of people ought you to be, in holy conversations and godliness.—2 *Peter* iii. 11.

The sentence of the particular judgment,
Will be repeated before angels and men.
That God's justice and wisdom may be known.
That the body may share the soul's fate.
That the despised just may be honoured.
That the wicked may be put to confusion.
That the Jews, and persecutors of Jesus,
May see Him on His throne of glory,
And be condemned by Him they illtreated.

Terrible signs precede the judgment.
The sun will be dark : the moon become blood :
Stars will fall and crash together.
The earth will shake with fearful tremblings.
The sea will rise with terrible uproar.
The air will be full of lightning and thunder.
Thunderbolts will strike terrified men.
The sign of the cross will appear in the sky,
To console the good, to affright the wicked.
The angel will sound the trumpet,
Clanging fearfully through the earth.
At its sound the dead will rise.
Jesus will come down on a cloud,
In power and dread majesty.

All this happens at the end of your life.
At death your mind will be darkened.
Your imagination will see terrible spectres.
Your senses will fail in your agony.
The earth of your body will be shaken.
A deluge of water will stifle you.
The fire of the fever will consume you.
The angel of God will sound the trumpet :
Arise ye dead and come to judgment.
Come to give an account of all your life.
O account ! O judgment ! O death ! O life !
O sentence ! O eternity !
Who shall not fear you ?

Prepare then for death,
For it approaches, and with it judgment.
Ask your Judge whom you receive,

To be favourable at the last moment.
Ask Him to pardon your sins.
Be resolved to serve Him better.
Feed Him in the person of the poor.
Visit Him in the prisons.
Assist Him in the hospitals.
Do Him so much good in your neighbour,
As to oblige Him to praise and thank you,
Instead of condemning you at the last day.

He will arm the creature, &c.

Twenty-fourth Tuesday after Pentecost.

On the business of our salvation.

One thing is necessary.—*Luke* x. 42.

What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—*Matt.* xvi. 26.

Attend to thyself.—1 *Tim.* iv. 16.

Have pity on thy soul, pleasing God.—*Ecclus.* xxx. 24.

My salvation is my business,
My salvation is my only business.
My salvation is a very great business.
Since it is my business, I should work for it.
Since it is my only business,
I ought to work only for it.
Since it is a very great business,
I ought to work with all my strength and mind.

God from all eternity thought of this business.
He employed an eternity to prepare for it.
The Son of God came into the world for it.
During His life he worked for it.
He died on the cross for it.
Our good angels labour for it.
The world was created only for it.

All my happiness depends on this business.
My eternity hangs upon it.
All the devils thwart this business.
Without care I cannot carry it on.
Death will soon put an end to it.
I am a fool then if I do not mind this business.

Yet I neglect this business.
I am restless about all things.
I mind everything else but this business.
Oh! I will mind nothing else.
I will labour no more but for this business.

One thing is necessary, &c.

Twenty-fourth Wednesday after Pentecost.

On the abuse of grace.

Woe to thee that despisest, shall not thyself also be despised?—*Isa.* xxxiii. 1.

I called and you refused: I stretched out My hand; and there was none that regarded. You have despised all My counsel, and have neglected My reprehensions. I also will laugh in your destruction, and will mock when that shall come to you which you feared.—*Prov.* i. 24.

I go My way, and you shall seek Me, and you shall die in your sin.—*John* viii. 21.

Extinguish not the spirit.—1 *Thess.* v. 19.

To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts. —*Ps.* xciv. 8.

I say to you, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.—*Matt.* xxi. 43.

Take the pound away from him, and give it to him that hath the ten pounds.—*Luke* xix. 24.

The general judgment will be most terrible,
From the abuse of graces we have received.
Nothing is more necessary than grace.
Nothing more useful, more precious.
Grace is needed for a good thought.
It is necessary for every good desire.
By grace you can obtain salvation,
And be enriched for all eternity.
All the goods of earth are as nothing,
Compared with the lowest degree of grace.

Grace is one of God's greatest gifts.
A seed that germinates into glory.
Jesus laboured all His life,
And died on the cross to merit it.
It is the talent that He gives to men.
What an insult to God to despise it!
What an outrage to profane His blood!

He who profits by the talent,
Is rewarded and receives more.
He who buries it, loses it,
And is condemned to the fire of hell.
Salvation often hangs on a single grace.
To abuse it, forfeits a title to more.
The mercies of God are infinite,
But they are limited in their effects.
He portions His goods by weight and measure.
Only the graces of penance and prayer,
Are offered to the sinner up to death:
But they touch not a hardened heart.
How can a man use well at death,
A grace that he has despised during life!

Render your account.

What profit have you made from graces?
You have not been wanting in any.
You have had knowledge, lights, inspirations,
Secret warnings, interior sweetness,
Remorse of conscience, reproaches of the heart,
Instruction and correction,
Threatenings, and chastisements.
What profit have you made of all this?

Where have you buried your talent?
What fruit have good books produced?
So many sermons, meditations, sacraments?
So many pardons, so many supernatural goods?

Woe to you Corozain! Woe to you Bethsaida!
If Tyre and Sidon had, what you had,
They would long since have done penance.
For this at the day of judgment,
Tyre and Sidon shall fare better than you.
Fear these threats: dread this curse.
Do penance for the past.
Put the future in order.
Profit by this last grace,
After which you may have no more,
Being surprised by sudden death.

Woe to thee that despiseth, &c.

Twenty-fourth Thursday after Pentecost.

Those who are not religious can apply these considerations to the rules of their profession or state of life, or repeat some of the preceding meditations. This consideration is sufficient for four meditations, to be divided at pleasure.

On religious discipline.

Keep the law and counsel, and there shall be life to thy soul.—*Prov.* iii. 21.

If you love Me, keep My commandments.—*John* xiv. 15.

He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greater.—*Luke* xvi. 10.

He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little.—*Ecclus.* xix. 1.

They afflicted the spirit of His holy One.—*Isa.* lxiii. 10.

Hated by all men, as a forsaker of the law and execrable, as an enemy to his country and countrymen.—2 *Mach.* v. 8.

Thy judgments, O Lord, are great, and Thy words cannot be expressed: therefore undisciplined souls have erred.—*Wisd.* xvii. 1.

If religion is a building,
The rules are the foundation thereof.
If religion is a body,
The rules are the sinews thereof.
If religion is a fortress,
The rules are the walls thereof.
If religion is a holy place,
The rules are its enclosure.

You are no religious man,
If you do not keep your rules.
If you keep them by halves,
You are a religious man by halves,
Or rather you are not one at all:
Since it is not to be a true Christian,
Not to be a believer in all.

If you do not observe your rules,
You will never be perfect.
Blood runs through the veins,
And graces through the rules.
See how many of them you transgress,
And so many graces do you lose.
You cannot without danger of life,
Cut the conduit pipes of life.
Without the rules of religion,
You cannot arrive at perfection.

Observe the laws of nature,
And you will be a perfect man.
Observe the laws of grace,
And you will be a perfect Christian.
Observe the laws of your order,
And you will be a perfect religious man.
There is no rule, be it ever so small,
Which has not graces of salvation:
Which has not all the authority of God:
Which has not the bond of His power:
Which has not the seal of His goodness:
Which has not the character of His sanctity.

If you do not observe your rules,
Your virtues are illusions.
Your devotions are irregular.
They are great steps out of the good way.
You draw off from perfection,
Instead of drawing near to it.
The spirit of singularity,
Is the beginning of heresies.
    It is the plague of religion.
    It is the enemy of humility.
    It is the ruin of communities.
Its devotion is schismatical.
Its separation is heretical.
Its sentiments are presumptuous.
Its examples are scandalous.

He that is not in order,
Is illtreated by the Prince of order.
He that separates himself from the community,
Loses the graces of the community.
Unless you be a member of the body,
You will have no part in the life thereof.
    The members are united by the rules.
    If you cut off the ligaments of graces,
    You must be reckoned among the dead.

Unless you live in order,
You will never live in peace.
Your rules are the outworks,
Which cover and defend you.
If you quit these defences,
You run a hazard of being lost.

Without the grace of vocation,
You cannot live in religion.
This grace is tied to the rules.
It runs through these channels.
Whoever breaks this connection,
Draws on himself an infinity of evils.

That which you break is small,
But the damage thereof is considerable.
These light unfaithfulnesses,
Dispose you to greater.
He that is not faithful in small matters,
Will not be faithful in great ones.
How will you do hard matters,
If you do not perform easy things?
A breach, be it ever so little,
Breaks the religious enclosure.
This small fault will produce a greater:
It will breed great temptations:
It will give an entrance to the devil.

This rule, say you, is small;
It is therefore easy to be observed.
You do ill therefore in breaking it.
It has cost many a tear to him that made it.
A grace ought to be esteemed,
That cost him dear that made it.
One spark kindles a great fire.
A fort is taken by a small breach.
A small cranny is enough to sink a ship.

Everything in God's service is great.
His will ennobles all that it orders.

It is He that made these rules.
It is He that intimates these laws to you.
They all have His hand and seal.
They are all marks of His authority.
He guides every being to its end.
He urges all creatures to their centre.
The inanimate by their weight.
The rational by His laws.
If you keep order, it will keep you.
If you disturb it, it will disturb you.
If you destroy it, it will destroy you.

O Christian and religious soul!
Do not disturb the peace of your brothers.
Do not sap the foundations of your order.
Do not ruin the prop of religion.
Do not lose the grace of your vocation.
Do not rend the breast of your mother.
Do not afflict your father's heart.
His spirit is in his rules.
You offend him, when you break them.
You slight him, when you neglect them.
You treat him as imprudent,
Since you reject his guidance.
You make him pass for a tyrant,
Who commands you things impossible.

Did you come into religion,
To live without order, without religion?
The laws preserve states:
The rules maintain communities.
To break one through contempt,

Is a sin of consequence.
Can you transgress it often and freely,
Without slighting it?
Can you desire perfection, and be unwilling
To rid yourself of one imperfection?

O my God!
How culpable am I,
In doing ill in the land of the saints!
I wear the habit of a religious man,
But I have not the spirit of one.
I dwell in a sacred place,
With a profane heart and spirit.
I am the plague of my order.
The reproach of my religion.
The scandal of my brothers.
A grief to my mother.
A burden to my founder.
A fugitive from his law.
A man without discipline.
A religious man without religion.

O good Shepherd run after me.
Bring back Your strayed sheep.
Make me re-enter the fold.
If the wolf finds me alone,
He will devour me.
O I will henceforth follow You.
I will obey Your laws.
I will fulfil all my duties.
I will henceforth live in order.

To have rules and not to keep them,
Is to seem to be a religious man,
And not to be one.

Keep the law, &c.

Twenty-fourth Friday after Pentecost.

On fervour of spirit.

In spirit fervent.—*Rom.* xii. 11.

I would thou wert cold or hot, but because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth.—*Apoc.* iii. 15.

I admonish thee that thou stir up the grace of God, which is in thee by the imposition of my hands.—2 *Tim.* i. 6.

Woe to them that are fainthearted: woe to them that have lost patience, and that have forsaken the right ways, and have gone aside into crooked ways: what will they do when the Lord shall begin to examine?—*Ecclus.* ii. 16.

Devotion relaxes, gets languid, and cools,
Even in the greatest saints,
If they take no pains to preserve it.
It comes from our nature,
Which tends back to its nothingness.
Water cools if not always on the fire.
It comes from the nature of grace,
Which finds a strange soil in our hearts.
Thorns and briars stifle it.
Winds and tempests uproot it.

Colds and frosts kill it,
Unless care is taken to preserve it.
It comes from the fickleness of man,
Who can never keep in the same state.
He has the lightness of air, the unrest of the sea,
The impetuosity of winds, the fragility of glass.
It comes from the temptations of the devil,
Who never ceases tempting,
And whom we cease resisting.
It comes from the passions,
Which sap the foundations of virtue,
And which we are tired of repressing.
It comes from effort not being lasting,
And from action which is not natural,
Getting slower in its progress.
Unless then there is continued effort,
We lose fervour, and become tepid.

Why are we bound to serve God with fervour?
Because He loves us, and infinitely.
Because we are bound to love Him,
And love is a fire never satisfied.
Because we can never love God,
As He deserves, nor as we ought.
We must then love Him more and more,
And never grow cool in His love.
God suffers not unwilling service.
He curses those who work negligently.
He would rather that we leave His service,
Than serve Him languidly and coldly.
He vomits the tepid out of His mouth.
There is no stopping on the road of virtue,

No place to sit down and rest.
Not to advance, is to recede.
Not to climb, is to descend.
Not to get better, is to grow worse.

Who ought to serve God with fervour?
All, both young and old.
The young, for their passions are strong:
They have strength for fasting and penance.
Beginnings are of great importance.
A building depends on its foundations:
A tree on its roots: a stream on its spring:
Old age on its youth.
Buildings fall if foundations are bad.
A canker in the root spoils a tree.
A poisoned spring poisons the stream.
A corrupt youth makes a wicked old age.
God commands the first fruits.
We should give Him the first years of life.
Youth is the spring-time of life,
Its flowers are most pleasing to God.

Jesus calls children to Him:
He embraces them: He blesses them.
What powerful graces the young need!
What danger in straying at the start,
For the wanderings increase day by day.
A sapling may be trained,
A tree cannot be changed.
On the first years of life,
Salvation ordinarily depends.

Twenty-fourth Saturday after Pentecost.

On the same subject.

Be ye renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man.—*Ephes.* iv. 23.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice: for they shall be filled.—*Matt.* v. 6.

Let us hasten to enter into that rest.—*Heb.* iv. 11.

Save thy life, look not back, but save thyself.—*Gen.* xix. 17.

The old are not less bound to be fervent.
They have more knowledge and experience.
Their passions are more tranquil.
They have received more graces.
They are more indebted to God.
They are nearer their end,
And ought to be more fervent.
They are soon to appear before the Judge.
What prick is sharper than this?
Their actions are examples, or scandals.
And they attach a millstone to their neck,
If they are a scandal to the young.

How dangerous for young and old to relax!
For any little rest given to nature,
She encroaches and becomes insolent:
Passions revolt, and destroy grace.
A friend's sins are greater than an enemy's.
God protects no longer a tepid soul.
It receives fewer graces.
It commits sins, and knows it not.
It acquires a distaste for devotion.

It is distracted, dissipated.
Hardness and insensibility follow.
It heeds not the promptings of grace :
The advice of confessors, and preachers :
The correction of superiors :
Good books, or good example :
Or even the remorse of its conscience.
Insensibility yields to contempt,
Which is the foundation of iniquity,
The mark of reprobation.
Then the last step of impenitence,
With mortal sin : sudden death : damnation.

O my God !
How I dread to fall into this state !
I was once fervent : I fear I am not now.
I am wanting in prayer : I have many distractions.
I hate solitude : I am never recollected.
I only look for talk and enjoyment.
I do no penance : I have laid down my arms.
O Christian soul,
See the graces God gives you.
Should you not love Him to-day as yesterday ?
Will you obtain heaven without effort ?
Will you be crowned if you cease fighting ?
Can you stay still on a river ?
Do you not fear the anger of Jesus ?

O my soul,
Hasten to do penance,
And to take thy first fervour.
To thee Jesus says these words :

" Be mindful whence thou art fallen :
Do penance, and do the first works :
Or else I will come to thee,
And remove thy candlestick."
Imitate St. Paul and all the saints,
Who grew in fervour as they grew in age.
Renew your devotion, charity, mortification.
Advance, run, do not stop.
If you say : Enough, I have finished :
You are lost, and will not be crowned.

Be ye renewed in the spirit, &c.

July 2nd.

On the Visitation of our Lady.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, because He has visited and wrought the redemption of His people.—*Luke* i. 68.

Visit us with Thy salvation.—*Ps.* cv. 4.

Thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.—*Job* x. 12.

When Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb, and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost.—*Luke* i. 41.

Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come, let thy voice sound in my ears; for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely. —*Cant.* ii. 13.

Jesus visits St. John.
Mary visits Elizabeth.
Jesus sanctifies the mother and the son,
By the mouth of Mary.
As soon as ever she had spoken,
John the Baptist was sanctified.
Her speech was a channel of grace,
Which gave sight to a blind man,
Which delivered a captive,
Which raised up one that was dead,
Which justified a sinner.

Mary applies to the first amongst men,
The first fruit of our redemption.
She conceived man spiritually,
After having conceived God corporally.
She became the mother of men,
After having become the mother of God.

She is the mother of grace.
She is the mother of mercy.
Of grace for the just : of mercy for sinners.

O mother of grace ! mother of mercy !
Visit us frequently with thy Son.
You want not grace,
Since you have the fulness thereof.
You want not mercy,
Since it dwelt nine months in your womb.
Exercise it on a poor blind man,
And on a poor captive :
On a sinner : a slave to his passions :
On one dead to the life of grace.
Come, and enlighten him.
Come, raise him, and sanctify him.
Let thy voice be heard in my heart :
For thy voice is sweet,
And thy beauty incomparable.
Speak, and my heart will leap with joy.
Say the word, and my soul will be healed,
For you have in you the Word of God,
Which gives life to the world.

Mary, mother of grace ! mother of mercy !
Defend us from our enemies,
Receive our souls at the hour of death.

To honour her, imitate her virtues.
Love solitude as she did :
Go not out of it but to do good.
Visit the prisoners : help the miserable.

Deliver captives : sanctify sinners.
Be a mother of grace to their souls,
A mother of mercy to their bodies.

Blessed be the Lord, &c.

August 15th.

On the death of our Lady.

I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him I languish with love.—*Cant.* v. 8.
Love is strong as death.—*Cant.* viii. 6.
Let my soul die the death of the just.—*Numb.* xxiii. 10.
The death of the wicked is very evil.—*Ps.* xxxiii. 22.
She shall laugh in the latter day.—*Prov.* xxxi. 25.
Into Thy hands I commend My spirit.—*Luke* xxiii. 46.

What makes the chalice of death bitter ?
It is the loss of the world.
It is the separation from the body.
It is the account that is to be given.
We feel sadness, in quitting the world.
We feel pain in quitting our body.
We dread having to appear before God.

Mary died without fear ; sadness ; pain.
For she lived without sin ; tie, or pleasure.

Let my soul die the death of the saints
Let my death be like the death of Mary !
Live the life of the saints,
And you will die the death of the saints.

Live like Mary, and you will die like Mary.
Live without sin, and you will die without fear.
Live without tie, and you will die without sadness.
Live without pleasure,
And you will die without pain.

If you live the life of sinners,
You will die the death of sinners.
If you live in disorder,
You will die in confusion.
If you live in sin, you will die in fear.
If you live in pleasure, you will die in pain.
What makes your delight in life,
Will be your torment at death.
What is your pain in life,
Will be your pleasure at death.

O holy Virgin !
I care not by what death I die,
Provided I die in a good state.
I shall die without fear, if in your arms.
I shall die in grace, if I die in your service :
For you save those that belong to you.
You never suffer your children to perish.
Fail not to be present at your son's death.

I will disengage myself from the world,
That I may die without sadness.
I will afflict my body,
That I may die without pain.
I will abstain from sin,
That I may die without fear.

I will live in pain, that I may die in pleasure.
I will live in penance,
That I may die with assurance.
I will live in charity,
That I may die in sanctity.
I will live a child of the Virgin's,
That I may die like the predestined.
I will live in grace, that I may die in grace.
I will live in love, that I may die in love.

I adjure you, &c.

For the same day.

On the resurrection of our Lady.

Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell: nor wilt thou give thy holy one to see corruption.—*Ps.* xv. 10.

I have slept and have taken my rest: and I have risen up because the Lord hath protected me.—*Ps.* iii. 6.

Father, I will that where I am, they also whom Thou hast given Me, may be with Me.—*John* xvii. 24.

He that soweth in the flesh, of the flesh also shall reap corruption: but he that soweth in the spirit, of the spirit shall reap life everlasting.—*Gal.* vi. 8.

Come from Libanus, my spouse, thou shalt be crowned.—*Cant.* iv. 8.

Mary is risen again.
Her body is no longer in the grave.
So pure a flesh as hers,

Ought to be exempt from corruption.
So holy a temple, ought not to be profaned.

Mary is the most chaste of virgins,
She ought then to be incorruptible.
Mary is the best of mothers,
She ought then to be with her Son.
If the body of Jesus, by its communion,
Gives a right to a resurrection,
Who ought to rise again,
If not she who gave Him flesh?
If the servants are with their masters,
Where ought His mother to be?
If this favour is bestowed on the slaves,
Who will dispute it to the Queen?
Each shall reap, what he hath sowed.
Who sow in the flesh, reap corruption.
Who sow in the spirit, reap incorruption.

Mary was laid in the ground,
But she did not remain there.
Her flesh inclosed a germ of life,
That made her revive and rise again.
She was buried:
That she might imitate her Son:
That she might visit Purgatory:
That she might sanctify our earth:
To give an assurance of her death.
But she ought to return to life again,
To give an assurance of our resurrection.
One ornament would be wanting in heaven,
If the body of Mary were not there.

O glorious Princess !
It is a horror to think that your body
The holiest of all bodies,
Should rot, and be eaten by worms.
That your immaculate flesh,
Should not be risen again.
That you should be a slave to death :
You who destroyed its empire.
It was needful for one man to rise again,
For an assurance of the resurrection of men.
It was needful for a woman to rise again,
For an assurance of the resurrection of women.

How amiable is purity !
How detestable is impurity !
Why should we prepare meat for worms ?
Why should we adore that flesh,
Which will be devoured by beasts ?
Unless the victim be salted, it will rot :
Unless the flesh be mortified, it will corrupt.

Thou wilt not leave, &c.

For the same day.

On the Assumption of our Lady.

Come from Libanus, my spouse, thou shalt be crowned.—*Cant.* iv. 8.

Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon her beloved?—*Cant.* viii. 5.

There appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon at her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.—*Apoc.* xii. 1.

The queen of Saba came with great riches, and camels which carried spices, and abundance of gold, and precious stones.—2 *Par.* ix. 1.

A throne was set for the king's mother: and she sat on his right hand: and the king said to her: My mother, ask; for I must not turn away thy face.—3 *Kings* ii. 19.

Who is this that ascends up to heaven,
Leaning upon her well beloved?
It is Mary, the mother of God.
As she was purest of all creatures,
She ought to be above all the heavens.
As she was the most humbled,
She ought to be the most exalted.
As she received the most graces,
She ought to receive the greatest glory.
As she was the nearest related to God,
She ought to be placed nearest to Him.
As she suffered without measure,
She ought to be comforted beyond measure.

The divine Solomon,
Has made His mother sit upon the throne.
He has associated her to His empire.
He has established her Queen of the Universe.
He has subjected all creatures to her.
The Father has crowned her with power.
The Son has crowned her with wisdom.
The Holy Ghost with sanctity.

Jesus is our Mediator with the Father.
Mary is our Mediatrix with the Son.
Jesus appeases the wrath of His Father.
Mary appeases the wrath of her Son.
Jesus shews His wounds to His Father.
Mary shews her heart to her Son.
Who will despair of salvation,
Having such intercessors with God?

Mary loves sinners, for her Son loved them.
For them He came into the world.
He loves them because they are miserable:
Because without them,
She would not have been the Mother of God.
It is for them she is the Mother of God.

Go, my holy mother,
Go to reap the fruits of your long labours.
Go, ark of our Lord, rest in the Temple.
There a throne is set up for you.
There you are crowned by the Holy Trinity.
O how I am ravished to see you ascend,
With so much pomp and magnificence.

O ye angels of heaven !
Open the gates to the Mother of God.
Come and meet your Princess.
Render your homage to her,
Carry her up to the throne of her Son.

O Queen of heaven and earth !
O Mother of grace, of mercy !
My life and my hope after God !
I salute you and honour you,
On the throne of glory prepared by God.
O you are now in the haven,
Whilst we are yet beaten by storms.
You are now in your country,
Whilst we are yet in banishment.
You are in security : we are in danger.
O our dear Mother !
O our powerful Advocate !
Cast your eyes on us, your poor children,
Who weep and sigh in this vale of tears :
Take care of their salvation :
And obtain the grace for them,
That after this exile they may see
Your beloved Son in heaven.—Amen.

Come from Libanus, &c.

September 8th.

On the Nativity of our Lady.

Thou art the glory of Jerusalem: thou art the joy of Israel: thou art the honour of our people.—*Judith* xv. 10.

Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising?—*Cant.* vi. 9.

Rule thou over us and thy son.—*Judges* viii. 22.

This same shall comfort us from the works and labours of our hands on the earth, which the Lord hath cursed.—*Gen.* v. 29.

The birth of Mary is a work above nature:
But for the good of nature.
Her nobility ought to make her honoured.
Her benefits ought to make her desired.
Her beauty ought to make her loved.

The name of Mary which was given to her,
Rejoices the angels: comforts men:
Makes the devils tremble.
After the name of Jesus,
None is sweeter than that of Mary.
None more powerful than that of Mary.
He that says Mary, says a "powerful lady,"
And a "sea of bitterness."
She is a lady, because she was a handmaid.
She is a sea of comfort,
Because she was a sea of bitterness.
Do you wish to command? you must obey.
Do you wish to be comforted? you must suffer.

O most holy Virgin !
I will drink the chalice of your affliction,
That I may drink that of your comfort.
I will obey as you did,
That I may one day reign with you.

O great princess !
I rejoice at your birth,
As the principle of my life, and salvation.
I salute you in your cradle,
As on the throne of grace and innocence.
You came not into the world,
Laden with chains, as we did.
The sun saw you crowned as soon as born.
But it sees us damned, ere we are born.

O Queen of heaven and earth,
I choose you for my lady,
My mother and advocate.
I will serve you as my lady.
I will love you as my mother.
I will invoke you as my advocate.
My holy lady, take me into your protection.
My holy mother, give me your blessing.
My holy advocate, grant me your intercession.

Thou art the glory, &c.

November 1st.

On the happiness of the saints.

The eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him.—1 *Cor.* ii. 9.

We shall be filled with the good things of Thy house.—*Ps.* lxiv. 6.

I shall be satisfied when Thy glory shall appear.—*Ps.* xvi. 15.

I saw a new heaven and a new earth : and I heard a great voice coming from the throne, saying : Behold the tabernacle of God with men : and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people ; and God Himself with them shall be their God.—*Apoc.* xxi. 1.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes : and death shall be no more : nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more ; for the former things are passed away.—*Apoc.* xxi. iv.

Write : Blessed are they, who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.—*Apoc.* xix. 9.

Lift your heart and mind,
Up to the highest heaven.
Enter the palace of the living God.
Picture the glorious company of saints,
Consider the happiness they enjoy,
Which is yours, if you imitate them.

Heaven has no ills, but all possible good.
Soul and body revel in unceasing joy.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,

Nor heart conceived, the happiness.
All that you have seen, heard, imagined,
Is nothing compared to Paradise.
It is the grandeur, and magnificence of a God.
The beauty and loveliness of earth,
Are but caves and offices to His palace.
If God so lodges beasts and criminals,
How will He treat His saints and friends?
Estimate Paradise by the price it cost.
Jesus emptied His heart's blood to gain it.

God is more liberal in His rewards,
Than severe in His chastisements.
Judge then by the misery of the damned,
What the happiness of the saints must be.
In a torrent of pleasure, satiated with joy,
They have all they desire; nothing to fear:
Unfailing abundance; unbroken rest:
Deathless life: endless happiness.
O Paradise!
I cannot fathom thee, but I can merit thee.
Blessed are they who dwell in thy house,
They shall praise thee for ages and ages.

God Himself is their happiness.
He is the essence of all beauty,
Of all goodness, of all pleasure.
His resplendent light fills the mind.
His ineffable peace fills the will.
His eternal joys fill the memory.
His purity of Being fills our substance.
His immense treasures fill the senses.

We shall see and we shall love.
See the highest beauty to ravish our mind.
Love the highest good to ravish our hearts.
O sweet occupation! inestimable happiness!
My soul, can creatures of earth content you?
Can pleasures of beasts satisfy you?
O God, I shall never be content,
Until you have shown me Your glory.

How shall we enjoy God?
By peaceful possession, as an inheritance.
By intimate union as a spouse.
By this union we become like to God:
Pure, holy, powerful, wise, happy.
We are transformed but not destroyed.
He communicates His nature to us.
Iron in the fire becomes fire:
So in heaven we become like to God.
It is good for us to be here!
What joy, love, ecstasy,
When a soul enters heaven.

The body has its fulness of delight.
The beauty of the palace where it dwells.
The glorious society of the blissful saints.
Its own gifts of glory,
Immortality, charity, agility, subtlety,
And pleasures of sense without alloy.
What are the wretched pleasures of earth?
What are fastings and penances,
Compared with these delights?

The happiness will never end.
No past or future, always the present.
Each moment is complete in delight.
The pleasure, the joy, the beauty are ever new.
Nothing passes away, nothing is wanting.
O happy land!
With thornless roses, griefless pleasure,
Unruffled peace, sinless life.

O holy Mount Thabor! Palace of the living God!
O heavenly Jerusalem!
Who would not work for thee,
Since thou art the reward of work?
Who would refuse to fight for thee,
Seeing the rich crowns thou hast ready?

Alas, I am by the banks of Babylon river:
My tears fall into its waters:
I am in wretched captivity:
Groaning under the tyranny of my passions.
My masters treat me unmercifully:
Whatever I do, I cannot content them.
The more I give, the more they want.
O God:
When will You come to deliver me?
When will You call me from this state?
When will You break my chains?
Oh, that I could die the sooner to see You,
For unless I die, I cannot see You.
Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house,
They shall praise Thee for ages and ages.

November 2nd.

On the obligation of praying for the dead.

All that I have shall go down into the deepest pit: thinkest thou that there at least I shall have rest.—*Job* xvii. 16.

Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends. —*Job* xix. 21.

The fire shall try every man's work.—1 *Cor.* iii. 13.

If any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved yet so as by fire.—1 *Cor.* iii. 15.

It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.—1 *Cor.* xii. 46.

Remember my judgment: for thine also shall be so: yesterday for me, and to-day for thee.—*Ecclus.* xxxviii. 23.

To pray for the dead is pleasing to God.
It is an act of perfect charity,
Done to saints who suffer much,
Who are helpless, and can merit no longer,
Who wait for the assistance of our piety.
God loves these souls infinitely,
And nothing can please Him more,
Than to satisfy for them, pay their debts,
And hasten their union with Him.
They are members of Christ's mystic body,
Burning in inconceivable torment.
What could be more pleasing to Jesus,
Than to free His members from pain!
What is done to the least of His,
Is done to Him.
It is then to draw Jesus out of prison.
What would not you do to release Him?

It is most useful to our neighbour.
Our father or mother may be in torments.
If we are bound to relieve the necessity,
Of an unknown poor man,
How much more are we not bound,
To assist saints, and our dear ones,
Burning in fire as intense as hell.
How glorious to free a soul from hell fire,
And open for it the gates of heaven!
What gratitude would be due to us!
No charity is greater than to help the dead,
Whether from the quality of those assisted,
The greatness of pain, or the good you procure.

It is glorious and useful for the living.
Glorious in becoming redeemers, saviours.
Redeemers in delivering these captives.
Saviours in taking them out of misery.
It is also most useful for us.
For besides being a memento of death,
We exercise heroic acts,
Of faith, hope, charity, mercy, justice.
The poor in this life are often guilty,
The holy souls are saints.
The poor here are not entirely destitute,
The holy souls are in extreme want.
The poor here are often ungrateful,
And our alms may help to damn them.
The holy souls are saved by our prayers.
We help the poor from natural compassion,
We help the dead from pure faith and charity.
If an alms that may damn a poor man,

Brings salvation to him who gives it,
Of what value is that charity,
That brings their crown to those relieved?
Who sing the praise of it before God,
And will ever be grateful to their benefactors.

Have pity then on these holy souls.
Do something every day for them.
Offer up masses for them.
Offer up communions for them.
Gain indulgences for them.

Consider what venial sin is,
That obliges so good a Father,
To deliver children He loves infinitely,
To excruciating torments,
Until His justice is satisfied.
Do penance in this life,
If you would not do it in the next.
Nothing defiled can enter heaven.
All the pains of life are nothing,
Compared to the torments of purgatory.
All that I have, &c

November 21st.

On the presentation of our Lady in the temple.

It is good for a man, when he hath borne the yoke from his youth: he shall sit solitary and shall hold his peace: because he hath taken it up upon himself.—*Lam.* iii. 27.

She not finding where her foot might rest, returned to him in the ark.—*Gen.* viii. 9.

In the simplicity of my heart, I have joyfully offered all these things.—1 *Par.* xxix. 17.

Ananias with Saphira his wife, sold a field, and by fraud kept part of the price of the field, and bringing a certain part of it, laid it at the feet of the Apostles. But Peter said: Ananias, why hath Satan tempted thy heart, that thou shouldst lie to the Holy Ghost, and by fraud keep part of the price of the field.—*Acts* v. i.

Their heart is divided; now they shall perish.—*Osee* x. 2.

Mary offered to God all she had.
She offered it as soon as she could.
She offered it with all her will, for ever,
By an irrevocable promise.

We give to God but half our heart.
We give it as late as we can.
We give it with regret.
We give it but for a time.

Give all: give quickly.
Give cheerfully: give for ever.

O holy Virgin!
I give myself wholly to you without reserve.

I give myself with all my heart.
I am sorry that I gave myself so late.
I give myself for ever,
By an irrevocable donation.

Offer up my heart to your Son.
I give it to Him entire : without delay :
Without regret : without return : for ever :
And by an irrevocable donation.

It is good for a man. &c.

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